

# MUSEUM

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

MARCH, 1832.

From *Virtue's Beauties of Great Britain*.

### RAMSGATE HARBOUR AND LIGHT-HOUSE.

ANY account of these objects is necessarily so connected with the Quay of Ramsgate, previously described, that there remains little room for enlarging upon the subject. As a short description, however, of the town may not be irrelevant, we shall venture to subjoin a few lines on that subject.

Ramsgate is situated in the Isle of Thanet, and constitutes a part of the parish of St. Laurence, being about five miles south of Margate. This place ranks within the liberty of the Cinque Ports, being an ancient member of the town and port of Sandwich, and within the jurisdiction of the magistrates of the same. This place was much enlarged, in consequence of the success accruing from its trade with Russia and the eastern countries; but the greatest importance resulted from the improvements made in its harbour subsequent to the middle of the last century.

In the month of December, 1748, a dreadful storm having forced numerous ships from their anchorage in the Downs, it was resolved by Parliament that a harbour should be formed for vessels under three hundred tons burthen. Early in 1750, the works were entered upon, from designs of William Ackenden, Esq. and Captain Robert Brooke, and the labour pursued with great spirit for four years; but the committee having voted that the width of the harbour ought to be contracted to 1200 feet, a petition was, in 1755, laid before Parliament, wherein it was stated, that such alteration rendered the port of no utility.

The works were then stopped until 1761, when the walls already constructed upon the latter plan were removed, and the harbour completed according to the original design. After an enormous expenditure had been incurred, it was ascertained that the form given to the harbour occasioned the accumulation of so much sand, that it was apprehended the mouth of the port would be ultimately choked up. For the purpose, therefore, of cleansing the harbour, under the direction of Mr. Smea-

*Museum*.—Vol. XX.

ton, the engineer, a cross wall was raised at the uppermost part of the port, so fitted with sluices, that the pent water might play upon the sandbank, and force it beyond the extent of the Piers. This labour being completed in 1779, the water, in severe gales, became so agitated, that it was found more eligible for the shipping to ride out in the Downs.

At length, in 1787, to obviate that fresh difficulty, an advanced Pier was carried out in a southeasterly direction, as the seamen and pilots of Ramsgate had formed an opinion that such a work would conduce to tranquilize the waters; and the undertaking in question was successfully pursued until its completion. During the tremendous tempest in March, 1818, when such incalculable damage was done to the shipping along this coast, Ramsgate harbour was literally crowded with vessels; so that the port of this town stands more reputed as a place of shelter for ships, than calculated to carry on any very considerable trade.

From 1792 to 1802, a variety of additional structures have been raised, among which was the light-house of stone, illuminated by Argand lamps and reflectors, standing at the head of the western pier. The basin wall was widened, so as to form a wharf for the landing and shipping of cargoes; a low house was also raised, at the head of the advanced pier, for a watch-house and deposit for hawseers, &c. &c. The timber pier, which extended 550 feet from the cliff, was reconstructed of stone; and a military road, for the embarkation of troops, completed during the last war.

From the *Imperial Magazine*.

### MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. HENRY, BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX,

*Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.*

Extraordinary times produce extraordinary men; and some characters, whose names are prominent in the history of nations, appear to have been expressly fitted for the periods in which they lived. Our own records furnish

No. 117.—X

abundant instances in illustration of the remark; but we need go no farther, for the proof, than the passing season, now teeming with wonders, and bringing forward "spirits fit for the toilsome business of their days." Among the personages who thus attract the attention, not of England only, but it may fairly be asserted, of the whole world, the name of BROUGHAM shines pre-eminently conspicuous:

Micat inter omnes  
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes  
Luna minores.

The family of Brougham is said, in some recent publications, to have possessed a manor and lordship of that name in Westmoreland, antecedent to the Conquest. Though this is traditionary and doubtful, it seems pretty certain that the castle of Brougham is as old as the reign of king John; and that the manor-house, contiguous to it, remained in the possession of the family till the time of James the First, when the estate was sold; and the heir-male settled at Scales, in the neighbouring county of Cumberland. After the Restoration, the manor was repurchased by John Brougham, of Scales, who entailed it upon his nephew, from whom it descended to Henry Brougham, the father of the Chancellor. The estate, however, was considerably curtailed, at the period of its restoration to the family; and, in consequence, the possessors of Brougham Hall, though boasting an ancient lineage, and even a dormant claim to baronial honours, were reduced to the rank of the lower order of gentry.

But whatever depression there might be in regard to property, there was none in point of reputation or talent. One Henry Brougham, in the middle of the last century, became a coadjutor of Dr. John Campbell, Dr. Birch, and other literary characters of eminence, in the compilation of that great work, the *Biographia Britannica*. What degree of affinity he bore to the subject of this memoir, we have not the means of ascertaining: but that he was a member of the family cannot be doubted. Henry, the father of Lord Brougham, was educated at the University of Edinburgh; and, during his attendance there, lodged, as is customary for students in that seat of learning, at a boarding-house on Castle Hill, kept by the widow of a Scotch clergyman. This lady was sister to Dr. Robertson the historian, had an only daughter, between whom and Henry Brougham there arose a mutual attachment, which, while the lovers were yet young, was cemented by the bond of marriage. The first fruit of this union was a son, born at Edinburgh, and baptized there by the name of Henry, in the year 1779. Three other sons were the offspring of this marriage; John, who became an eminent wine merchant in Edinburgh, and died about two years since, at Boulogne; James, a barrister; and William, master in chancery, and one

of the members in the present Parliament, for the borough of Southwark. Henry Brougham, the father, died at Edinburgh, on the 18th of February, 1810; but his widow is still living at the family mansion in Westmoreland, which has latterly been greatly improved, and the estate enlarged, by the present possessor.

Henry and his three brothers received their education at the High School of Edinburgh, under Dr. Alexander Adam, with whom the eldest became a special favourite. At the age of fifteen, Henry was entered a student of the University, where he applied to the mathematics so assiduously, that, before he had attained his seventeenth year, an essay by him, "On the Flection and Reflection of Light," was deemed worthy of insertion in the *Philosophical Transactions*. It is true, the hypothesis advanced in this paper was attacked by two able mathematicians, M. Prevost, of Geneva, and Dr. Young, of London; but, whatever may be thought of the dispute, there can be but one opinion of the extraordinary talent developed in the juvenile philosopher, who ventured to investigate the most subtle question in the science of optics. The communication on the velocity of light was followed shortly after by some geometrical propositions, with the solutions, which are stated to be new discoveries and improvements of the ancient analysis. The claim to novelty was clearly disproved; but this did not by any means lessen the merit of the young mathematician, who had, by his sole application, come to the same conclusion as Coates, Maclaurin, and Emerson, all of whom preceded him in these abstruse and laborious calculations. The wonder is, how Mr. Brougham's learned preceptor, John Playfair, and the mathematical committee of the Royal Society, could have taken those speculations for discoveries, which had been known to the scientific world, some before and others after, the death of Newton. This was a proof of the observation made by Mr. Brougham himself, at a later period, that the more certain sciences have been much neglected in these days. But, though in the above mentioned cases it cannot be said the author was entitled to the rare merit of being a discoverer, his claim to the title of inventor in mathematics has been substantiated, by his speculations upon algebraical prisms, and those connected with the higher geometry, one of which, on the properties of the conic hyperbola, and the relations of the harmonical line to curves of different orders, is a masterpiece of mathematical reasoning.

For these contributions to the stock of science, Mr. Brougham, on the third of March, 1803, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; but his formal admission did not take place till the spring of the following year. Meanwhile, he plied his studies with indefatigable diligence, as a candidate for the honours of the bar in Scotland, to which he was



called in due course, about the same time with his two friends, Jeffrey and Horner. This was an important era in the history of Mr. Brougham; for, though he had already obtained celebrity as a young man of profound abilities, it was confined within a comparatively small circle of such as were judges of his scientific acquirements. He now began to be known beyond that limited sphere, and the versatility of his genius to be generally admired by the publication of "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers." This work appeared in 1803, and at once stamped the author's reputation on a firm basis, as a political philosopher, and an elegant writer. It was in this year, also, that Mr. Brougham formed one of the triumvirate who founded the *Edinburgh Review*; his coadjutors being Jeffrey, the ostensible editor, and Francis Horner. The history of this literary phenomenon, which, at its first appearance, spread terror among the various tribes of authors, from the Tweed to the Thames, would furnish another instance of "great events from little causes." The mode of criticism now adopted was altogether without a precedent. Instead of analyzing the works that were brought under inspection, the reviewers entered into the general subject, for the purpose of delivering their opinions upon it in dilated disquisitions, which, for the most part, were written with great ability, though they had nothing to do with the book selected as the packhorse to convey the commodity to the public. But this was not the most objectionable characteristic of the northern luminary. It commenced, and was carried on, in a spirit of hostility against all the writers of the age, who happened not to enjoy the favour of being known to the critics, or their friends. Hence arose a loud cry of complaint on all sides, and several men of genius and learning retaliated upon the secret tribunal of *Edinburgh*, for its cruelty and injustice. Lord Byron stung the junto, in a satire that will be read when the *Review* shall have ceased to exist. Anacreon Moore, with less reason than the noble poet, called the editor into the field, which, however, fortunately was not stained with blood on this occasion. Of ink, torrents were spilt in this war of retaliation; but the reviewers had an advantage over their adversaries, in the extensive and increasing sale of their journal, while the insulated answers were, for the most part, ephemeral, little read, and soon disappeared. The personalities in which the *Edinburgh Review* indulged, injurious as they were to moral feeling, and often to individual character, served to promote its circulation, in an age, and among a people, peculiarly marked by that itch of curiosity for which the Athenians of old were distinguished.

But we must here leave the *Review*, and its other projectors, to follow the immediate subject of the present article.

Mr. Brougham, having completely established his reputation, in the capital of Scotland, as an advocate, might have looked, and with assurance of success, to the honour of a seat in the High Court of Justiciary, with, as usual, the nominal rank of a lord for life. He was employed in several important causes, and, amongst the rest, as counsel for lady Essex Ker, in the great contest respecting the ducal title and estates of Roxburgh. This, and some other causes, brought him necessarily to plead before the House of Lords, where he was much noticed for his elocution and legal knowledge. A new and richer field was now opened to his view, and one presenting higher prospects for his ambition than even that in which he had already secured a certainty of permanent profit and future distinctions.

Mr. Brougham, and his inseparable companion, Mr. Horner, resolved to unite their interests, and try their strength in the English courts, as they had done in those of Scotland. A call to the bar followed; and while Mr. Horner adopted the Chancery practice, for which he was well fitted, and where he might have risen to the seat which his friend now fills, had Providence spared his valuable life, Mr. Brougham entered the arena of the King's Bench, to elbow his way amid a host of competitors. At the same time he chose the northern circuit, as offering a fairer prospect of profit; and, although he had the disadvantage of coping, first, with Mr. now Justice Park, and, next, with Mr. Scarlett, his gleanings were far from being inconsiderable, even in the early stage of his legal itinerancy. Still, in threading his course through the labyrinthine paths of the law, the great object of his ambition was a seat in parliament. Here his old schoolmate, Horner, anticipated him, through his intimacy with Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis of Lansdowne, who procured for him a nomination to the borough of Wendover, and afterwards to that of St. Mawes, both in the Grenville interest. Mr. Brougham was mortified at what he considered neglect; yet he continued attached to the Whigs, and published on that side, but anonymously, "An Inquiry into the State of the Nation," which produced a strong effect, and ran through several editions. Such talents were no longer to be left to the confined limits of Westminster Hall; and the historian, who at some distant period shall undertake a retrospective survey of these eventful days, will have to record, with grave reflections, that Henry Brougham first entered Parliament for the borough of Camelford, as the nominee of the house of Russell.

One of the first acts of his political life, as a member of the legislature, was, the bringing in a bill making the slave trade, by whomsoever practised, felony; and subjecting the persons carrying it on, to the punishment of transportation for fourteen years. The bill

passed through both houses in 1811, and received the royal assent.

In the following year, Mr. Brougham endeavoured, but not with the same success, to take from the crown the droits of admiralty, as being a fund, in its present state, contrary to the constitution, and full of danger to the rights and privileges of the people. In the same session, he called the attention of the house to the subject of the orders in council, which, he said, were the causes of the distresses and embarrassments which then prevailed throughout the kingdom. He concluded an able speech, with moving for a committee of inquiry. The only novelty in the discussion was that of Mr. Canning's supporting the motion; notwithstanding which, it was lost by a great majority. The agitation of the question, however, had a good effect; for, though ministers would not yield to their opponents in the house, they soon after conceded to them, by revoking the obnoxious orders in the cabinet.

The next measure of Mr. Brougham, at the close of the session, was also of a triumphant nature, and tended greatly to the spreading of his reputation among the people at large. One of the articles in the ministerial annual scheme of finance, was a tax upon leather. This oppressive impost, Mr. Brougham assailed by so many clear statements and powerful arguments, that, on a division, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, having only a majority of eight in his favour, abandoned the obnoxious tax altogether.

With this session, Parliament ended; and Mr. Brougham, having been encouraged to offer himself as a candidate for Liverpool, in opposition to Mr. Canning, did so, but failed; as he subsequently did, in his attempt to get returned for the Inverkeithing district of boroughs.

After a seclusion of about two years, or more, Mr. Brougham again appeared on the opposition bench, as member for the close borough of Winchelsea. It might, however, have been said, that he now came forth as a giant refreshed; for, to follow his progress from this period, would far exceed the powers of an ordinary observer. At the very opening of the session, on the first of February, 1816, he severely condemned the speech from the throne, which spoke of the flourishing condition of our "commerce, revenues, and finances," when a general stagnation of trade was felt—when shops were every where empty—tradesmen's books were filled with debts, not one per cent. of which would be recovered. Alluding to the slave-trade still carried on by Spain, Mr. Brougham said, he hoped the contemptible tyrant, Ferdinand, who had behaved so inhumanly to his best friends, who had treated so ungratefully those by whom he had been raised to the throne which he disgraced, would be prevented from extending the effects of his reign to Africa.

The holy alliance, and the property tax, for the repeal of which last the nation was mainly indebted to his exertions, were among the next prominent objects of his attacks during this session; at the end of which, he moved for leave to bring in a bill to secure the liberty of the press. The motion was carried, yet nothing further was heard of the measure. But one of the most important acts of Mr. Brougham, at this period, was, that of procuring a legislative inquiry into the ancient charitable institutions, particularly those which had for their object the education of the children of the poor. Though many abuses were discovered by the commissioners appointed under the authority of the committee; there is reason to fear, that the benefit produced has by no means answered the expectation originally formed, or the expense actually incurred.

In the year 1818, Mr. Brougham was invited to become a candidate for the county of Westmoreland; with which his family had, for generations, been connected. Although he had a powerful interest to oppose, in the house of Lonsdale, he accepted the call of his friends, but failed; notwithstanding which he made another effort, in 1820, and again proved unsuccessful; as he also did at the general election of 1826.

In the vacation of 1816, if we mistake not, Mr. Brougham, by way of relaxation from the multifarious labours with which he was surrounded, made a tour on the Continent; in the course of which he paid a visit to the Princess of Wales, at her seat in the north of Italy. In consequence of this, he became the confidential agent, and legal adviser, of Her Royal Highness.

On the death of George the Third, Mr. Brougham lost no time in despatching a special messenger to Como, with the intelligence of an event which was so important to the Princess herself, and not less so to the nation at large, of which she was now become the Queen consort. Her Majesty replied immediately, by the same medium, informing Mr. Brougham of her fixed determination to return to England, for the purpose of asserting her rights and privileges, which, she had reason to believe, were in danger, as well as her person. Mr. Brougham communicated the Queen's intention and apprehensions to Lord Castle-reagh, who assured him that no indignity would be offered to the illustrious personage, either abroad or at home. There can be little doubt, however, that the Queen's Attorney-General, for as such he was now formally admitted, would willingly have prevented his royal mistress from carrying her resolution into effect. In this he was foiled; and on Thursday, the first of June, 1820, the Queen apprized him, by letter, of her arrival at St. Omer, to which place she requested him to hasten without delay. Accordingly, on Saturday, he set out with Lord Hutchinson, who was nominated on the part of the King, to ar-

range the terms of a settlement, founded on the condition of Her Majesty's giving up all idea of landing in England. Mr. Brougham, on reaching St. Omer, introduced Lord Hutchinson as a friend of Her Majesty, and a mediator anxiously desirous to render her service at this crisis. The Queen, it appeared, had already been informed, that her confidential friend and the King's agent had travelled in the same carriage, embarked in the same packet, and kept company all the way to St. Omer, while Sicard, Her Majesty's oldest servant, rode on the outside of the carriage. By whom she was informed of all this, or for what purpose, we are not told; but so it was, that the Queen took alarm; and, while the two deputies were in consultation or correspondence upon the business in which they were concerned, the royal personage put an end to their labours, by setting off for Dover without taking leave of either one or the other.

Mortifying as this was, Mr. Brougham had too much sympathising feeling not to make allowance for the irritability of a mind ill at ease, and liable to be imposed upon by bad advisers. He hastened back to London, where, on his arrival, he found that the door of hope was closed against that adjustment which it had been his earnest wish to accomplish. The contracted space to which we are confined precludes any further detail on a subject that belongs to general history; and to do justice to which, would call for amplification in the narrative incompatible with biography. Nor can we even descant upon the eloquence displayed by the Queen's advocate, without injuring the force of the reasoning, and the elegance of the language.

It cannot be expected that we should attempt to enumerate the speeches or motions made by this great orator and statesman, while a member of the lower house of parliament. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a few of the most important, and such as relate to subjects of permanent interest.

On the eleventh of February, 1822, we find Mr. Brougham bringing forward, at the close of a very elaborate speech, the following resolution—"That it is the bounden duty of this house well considering the pressure of the public burdens on all classes of the community, and particularly on the agricultural classes, to pledge itself to obtain, for a suffering people, such a reduction of taxation, as would afford them effectual relief."

The proposition was strenuously opposed by ministers as leading to no practical purpose. The motion was negatived by a considerable majority. In the course of his speech, on this occasion, Mr. Brougham passed an encomium upon Mr. Pitt's great financial measure of the sinking fund, though he hinted the necessity of reducing the interest of the public debt.

On the twenty-fourth of June, in the same year, Mr. Brougham proposed a resolution—"That the influence of the crown is unneces-

sary to the maintenance of its due prerogatives, destructive to the independence of Parliament, and inconsistent with the well government of the State." This resolution was introduced by a long speech; in the course of which, the honourable and learned mover displayed his peculiar talents for irony with singular brilliancy and success. It need scarcely be observed, that the motion was lost.

The parliamentary history of the following year was remarkable for a schism in the opposition, occasioned by the Catholic question, then brought in by Mr. Plunket; and though supported by Mr. Canning, it was evident that the weight of the cabinet was on the other side. This produced a violent attack on Mr. Canning by Mr. Brougham, who charged the secretary with tergiversation, and truckling to the Lord Chancellor. At this Mr. Canning took fire, and turning to the speaker, said, "I rise to declare that the accusation is false." Upon this he was called to order; and, no explanation being given, a motion was made that Mr. Canning and Mr. Brougham be committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arms. The friends of the parties here interfered, and with no little difficulty succeeded in bringing about, if not a reconciliation, yet a suspension of hostilities. When the question for the order of the day was read, all the opposition members left the house, and Mr. Plunkett's motion was lost.

On the first of June, 1824, Mr. Brougham introduced a motion for an address to the king relative to the proceedings at Demerara, against Mr. Smith, the Missionary. This produced a long debate, and an adjournment, at the end of which the motion was negatived by the small majority of forty-six only. The second day of the discussion was marked by an extraordinary occurrence. Just as Mr. Brougham was entering the house, he was assaulted in the lobby by a man named Gourlay, who had been lying in wait for the purpose. The offender was taken into custody, and committed to the House of Correction in Cold Bath Fields, where he remained a long time, to prevent his doing more serious mischief, being pronounced insane by the faculty.

On the 15th of May, 1826, Mr. Brougham, after a long and impressive speech, moved a resolution to the effect, that the Colonial Legislatures having obstinately resisted the declared wishes of Parliament, and of His Majesty's Government, the House of Commons would, early in the next session, take the subject of West India slavery into consideration. The motion was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

We now come to the most splendid period in the life of Mr. Brougham, as a lawyer and legislator. In pursuance of a notice which he had given in the preceding session, he brought forward, on the 7th of February, 1828, a motion "touching the state of the law, and its administration in the courts of justice, with a

view to such reform as time may have rendered necessary, and experience may have shown to be expedient." The speech which introduced this motion was as remarkable for its length as its luminousness; and though it occupied six hours and a half in the delivery, the attention of the auditory was riveted in a fixed admiration during the whole time. On its conclusion, an adjournment of the question took place until the 20th, when the motion, with some amendments, was carried.

In the same session Mr. Brougham spoke with powerful effect in support of the motion of Lord John Russell, for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. The success with which this was attended, prepared the people to expect what followed. At the commencement of the next session, Mr. Peel, who had hitherto been the zealous opponent of Catholic Emancipation, actually proposed it as a cabinet measure, on the ground of political expediency. The bill was carried triumphantly through both houses, and on the 13th of April, received the royal assent.

In the following year, Mr. Brougham moved for leave to bring in a bill to establish local jurisdictions in certain districts in England. The learned member took a very comprehensive view of the expenses attendant upon legal process. What, therefore, he intended to propose was, that a barrister, of practical experience should be appointed in every county, before whom any person might cite another, who was indebted to him ten pounds or less, and that the judge should decide on the merits of the case by hearing the parties, and appointing payment by instalments, if he should think proper. If the debt should exceed ten pounds, but not one hundred, the parties to be allowed to employ a legal advocate to plead their cause. But this judge should in no instance be allowed to decide in cases of freehold, copyhold, or leasehold. From his decision an appeal should be made to the judges of the assize, or the courts of Westminster. The bill was accordingly brought in; but its further progress was impeded by the demise of the crown, the commencement of a new reign, and the dissolution of parliament.

Mr. Brougham was now invited to the representation of the county of York. He acceded of course to so flattering a proposal, and his election was secured without any expense.

The first parliament of William the Fourth assembled on the 26th of October, and in less than a month the Wellington administration terminated. In the new arrangement which was soon formed, Henry Brougham received the Great Seal, with the dignity of Baron Brougham and Vaux, to which last title he is said to have had an hereditary claim.

Here we shall close the public history, properly so termed, of this illustrious personage; for the circumstances which connect his name with passing events are too fresh in remem-

brance, to require our feeble notice and observation. We shall, therefore, wind up this sketch with stating, that, in 1824, his Lordship took an efficient part in promoting and establishing the London Mechanic's Institution; that, in the same year, he published "Practical Observations upon the Education of the Poor;" that, in 1825, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, when he delivered an admirable speech at his installation, which was printed; that, soon after he assisted his friend Campbell in founding the London University; and that, in 1827, he became President of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." To enumerate the literary productions of his Lordship, is beyond our means of information; but there is one which particularly merits notice, namely, "A Vindication of the Inquiry into Charitable Abuses, in answer to the Quarterly Review;" printed in 1819.

Lord Brougham, in 1816, married Mary Anne, the widow of John Slade, Esq., and a distant relative of the Auckland family. By this lady he has had two daughters, one of whom died in infancy.

The following characteristic sketch of his Lordship, before his elevation, was drawn up by the late William Hazlitt; and, in the main, is a correct delineation:—

"Mr. Brougham speaks in a loud and unmitigated tone of voice; sometimes almost approaching to a scream. He is fluent, rapid, vehement, full of his subject, with evidently a great deal to say, and very regardless of the manner of saying it. As a lawyer, he has not hitherto been remarkably successful. He is not profound in cases and reports, nor does he take much interest in the peculiar features of a particular cause, or show much adroitness in the management of it. He carries too much weight of metal for ordinary and petty occasions; he must have a pretty large question to discuss, and must make thorough stitch-work of it. Mr. Brougham writes almost, if not quite, as well as he speaks. In the midst of an election contest, he comes out to address the populace, and goes back to his study to finish an article for the *Edinburgh Review*. Such indeed is the activity of his mind, that it appears to require neither repose, nor any other stimulus than a delight in its own exercise. He can turn his hand to any thing, but he cannot be idle. Mr. Brougham is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also in one sense, of the length of human life; for if we make a good use of our time, there is room enough to crowd almost every art and science into it. Mr. Brougham, among other means of strengthening and enlarging his views, has visited, we believe, most of the courts, and turned his attention to most of the constitutions of the Continent. He is, no doubt, a very accomplished and admirable person."

vo  
In  
co  
of  
up  
a  
ch  
wo  
has  
the  
and  
dur  
wh  
tho  
con  
tha  
the  
pri  
ciel  
don  
mar  
ral  
wid  
stov  
W  
Cha  
colle  
purp  
usef  
and  
Inse  
Knig



From the Athenæum.

WATER BALLAD.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Come hither, gently rowing,  
Come, bear me quickly o'er  
This stream so brightly flowing,  
To yonder woodland shore.  
But vain were my endeavour  
To pay thee, courteous guide;  
Row on, row on, for ever  
I'd have thee by my side.  
"Good boatman, prithee haste thee,  
I seek my father-land."  
"Say, when I there have placed thee,  
Dare I demand thy hand?"—  
"A maiden's head can never  
So hard a point decide;  
Row on, row on, for ever  
I'd have thee by my side."  
The happy bridal over,  
The wanderer ceased to roam,  
For, seated by her lover,  
The boat became her home.  
And still they sang together,  
As steering o'er the tide,  
"Row on through wind and weather,  
For ever by my side."

From the Monthly Review.

INSECT MISCELLANIES.\*

It was obvious that Mr. Rennie's former volumes, those upon Insect Architecture, and Insect Transformations, could not well have comprised all the matter which, in the course of his inquiries, he must have accumulated upon his hands. He reserved, therefore, for a miscellaneous volume, many interesting chapters, which in either of those works would have been altogether out of place, and has thus contrived to make the history of those wonderful objects of creation as popular and amusing as possible. He may well endure the cold and contemptuous sneer, with which his labours have been received by those, who hold that science can never be communicated unless in a pedantic form, and that it was never intended for the use of the people. We believe that his productions, printed under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, have done a great deal of good, and have induced many persons to give their attention to natural history, who, but for these cheap and widely-circulated books, would never have bestowed a thought upon it.

We have read with particular pleasure the Chapter (XIV.) in the present volume, on the collection and preservation of insects for the purposes of study, which abounds in the most useful suggestions. The author here clearly and admirably lays down a principle for the

guidance of our inquiries, which ought never to be lost sight of, namely, that "an insect can never be found in any situation, or make any movement, without some motive, originating in the instinct imparted to it by Providence." Such a principle as this is not only founded in truth, but capable of conferring a great moral interest upon every step we take in the course of our investigations. Even if he be not acquainted with any systems of classification, it will not be difficult for any intelligent person to become a good naturalist, merely by dint of actual observation. Insects of many kinds are constantly crossing his path, whether he remains at home, or ranges through the woods and fields. Let him fix for a while, as the author recommends, upon one of these, "mark its progress from the egg till its death, its peculiar food, the enemies which prey on it, and the various accidents or diseases to which it is liable," and he will possibly be able to communicate interesting and valuable additions to the history of animated nature.

An illiterate labourer, at Blackheath, has done this to a considerable extent, and any person may do it without knowing the name even of a single insect. He may number them, or class them in alphabetical order; he will find them wherever leaves or flowers grow, in running and stagnant waters, on the earth and in the air, in countless multitudes. The best apparatus for keeping them is a common tumbler glass filled with the materials, from amongst which the insect has been taken. Its operations may thus be easily inspected from day to day. The top of the glass may be covered with gauze, or it may be inverted, taking care to secure the admission of air round the edge by inserting slips of cards at intervals. Small paste-board boxes may be used for the same purpose. With this simple machinery, and the knowledge of a few leading rules, which Mr. Rennie has clearly and judiciously laid down, every man may become a naturalist to an extent quite sufficient to afford him delightful occupation for his leisure hours, and especially to bring him, as it were, constantly into the presence of the Deity, by inducing him to contemplate the varieties of insect existence, that perpetually court his observation.

For instance, will it not open to him a new and most interesting view of the provisions of creative wisdom, if he can discover that the wings of insects are furnished with nerves, by means of which they are capable of directing their flight, without receiving any assistance from their eyes? We do not consider this as a fact proved merely by the curved or circular course, which bees are generally supposed to take in returning to, and departing from their hives; for, according to our present information, we might with equal probability assume, that such a course may be suggested to them by that natural instinct, which

\* The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—Insect Miscellanies. 12mo. pp. 414. London: Knight. 1831.

teaches them to conceal their treasures from the depredation of their enemies, as much as they can. The carrier pigeons are also said to prefer a similar mode of flight, both in departing from an unknown station, and in arriving at their home from a distance. Perhaps the true cause of this may be, that they experience less resistance from the atmosphere in adopting that course, than if they were to pursue a straight line. But the facts mentioned with respect to Spallanzani's bats are calculated, it must be owned, rather to favour the supposition that, so far as bats are concerned at least, there is a delicacy of touch in their wings, which serves them instead of eyes. From several cruel experiments which he made, he found that "bats, when blindfolded, and even when their eyes are destroyed altogether, and leather glued over the sockets, can fly nearly as well as before, and can avoid in their flight the smallest threads and other objects hung up to interrupt them. They can even dart through a hole in a net or curtain, large enough to admit their passage, and that without previous examination. They can likewise thread the mazes of a cavern, without hurting themselves on the walls, and go directly to their nest holes. When Spallanzani destroyed the ears and nostrils, as well as the eyes of bats, he found that they could direct their flight equally well." Cuvier has explained these facts, by showing that the wing of the bat is analogous to the hand, being one continued tissue of exquisitely sensible nerves, covered with a fine skin, which is furrowed like that on the human fingers. Such an instrument of locomotion as this is peculiarly useful to the bat, whose excursions in search of moths are uniformly made in the twilight or the night, and thus our inquirer will see throughout, the care of a Providence always adapting the means to the required end.

It seems to be pretty well ascertained, that many insects are delicately sensible to changes of temperature. Previously to bad weather, ants are always seen very careful in securing their eggs from its effects, and let the day be ever so apparently fine, they will not place their eggs at the top of the nest, if there be the least chilliness in the air. Increased heat, arising from the agitation of bees in a hive, is said by Huber to be the cause of those emigrations from the parent hive, which periodically take place. He adds, that, even upon ordinary occasions, they are so much afraid of bad weather, that a single cloud passing over the sun will make them suspend their labours, and retreat homewards. It was observed by D'Isonval, that spiders had a good knowledge of weather, that when it was wet and windy they spun only very short lines; but that "when a spider spins a long thread, there is a certainty of fine weather for at least ten or twelve days afterwards." Kirby considers this statement in the main accurate, and thinks

that a very good idea of the weather may be formed from attending to these insects. Mr. Rennie concludes from his own observations, that this theory can only be supported as far as the winds are concerned at the time the framework, that is to say, the collection of stay-ropes, of the web is constructed, but no farther. Our acquaintance with the operations of this most interesting and ingenious of all insects, rather induce us to incline to the opinion of Kirby, the more particularly, as Mr. Rennie's dissent from it is founded upon the theory, that the spider's lines are floated in the air, and that it is by mere accident that they catch the object to which the insect intends that they shall be attached, in order to secure the support of the future web. We are convinced that this theory is altogether erroneous, and that the spider itself attaches both the extremities of the line to the objects to which it is found adhering. By what process this object is accomplished, is a question upon which natural philosophers have put forth different opinions. Our own observations, for we have frequently watched the proceedings of these creatures, would lead us to believe that, having fastened one end of the thread to a branch of a tree, or any other object, they let themselves down to the ground by means of that thread, and then direct their steps to the object to which they wish to fasten the other extremity. They then pull the rope as tight as they may find necessary, in some cases allowing for a curve in the line, such as we see in chain bridges, and gathering up all the useless portion of the line, they leave it upon an adjacent leaf or twig. They then return by the line thus fastened to the spot whence they set out, and so form the whole of the outworks of the web. We have seen threads of this kind, of four or five yards and more in length, in very fine weather, connecting the back wall of a house with a shrub at some distance from it, under circumstances which showed that it was impossible for the floating doctrine to apply.

We can add our testimony to the statement made by Mr. Rennie, that the spiders are seldom seen making or mending a web during bright sunshine. They are generally found most busy at that work during cloudy weather, the reason, probably, being that it is then, while the scorching rays of the sun are absent, the geometrical lines of the web can best be glued to each other. It is well known that spiders hunt with most success at night, the unfortunate flies then in motion not being able to discover so easily the toils which are prepared for their destruction. It is remarkable that some insects appear only during particular hours of the day; for instance, the clouded yellow butterfly does not fly before ten, and retires to rest soon after four o'clock. The red underwing moth is only to be seen about six or seven o'clock in the morning, and never at any other time. Some

of the smaller beetles swarm only before noon, when they disappear; generally also, unless the evening be more than usually bright and warm, the gnats after dancing their quadrilles an hour or two, vanish at sunset. The history of plants furnishes several facts analogous to these. It is conjectured that insects are peculiarly sensible to electric changes in the atmosphere, but it is admitted that there is not evidence to reduce this conjecture to any thing like a certainty.

We believe that nobody who has even paid any attention to the habits of insects, can doubt that they possess in a high degree the sense of taste, although that sense is in many cases governed by rules with which we are not acquainted. Mr. Rennie, in proof of this, mentions a fact that came within his own notice in Scotland, "where the midge, a very small kind of gnat, was so very troublesome to a party of haymakers, that it was with difficulty they could continue their work; yet, notwithstanding the general attack made by the insects, wherever they could find a spot of uncovered skin, one individual among the haymakers was never touched, while the skin of his companions was covered with bites as if scourged with nettles." In the same manner of two individuals, who had been together for a whole day nutting, and who slept in the same bed-chamber, one was found next morning covered all over with red blotches, from the attacks of the harvest bug, while the other was quite untouched. It is within the experience of every body who has had the misfortune of sleeping in a bed infested by fleas and bugs, that both these abominable insects evince a decided preference for women and children, and that when they can satiate themselves upon these victims, they seldom attack the stronger sex.

Naturalists have discovered in more than one species of insect vessels which supply them with saliva; and it is a curious fact, ascertained by observation, that when a fly is about to devour sugar left in its way, it first emits upon the sugar a small drop of fluid, in order to melt it, and thereby render it easy to be sucked up.

There can be no doubt that insects very generally are endowed with the sense of smelling. What is most curious in this part of their history, is the probability that many of them have the means of employing offensive odours, which nature has enabled them to discharge, in order to avert the pursuit of their enemies. Thus the small green beetle, which is not uncommon near London, defends itself by a kind of artillery, from which it discharges both noise and smoke. There is another species called the bombardier, known by its head and thorax being brick red, and the rest of the body a blackish hue. "When we attempt," says Mr. Rennie, quoting Rolander, "to catch it, we are surprised by a discharge resembling a pop-gun, accompanied with a

sort of smoke, of which it is furnished with a bladder sufficient to fire off twenty shots in succession. If this chance to get into the eyes, it will make them smart as if they had been bathed with brandy. Its chief enemy is a beetle larger than itself, which hunts it without mercy. As it finds it impossible to escape by speed of foot, it stops short, and awaits its pursuer; but just as he is about to seize it, he is saluted with a discharge, and while he is for a moment stupified with surprise, the bombardier endeavours to gain a hiding place."

Shakspeare, to whom the whole volume of nature seems to have been opened, was aware that insects had also the faculty of hearing. Mamilus in the Winter's Tale, says:—

"——' I will tell it softly,  
You crickets shall not hear it.'"

The information collected by Mr. Rennie upon this subject, is amusing as well as curious:—

"It is well known to every boy that the field one, of a fine green colour, which during the summer months is by no means sparing of its stridulous music, instantly ceases to crink the moment it hears a foot fall; and hence it is not easy to discover the spot where it is, unless it be approached in the most cautious manner, for it is silent if a person approach within several yards of it. Brunelli, an Italian naturalist, tried some experiments upon this insect, more satisfactory than the preceding ones of Bonnet. He kept several in a chamber, which continued their crinking song through the whole day; but the instant they heard a knock at the door, they were silent. He subsequently invented a method of imitating their sounds, and when he did so outside the door, at first a few would venture upon a soft whisper, and by and bye the whole party burst out in chorus to answer him; but upon repeating the rap at the door, they instantly stopped again as if alarmed. He likewise confined a male in one side of his garden, while he put a female on the other at liberty, which began to leap as soon as she heard the crink of the male, and immediately came to him, an experiment which he frequently repeated with the same result. It is remarkable that the males alone of these insects are musical; for 'the females,' as Swammerdam long ago observed, 'of locusts, grasshoppers, and others, make no noise.' We may, in passing, request our readers to remark that Brunelli's insect has very long antennae.

"It seems to be not illogical to infer, from the variety of sounds produced by insects, that, in the instance in question, as well as in many others, they are intended for signals to their companions, who, of course, must possess organs of hearing. The drum or instrument by which the last-mentioned insect produces its loud music has been described by De Geer, and subsequently by Lichtenstein. 'Our male green field-hoppers,' says the former 'in that part of the right wing-case which is folded horizontally over the trunk, have a round plate, made of very fine transparent membrane, resembling a little mirror or piece of talc, and as

use as a drum. It is surrounded by a strong and prominent nervure, but is concealed under the fold of the left wing-case, where also there are strong nervures corresponding to what may be called the hoop of the drum. It is exceedingly probable that the quick motion with which the insect rubs these nervures against each other, produces a vibration in the membrane, whence the sound is augmented. By alternating the motion rapidly from right to left, the sound is produced in an almost continued strain, as we have remarked in those we have kept in our study; while in the crickets, who alternate the motion more slowly, the sound is omitted at interrupted intervals, a remark which any person may readily verify.

"The grasshoppers and locusts produce their chirp by applying the hind shank to the thigh, rubbing it smartly against the wing-case, and alternating the right and left legs. They have also a drum like the preceding family, for augmenting the sound. 'On each side,' says De Geer, 'of the first segment of the abdomen, immediately above the origin of the hind thighs, there is a large deep opening, somewhat oval in form, and partly closed by an irregular flat plate or lid, of a hard substance, but covered by a flexible, wrinkled membrane. The opening left by the lid is in form of a half-moon, and at the bottom of the cavity is a white membrane, shining like a mirror, and tensely stretched. On the side of the opening, towards the head, there is a small oval hole, into which the point of a pin may easily pass; and when the membrane is removed, a large cavity is brought into view. The whole of this apparatus seems to contribute much both to produce and to increase the sound caused by insects.'

"We have examined the hole mentioned by De Geer, in a number of individuals, and have been struck with its resemblance to the hole in a military drum, as well as in violins and guitars. We found, indeed, upon stopping up this hole with a bit of wafer, that the insect could no longer produce its peculiar sound, but only a sort of muffled scraping. Swammerdam was acquainted with this instrument, though he does not mention the hole. 'The grasshopper,' he says, 'has two peculiar small drums, like the drum of our ear, which being struck by the help of two lunulated cartilages vibrate the air in such a manner as to produce the sound.'

"The crickets, another family of this order of insects, are well known for their chirping-song, which, associated as it is either with the snug chimney-corner, or the sunshine of summer, affords a pleasure which certainly does not arise from the intrinsic quality of its music. 'Sounds,' it is well observed by White, 'do not always give us pleasure according to their sweetness and melody; nor do harsh sounds always displease. Thus the shrilling of the field-cricket, though sharp and strident, yet marvellously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas of every thing that is rural, verdurous, and joyous.'

"Sounds unharmonious in themselves and harsh, Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,

And only there, please highly for their sake."  
COWPER, *Task*, book i.

"This circumstance, no doubt, causes the Spaniards to keep them in cages, as we do singing-birds. White tells us, that, if supplied with moistened green leaves, they will sing as merrily and loud in a paper cage as in the fields; but he did not succeed in planting a colony of them in the terrace of his garden, though he bored holes for them in the turf to save them the labour of digging.

"Swammerdam entertained a different notion of their music. 'I remember,' says he, 'that I once saw a whole field full of these singing-cricket, each of which had dug itself a hole in the earth two fingers deep, and then, sitting at the entrance thereof, they made a very disagreeable noise with the creaking and tremulous motion of their wings; when they heard any noise they immediately retired with fright into their little caverns.'

"The hearth-cricket, again, though we hear it occasionally in the hedge banks in summer, prefers the warmth of an oven or a good fire, and thence, residing as it were always in the torrid zone, is ever alert and merry, a good Christmas fire being to it what the heat of the dog-days are to others. Though crickets are frequently heard by day, yet their natural time of motion is only in the night. As soon as it becomes dark, the chirping increases, and they come running forth, and are often to be seen in great numbers, from the size of a flea to that of their full stature. Like the field-cricket, they are sometimes kept for their music; and the learned Scaliger took so great a fancy to their song, that he was accustomed to keep them in a box in his study. It is reported, that in some parts of Africa they are kept and fed in a kind of iron oven, and sold to the natives, who like their chirp, and think it is a good soporific. Milton chose for his contemplative pleasures a spot where crickets resorted:—

'Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth.  
Save the cricket on the hearth.'—*Il Penseroso*.

"We have been as unsuccessful in transplanting the hearth-cricket, as White was with the field-cricket. In two different houses we have repeatedly introduced crickets, but could not prevail on them to stay. One of our trials, indeed, was made in summer, with insects brought from a garden wall, and it is probable they thought the kitchen fire-side too hot at that season.

"The instrument upon which the male-cricket plays (for the female is mute) consists, as in the preceding case, of strong nervous or rough strings in the wing-cases, by the friction of which against each other a sound is produced and communicated to the membranes stretched between them, in the same way that the vibrations caused by the friction of the finger upon the tambourine are diffused over its surface."—pp. 76—82.

The hum of bees, Swammerdam supposes, proceeds from the motion of the wings alone, particularly the small membranous wings at the shoulder, which is increased by the inter-



nal air propelled from the air tubes that lie beneath them. White, the justly celebrated naturalist of Selborne, remarked frequently, in hot summer days, on a down in his neighbourhood, a sound like that of many bees humming in the air, though not one of these insects was to be seen at the time. Mr. Rennie observed the same humming in the neighbourhood of London, which he could no more explain than White, until he saw, upon one occasion, a troop of swallows busily hawking high overhead where the humming was heard, a circumstance from which he reasonably inferred that the noise proceeded from insects invisible from the distance at which they were collected. The same sound may be heard in the summer evenings by any person who chooses to walk into the fields that lie between Kentish Town and Hampstead. We have often listened to it, mingled with the lowing of cows, the occasional barking of dogs, and the confused murmur that now and then is borne on the air from the metropolis, with feelings of mystic delight. Mr. Knapp confirms this explanation. "That purely rural, little noticed, and, indeed, local occurrence," he says, "called by the country people hummings in the air, is annually heard in one or two fields near my dwelling. About the middle of the day, perhaps from twelve o'clock till two, on a few calm sultry days in July, we occasionally hear, when in particular places, the humming of apparently a large swarm of bees. It is generally in some spacious open spot that this murmuring first attracts our attention. As we move onward, the sound becomes fainter, and by degrees is no longer audible. That this sound proceeds from a collection of bees, or some such insects high in the air, there can be no doubt; yet the musicians are invisible. At these times, a solitary insect or so may be observed here and there, occupied in its usual employ, but this straggler takes no part in our aerial orchestra."

Naturalists differ much as to the vision of insects, some maintaining with Bidloo that no animal is naturally blind, others that several species of insects are altogether deprived of eyes. Latreille mentions two species of very small ants, in which he could never discover any organ of vision. One of the classes of the white ants is generally considered to be blind. According to some naturalists the bee is very short-sighted; according to others, the sight of that insect is the most perfect of all others. The former notion seems to have been adopted by Mr. Rogers, when he wrote the following lines in his "Pleasures of Memory":—

"Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,  
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.  
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,  
And many a stream allures her to its source.

'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye, so finely wrought

Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,  
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;  
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!

Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?  
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?

With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue  
Of varied scents that charmed her as she flew?  
Hail! Memory, hail! thy universal reign  
Guards the least link of being's glorious chain."

—p. 122.

The memory of the bee, however, is but a very short one, for any person may observe it visiting repeatedly the flower which it had already rifled of all its treasure. Mr. Rennie is indebted to Réaumur for a solution of these contradictory opinions:

"If Réaumur, however, be correct in his opinions, as we are inclined to think he is, these apparent discrepancies may be easily reconciled; for he attempts to show, that bees and most other insects are endowed with two sorts of eyes, one for distant and another for near vision: instead of having the power as we have of adapting the eye to various distances, the nature of which adaptation is not well understood. In order to understand this more precisely, it will be necessary to enter into a few details as to the number and structure of the eyes of insects.

"It may at first appear not a little puzzling to conceive how a spider with eight eyes, a centipede with twenty, and a butterfly with thirty-five thousand facets in its two eyes, can perceive only one object; yet the difficulty is not of a very different kind from that of our own two eyes representing only a single object and not two,—a subject which has exercised the ingenuity of many a philosopher. Vandermonde, for example, supposed that children at first see double, and correct the error by experience; an opinion adopted by Blumenbach; Dr. Reid referred it to an original and inexplicable law of human nature, confessing thereby his inability to explain it; and some of the old philosophers satisfied themselves that it was because the nerve from each eye meets before reaching the brain. The latter would have perhaps been satisfactory, had it not been refuted by the simple experiment of pushing one of the eyes a little aside, when objects will be seen double, though this cannot alter the meeting of the nerves. Dr. Wells explains it by the coincidence of what he calls the visible direction.

"Whatever opinion be adopted, it is evident that most creatures can see an object by using one eye only, sometimes better than when both are employed. The celebrated painter, Leonardo da Vinci, upon this principle recommended his pupils always to look at distant objects with one eye only, and we have frequently observed in birds, particularly those which feed on insects, that on looking out for prey, they most commonly turn their head on one side, so as to bring only one eye to bear on the object. A thrush always does so when he examines a snail-shell that he means to attack, and a red-breast before he pounces upon a worm.

It is no doubt for this very reason that the wryneck is enabled to move its head in the manner from which it derives its popular name; and many insects, such as the dragon-flies, can turn their heads nearly round about; though, from the great volume of their eyes, this might almost be considered superfluous.

"Independently, however, of the anatomical structure, of which from the minuteness of the parts there might be considerable doubt, the experiments of Réaumur appear to settle the point. 'I have varnished those eyes,' he says, 'or what amounts to the same, I varnished the back part of the head in more than twenty bees, which I then set at liberty, three or four paces from the hive; but not one of them knew where to find it again, nor appeared to search for it. They flew at random towards the adjacent plants, but never to a distance, and though they seemed to have no difficulty in flying, I never saw them rise in the air as those do whose faceted eyes I had varnished over.' The latter observation seems to prove that the coronet-eyes are appropriated to upward vision; while we may suppose the faceted eyes to be for horizontal vision, and for looking downwards. Kirby, indeed, has distinguished a whole genus from the circumstance of its being thus furnished with two pair of eyes. One species of this is found in the vicinity of London.

"Fabricius, who is followed by Olivier, considers one pair of these eyes as nothing more than a spot; but accurate examination shows that the principal faceted eyes are actually divided by the crossing of the corner, which in other insects of this family only enters, and indents a portion of the eye without dividing it entirely. What is not less singular, the males of more than one species of day-fly, besides the regular number of faceted and coronet eyes, have a pair of faceted eyes on the top of a short columnar projection.

"In the little whirlwig that skims about so merrily on standing water, the upper portion of the eyes, fitted for seeing in the air, is placed on the upper part of the head, and the lower portion, fitted for seeing in water, in the lower part, a thin division separating the two.

"When a faceted eye, such as that of a butterfly, is examined a little closely, it will be found to have the appearance of a multiplying glass, the sides, or facettes, resembling a brilliant cut diamond. Puget adapted the eye of a flea in such a position as to see objects through it by means of a microscope, and nothing could exceed the singularity of the exhibition. 'A soldier, who was seen through it, appeared like an army of pigmies; for while it multiplied it also diminished the object; the arch of a bridge exhibited a spectacle more magnificent than human skill could perform; and the flame of a candle seemed the illumination of thousands of lamps.' Leenwenhoeck, in the same manner, looked through the eye of a dragon-fly, and viewed the steeple of a church which was 220 feet high, and 750 from the place where he stood. He could plainly see the steeple, though not apparently larger than the point of a fine needle. He also viewed a house in the same manner, and could discern the front, distin-

guish the doors and windows, and perceive whether they were open or shut!"—pp. 123—129.

With reference to the means of providing themselves with food, insects are divided into eaters, lappers, and suckers; they are, many of them, in their way, very destructive to fruits and vegetables, as the gardeners have too much reason to know. Of late years our apple trees have suffered extensively from what is called the American, or white blight, which, according to Mr. Knapp, was first observed in 1819, in nursery gardens near Bristol, and is supposed to have been introduced by some imported plant. There are others who say that it originally came over from France with the Hugonot exiles in the reign of Louis XIV.; there is no doubt that it is well known in that country. This blight first appears in the spring of the year in the form of a slight hoariness, which is observed upon the branches of certain species of our orchard fruit. In the course of a few weeks the hoariness increases, becomes cottony, and as the summer advances it grows into a downy substance, which upon examination is found to conceal a multitude of small wingless creatures, busily employed in consuming what we may well call the life-blood of the plant. They are possessed of a beak, terminating in a fine bristle, which they insinuate through the bark and the sappy part of the wood, and thus they are enabled to extract, as with a syringe, the sweet vital liquor that circulates in the plant. The consequence is, that the limb grows sickly, the leaves fall off, and branch after branch being thus attacked, the whole tree gradually dies.

The garden and house bugs form another part of the destructive families of imported insects. It is said that they were not known in England until about the period of the discovery of America, which countenances the opinion of Linnaeus, that they were brought hither from that continent. Mr. Rennie says he never saw the house bug in Ireland. He must have been very lucky, or must never have been in Dublin, where they abound quite as much as in London. Mr. Brande has recommended the following poison for their destruction:—"Reduce an ounce of corrosive sublimate (Perchloride of Mercury) and one ounce of white arsenic, to a fine powder; mix with it one ounce of muriate of ammonia in powder, two ounces each of oil of turpentine and yellow wax, and eight ounces of olive oil; put all these into a pipkin, placed in a pan of boiling water, and when the wax is melted, stir the whole, till cold, in a mortar."

The history of the pairing of insects furnishes Mr. Rennie with the materials of a long and interesting chapter, in the course of which he shows pretty clearly that insects do not unite after the manner of birds and other animals, upon the principle of mutual assist-

ance in rearing their progeny. Indeed it does not appear that the male insect renders any assistance whatever to the female, except in the instance of the solitary bee, nor does he help to construct the nest, but he defends it with great vigour from the intrusion of enemies. In the instance of carnivorous insects, the sexes often attack and devour each other, and the females, being the larger and more powerful of the two, usually are the conquerors. The female spider has been sometimes seen to wrap her mate in the very toils in which he perhaps was waiting to catch a fly, and to feed upon him without any ceremony. The male spider is easily known by a sort of knob at the extremities of the feelers, which is wanting in the female. It is an extraordinary fact, that after insects pair, and the females deposit their eggs, they very soon die, seldom surviving more than a few days at the utmost. If pairing be prevented, their lives may be protracted to an indefinite period.

Mr. Rennie discusses, at some length, the question, interesting in a poetical as well as a natural point of view, whether the light of the female glow-worm be intended as a lamp to attract the attention of the male; "the lamp of love," as Dumeril calls it, which in the words of another writer, "the wingless female, doomed to crawl upon the grass, lights up at the approach of night, as a beacon which unerringly guides the vagrant male to her love-illuminated form, however obscure the place of her abode." It is supposed to be rather unfortunate for this beautiful theory, that the insect has been found to shine in its infant state, in that of larva, and even after it has taken the form of a nymph, stages of its existence in which it has just as little to do with love as a baby. It has also been ascertained that the male has a lamp of his own, which though not quite so brilliant as that of the female, is still bright enough to be perceptible. Nevertheless, we are not disposed to give up the theory in question; since, as Mr. Rennie admits, the light afforded by the larva may be easily explained upon the principle of gradual development, and with respect to the feeble glimmering observable in the male, it may be reasonably supposed to originate in the possession of some organs common to the whole species. He imagines that he has put an extinguisher upon the question, by an experiment which he made at Havre de Grace, where, having collected some female glow-worms in a box, he went about one evening until midnight with his box in his hand, to see if he could not attract a male towards them, and he failed. This surely is no negative proof by itself, for it might be that the males were repelled by the "concentrated blaze" which was thus created, and that like other lovers they prefer solitude and the shade. Besides, according to all accounts, the male is exceedingly scarce in proportion to the number of the other sex. Mr. Rennie says he

Museum.—Vol. XX.

never found but one, and Mr. Knapp, to whom we are indebted for that delightful book, the *Journal of a Naturalist*, informs us that he seldom met with more than one in a year. It is well ascertained that the little creature ceases to shine about midnight, thus justifying the well known lines of Shakspeare:—

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire."

The bard had not taken the trouble to ascertain the sex of his insect; and from the epithet "ineffectual" it would seem that he held the opinion now maintained by Mr. Rennie, that the light serves no purpose at all. The only other luminous insect met with in this country, is the electric centipede, though from living in the ground its light is seldom seen. It may, however, be sometimes traced by a track of phosphoric matter, which it leaves behind it. This subject leads the author to some remarks upon that beautiful phenomenon of the sparkling light, so frequently seen at night upon the surface of the sea,—a "spectacle," says Humboldt, "which stamped upon my memory an ineffaceable impression, and always excited fresh astonishment, although it was renewed every night for months together. It may be seen in every zone; but those who have not witnessed it within the tropics, and above all upon the main ocean, can form but a very imperfect conception of the grandeur of the phenomenon, particularly if the spectator places himself in the shrouds of a ship of the line, during a fresh breeze, when she ploughs through the crests of the waves, and at every roll her side is raised out of the water enveloped in ruddy flames, which stream like lightning from the keel, and flash towards the surface of the sea. At other times, the dolphins, while sporting in the waters, trace out sparkling furrows in the midst of the waters." Some naturalists are of opinion that the phenomenon in question arises from electricity excited by the friction of the water upon the sides of the advancing ship,—an opinion upon which the author places no reliance. It is indisputable that there are several luminous molluscæ which have the faculty of emitting a phosphorescent light at pleasure, and also innumerable microscopic animalcules, possessing the same power, which have been found in the waters thus illuminated, and to whose presence the phenomenon has been ascribed. Let us however hear Mr. Rennie on the subject.

"But though these may be partly or sometimes the cause, yet, in the greater number of instances, no animalcules whatever can be discovered in the luminous water, even by the aid of the best glasses. Such was the decision come to by Humboldt from numerous observations in the tropical seas, and his authority is one of the highest which can be adduced. We had recently an opportunity of repeating these observations at Havre de Grace, and could not discover the slightest trace of animalcules, al-

No. 117.—Y

though the water which we examined was so strongly luminous, that it shone upon the skin of some night-bathers like scattered clouds of lambent flame, appearing more as a property of the water itself than any thing extraneous diffused through it; but we particularly remarked that no light appeared in quiescent water, it being only seen when the surface was broken by the ripple of the tide, or when a wave dashed upon the pebbles on the beach.

"Humboldt, however, is of opinion, that though the phenomenon is only at times caused by animated lamp-bearers, it may probably arise in general from the decomposed fibrillæ of dead molluscs which abound beyond all calculation in the bosom of the waters. He proved this by passing some of the luminous water through cloth, when some of the fibrillæ were separated, and appeared in the form of luminous points. We should, on the other hand, have been inclined to infer that these points were caused by the luminous water moistening the fibres of the cloth; and our author himself afterwards seems to abandon the notion of fibrillæ for that of a gelatinous fluid produced by the decomposition of the dead bodies, and imparting to sea-water the nauseous taste, which is as much disliked by us as it is relished by the fishes. Water may thus be rendered luminous by throwing into it a quantity of herring-brine, and hence it appears that salt is indispensable; for, as M. Bory de St. Vincent justly remarks, the waters of our lakes and marshes are never luminous, though these abound with polypi, both living and dead. There seem also to be certain states of the air favourable or unfavourable to the development of the light; for one night it will appear with great brilliance, while on the following, though the circumstances seem all equal, it will be gone. It seems to be the more frequent, as Humboldt remarked, 'when the sky was thick and cloudy, and upon the approach of a storm.' We have remarked it as frequently following as preceding a storm; but it seems to be independent of heat or cold; for on the banks of Newfoundland it is observed to shine with great brilliance during the most vigorous frosts."—pp. 229, 233.

One of the most wonderful facts connected with the history of insects, from which the phenomenon just mentioned has rather led us away, is that of the aphides, which are always so abundant wherever ants are found, (forming indeed their principal food) being produced without pairing. This fact has been placed beyond doubt by several experiments. The aphid is born, changes its skin three or four times, like the caterpillar, and after its last moult is completed, gives birth, without any further process, to hundreds of young aphides, which go through the same operations in their turn. This mode of propagation has been proved to have taken place as far as the ninth generation. When the female is at length exhausted, she can produce no more without pairing; it is however very remarkable, that when this occurs, she produces not the living insects as before, but eggs, or pupæ like eggs, whereas the insects to which these eggs or

pupæ give birth, take up the original character of the species, and without pairing produce many living generations. More wonderful still must we deem the fact to be, that all these broods are uniformly females, no males being produced till the pairing season, which is towards the close of summer or autumn.

The migration of insects forms another very curious subject, well worth the attention of the naturalist. With respect to their modes of government, many fanciful theories have been broached from time to time, and it does not appear that a sufficient number of facts has as yet been collected, to establish any thing like a consistent history of their internal policy. It is well known that among the ants there is a most complete division of labour; they have their workers who are incessantly employed in erecting, enlarging, or repairing their buildings, foraging for provisions, and attending to the eggs and the young; soldiers in the proportion of about one to every hundred of the workers, well-armed, and always on the watch to defend the colony from invasion; and males and females, whose sole business it is to propagate the species. The mode in which bees conduct their affairs, is familiar to every body. Insects have also, like their lordly masters, their wars; sometimes carried on after the manner of duels, sometimes upon a more extensive scale, when whole armies march against each other.

"Besides attacking the larger animals, however, individuals of adjacent hives often engage in fatal duels. Sometimes a bee, while sitting peaceably on the outside of a hive or walking about, is rudely jostled by another, when the combat immediately commences with such bitter violence, that they permitted Réaumur to examine them quite closely with a magnifying glass. They wrestle, turn, pirouette, and throttle each other; and after rolling about in the dust, the victor, watching the time when the enemy uncovers his body by elongating it in the attempt to sting, thrusts its weapon between the scales, and the next instant its antagonist stretches out its quivering wings, and expires: for the stroke of the sting, when it once penetrates the muscle, is mortal. In these engagements the conqueror is not always able to extricate his sting, and then both perish. The duration of such duels is uncertain; sometimes it lasts an hour, and at others is very soon determined; and occasionally it happens that both parties, tired with their fruitless struggles, give up the contest and fly off."—pp. 328, 329.

When a hive happens to be ill-managed, or has had an unfortunate season from some cause or other, the inhabitants mutiny, and become a band of robbers. This happens generally in March or August. "When a hive determines on the predatory system," says Keys, "they send spies to discover the state of neighbouring stocks. A few of the spies for several days lodge about the doors, trying to get in to obtain more knowledge of their strength and riches; but are driven away by



the powerful, who plant guards at their door, and as the weak stocks do not, they are therefore the first to be assaulted. The next day they return in force, and begin a violent siege; and a desperate conflict ensues, both within and without the hive, neither side giving quarter. The stoutest warriors make a desperate attempt, and rush forward and seize the queen; knowing that by despatching her, instant victory is the consequence; for the assaulted bees always desist and join the victors the moment they are apprized of their queen's death, become as one fraternity, and assist to carry their own treasure to their new habitation. But in case the queen is protected, they fight on with rage and fury, and death and pillage soon destroy the stock."

It is said, moreover, that two or three bees will sometimes associate for the purpose of robbing on the highway; remaining in ambush, like a set of footpads, until some straggling humble bee goes by on his return home laden with the accumulations of his industry, when they rush out to attack him, one seizing a leg, another a wing, and mauling and pummeling him until he disgorges all his honey, which they eagerly lap up till they are satisfied, and then they let him go. The wars of ants, and especially their expeditions for the purpose of capturing slaves, are still more curious; but as we have touched upon these topics in a former number, we shall not here again advert to them.

Mr. Rennie closes his work with a chapter upon the systematic arrangement of insects, in which he gives brief sketches of the classifications that have been invented by different naturalists. Aristotle, Linnæus, and the Baron de Geer, were for distinguishing insects by their wings. An Italian philosopher, much less known than he deserves to be, named Ulysses Aldrovand, classed insects not from the structure of their wings, but from the places which they frequented, a system which has been improved by Latreille into a geographical classification. Other naturalists have classed them according to their transformations, the structure of their mouths, or the eggs which they produced. The modern or prevailing classification, consists, in fact, of a selection from all these, which the reader will find very clearly stated in the volume before us. We recommend it to his particular attention, as one of the most engaging works that have emanated from the press of the Society.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE MOURNER'S SOLILOQUY IN THE  
RUINED ABBEY OF TIMOLEAGUE.

ABROAD one night in loneliness I stroll'd,  
Along the wave-worn beach my foot-path lay;  
Struggling the while, with sorrows yet untold,

Yielding to cares that wore my strength away:  
On as I moved, my wayward musings ran  
O'er the strange turns that mark the fleeting life of man.

The little stars shone sweetly in the sky;  
Not one faint murmur rose from sea or shore;  
The wind with silent wing went slowly by,  
As though some secret on its path it bore:  
All, all was calm—tree, flower, and shrub,  
stood still,  
And the soft moonlight slept on valley and on hill.

Sadly and slowly on my path of pain  
I wander'd, idly brooding o'er my woes;  
Till full before me on the far-stretch'd plain,  
The ruin'd abbey's mouldering walls arose;  
Where far from crowds, from courts and courtly crimes,  
The sons of virtue dwelt, the boast of better times.

I paused—I stood beneath the lofty door,  
Where once the friendless and the poor were fed;  
That hallow'd entrance, that in days of yore  
Still open'd wide to shield the wanderer's head;  
The saint, the pilgrim, and the book-learn'd sage,  
The knight, the travelling one, and the worn man of age.

I sat me down in melancholy mood,  
My furrow'd cheek was resting on my hand;  
I gazed upon that scene of solitude,  
The wreck of all that piety had plann'd:  
To my aged eyes the tears unbidden came,  
Tracing in that sad spot our glory and our shame.

"And oh!" cried I, as from my breast the while,  
The struggling sigh of soul-felt anguish broke;

"A time there was, when through this storm-touch'd pile,  
In other tones the voice of echo spoke;  
Here other sounds and sights were heard and seen—  
How alter'd is the place from what it once hath been!

"Here in soft strains the solemn mass was sung—  
Through these long aisles the brethren bent their way—  
Here the deep bell its wonted warning rung,  
To prompt the lukewarm loitering one to pray—  
Here the full choir sent forth its stream of sound,  
And the raised censer flung rich fragrance far around."

How changed the scene! how lonely now appears  
The wasted isle, wide arch, and lofty wall;  
The sculptured shape—the pride of other years,  
Now darken'd, shaded, sunk, and broken all;

The hail, the rain, the sea-blown gales have  
done  
Their worst to crown the wreck by impious  
man begun.

Through the rent roof the aged ivy creeps—  
Stretch'd on the floor the skulking fox is  
found—

The drowsy owl beneath the altar sleeps,  
And the pert daws keep chattering all  
around—

The hissing weazel lurks apart unseen,  
And slimy reptiles crawl where holy heads  
have been.

In the refectory, now no food remains—

The dormitory boasts not of a bed—

Here rite or sacrifice no longer reigns ;

Prior—brethren—prayers—and fasts and  
forms are fled ;

Of each—of all, here rests not now a trace,

Save in these time-bleach'd bones that whiten  
o'er the place.

Oh ! that such power to baseness was decreed—

Oh ! that mischance such triumphs should  
supply—

That righteous Heaven should let the vile suc-  
ceed,

And leave the lonely virtuous one to die !

Oh, justice ! in the struggle where wert thou ?

Thy foes have left this scene changed as we  
see it now.

I too have changed—my days of joy are done,

My limbs grow weak, and dimness shades  
mine eye ;

Friends, kindred, children, dropping one by  
one,

Beneath these walls now mouldering round  
me lie.

My look is sad, my heart has shrunk in grief,

Oh, death ! when wilt thou come and lend a  
wretch relief ?

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

#### MEMOIR OF BEETHOVEN.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was the son of a tenor player in the service of the Elector of Cologne, and was born at Bonn, in the year 1772. Like most of our great composers, he gave signs of talent in infancy ; readily quitting his companions and play when he heard his father preluding on the piano-forte, listening to him always with great attention and pleasure, and often begging him to continue when his music was finished. The greatest treat he could have was to be taken on his father's knee, and his own little fingers directed upon the keys proper to form the accompaniment to a song : these notes he would afterwards retrace alone, with such accuracy, that at five years old it was deemed necessary to think of regular and serious instruction for him. His father at first undertook the task himself, but such was the boy's progress that he soon required a master of more experience and skill. The organist to the court, Van der Eden, was the best player upon the *clavier*,

that Bonn could produce, but the elder Beethoven was in no condition to pay for his instructions. This difficulty was, however, got over, by Van der Eden offering to give the child gratuitous lessons ; but as he was much occupied by the duties of his situation in the electoral chapel, young Beethoven gained little advantage from his promise. However, his progress continued, and he was known throughout Bonn as an extraordinary child. The Elector having heard him, was so struck with surprise and delight that he charged Van der Eden to give him a daily lesson at his expense—a favour which was attended with the happiest consequences, and the boy soon performed both in the chapel and in the private apartments of the Elector. In the year 1782, Van der Eden died, and was succeeded as court organist by Christian Gootlob Neefe, who was commanded by the Elector to make the formation of young Beethoven's talent his particular concern. Neefe was a man of excellent character, open-hearted and friendly, and the best master that could have been chosen. He was not unacquainted with his pupil's ability ; he rejoiced in the task which had been delegated to him, and exerted himself the more from the great affection which the boy took to him, and the diligence he used to reward his pains. The compositions of Neefe certainly do not display either the power or the brilliancy of high genius ; they could therefore have had nothing to do with a revolution in art, or have even influenced the progress of taste. They show, incontrovertibly, talent, knowledge, and feeling ; and it follows that he might easily have been better suited to his employment than a man of a higher order. Neefe soon directed his scholar to the source of the purest taste, in the works of Sebastian Bach, and put him into a method of conquering the great difficulties inseparable from their execution. In his eleventh year he played Bach's Collection of Fugues and Preludes in all the keys major and minor, entitled *Das wohltempirte Klavier* (the well-tempered or tuned Clavier) ; and when we consider how much labour it costs even artists to perform those fugues in a manner fit to be heard, it may be imagined what expectations were formed of a boy who executed them to the universal admiration of judges.

Beethoven's first attempt at composition was made in his ninth year, but as Van der Eden had given him no insight into the rules, it may be naturally supposed that he could produce nothing correct. The cognoscenti, however, ventured to predict great things of him, and the prophecy has not wanted fulfilment. About this period, nine variations upon a march, three sonatas, and some songs of his composition, were printed in Mannheim, which, though mere attempts, do honour to the young composer. As he had already far distanced both his masters in execution upon the piano-forte, and appeared also favourably

disposed for organ-playing, the Elector designed him successor to Neefe, and at his own expense despatched him to Vienna, to be perfected in the art of composition under Haydn. Mozart was just dead. A strong attachment took place between the master and scholar: Bach was again studied, and Beethoven now first learned fully to comprehend him. Along with his own works, Haydn introduced those of Handel and Mozart, and by constantly discussing the highest beauties of the art, quickly formed a refined and elegant taste in his pupil; the course of their studies was however interrupted by Haydn's journey to London in 1795, and the young musician from that period was turned over to the care of the learned contrapuntist Albrechtsberger. Beethoven had in his native city acquired the rudiments of the Latin, Italian and French languages; he now perfected his knowledge of them, and added that of the English; his favourite recreation was the reading of history, for which to his death he retained a strong attachment, and to this study he brought a memory so remarkable, that not only were events, but even the manner of the narration was easily registered there. When he had reached maturity, the principal attraction of the artist centered in his piano-forte playing, the triumph of which was his extemporaneous performance, and the art of varying a theme unpremeditatedly.

In 1801, Beethoven suddenly lost his patron and benefactor, and with him the prospect of a settlement in Bonn, an event he the more regretted on account of its involving a separation from his family, to whom he bore a lively affection. Though now thrown upon his own resources, his compositions, which were eagerly sought by the music shops, procured him ample provision, and banished all uneasiness as to the means of income; he was not even obliged to teach. Strongly solicited, he was indeed induced to gratify many of his friends with his advice, but this was done purely from good-will, nor could the composer be prevailed upon to receive any remuneration. Beethoven at this time accepted an engagement which obliged him to reside with a noble family at Vienna, but some unforeseen disagreeables on both sides soon caused an arrangement to be broken up which was peculiarly unsuited to a man of his independence and uncourtier-like habits—one living apart too in the abstractions of music. In this unsettled state of his affairs, he frequently cast an eye towards England, whither his old companion, the inimitable contrabassist, Dragonetti, had already gone, and where his compositions were still more highly prized than in Germany. The strong solicitations he received to settle in this country might probably have influenced him, had not the removal of his two brothers into Austria, in whose society he promised himself much happiness, thrown a decisive weight into the contrary

scale. Besides, it was uncertain whether the cheapness and the sociality of Vienna would be advantageously exchanged for the more splendid offers but expensive living of England. He continued therefore in Vienna, composing, and playing in public concerts and private parties, and although his performance was not the most delicate, and was sometimes even awkward, he obtained greater reputation in Vienna as an artist upon the piano-forte than even as a composer. In his improvisation, the difficulty appeared to be, to make his fingers execute the conceptions of his fancy—the warmth of his ideas so much overtasked them, that there was not unfrequently produced a semblance of bungling execution. His method of varying a theme extemporaneously reminded many of Mozart. Besides the patronage of the Princess Lobkowitz and Kinsky, and the Archduke Rudolph, who allowed him a pension for life, on condition of his never exchanging Austria for a foreign land, and the sum he received for the copyright of his works, he had many considerable presents for dedications. The late Empress of Russia, after the performance of his *Battle of Vittoria* symphony, during the congress, sent him 200 ducats as a mark of regard. The impression which has gone abroad that Beethoven was at times in uneasy circumstances, is altogether erroneous; he had enough for the highest comfort of an artist's life—he lived above care—in a very different state from Mozart. True it is, that he had other bitterness in his cup—for he was an unhappy lover, and, to make the matter worse, lost his hearing—an accident which led to his almost total seclusion from society, and confined him to intercourse with such friends as he mostly knew well enough to read what they would say upon their faces. This misfortune to the artist sent him with redoubled vigour to composition; the piano-forte was set aside; he began to live wholly to himself and to his art, and to revolve in his loneliness the most original and daring plans. He was seldom heard to complain of his isolated condition. Beethoven's deafness was not a sudden calamity, or the effect, as some have supposed, of a casualty, but a gradual decline of the powers of the ear, originating probably in the excessive sensibility of that organ. The defect at first appeared on his entrance into manhood, but in a very small degree; it however increased constantly, and at last arrived at such a pitch as to prevent all further communication with him except by means of writing, for the ear-trumpet occasioned him pain, and was, moreover, insufficient for its purpose. All attempt to discover the source of the evil, and to remedy it, proved fruitless; for composition he retained as much ability as before. The calamity, however, was a great drawback from his execution as a piano-forte player, by increasing the indistinctness of his performance. His

voice, too, was affected sympathetically with his ear; although it would never please in singing, before he became deaf, it was at least well-toned in speaking,—subsequently it became somewhat harsh. Any one skilled in the characteristics of physiognomy would have received at the first sight of Beethoven, the conviction of an extraordinary being. In the emotion and expression of his mouth, the brilliancy of his eye, and in the breadth of his ample forehead, (the true seat of poetical invention,) there were found infallible signs of his genius. His face, during the cheerful intercourse of friendship, wore a character of the most perfect goodness, and his laugh was cordiality and sincerity itself.

Beethoven has been supposed to have been unpolished and rude in his behaviour, which is not true; he was certainly not a *fashionable* man, according to the standards of London and Vienna; like many other great artists, he was eccentric—but he was not ill-mannered. He was as strong a partisan of his native music against the pretensions of the Italians as Mozart. In his person and dress he was clean and neat, neither in the extremes of old or new fashion, and in his dwelling there was always the greatest cleanliness, though the Viennese used to complain of a certain want of *gentlemanly* order in the arrangement of it. The gentlemanly objectors were, however, very far from knowing Beethoven, or what was becoming in the furniture of his apartments: looking after a sofa they might miss a symphony. Every spring he went into the country to compose in the open air, for Beethoven was one of Horace's tribe: "*Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.*" His return to town was in the latter part of autumn, and by these constant journeyings backwards and forwards he was necessarily obliged to remain a considerable time in a place before he could bring his papers into order. And who would think of costly furniture or of style in the lodgings of a migratory bachelor, and above all of one like Beethoven? Great as the genius of the composer was, it was surpassed by the goodness of his heart, which was possessed with an unconquerable detestation of all falsehood, meanness, vanity, and avarice, in a word, of the suspicion of an unworthy thing. One of his most beautiful characteristics was his attachment to his family: for the two brothers who followed him into Austria he did every thing possible to advance their interests. When one of them, who had an official appointment, died, he received his son into his house, spared no expense to procure him a good education, and even sacrificed to him his freedom and peace of mind. The constitution of Beethoven in youth was robust—but in the latter part of his life it was much broken down by care and sorrow. For the last six months he received the constant assistance of a physician, who contrived to alleviate his pain, though it was impossible to

restore him to health. His illness terminated in a dropsy, which caused inexpressible suffering. Beethoven bore it with resolution, supported by the proofs of sympathy he received on all sides. During his last days the surgical measures resorted to greatly increased the violence of his anguish—but his death was a gentle slumber. This took place on the 26th of March, 1827, in the 56th year of his age. The exequies of Beethoven were performed with many honours, and a long musical procession, chaunting a dirge arranged from his own celebrated March on the Death of a Hero, attended the corpse to its place of repose, which is a cemetery in one of the pleasantest country roads out of Vienna. The laurel wreath, appropriately offered to musician-poets in this country, was dropped into his grave by Hummel, and we may imagine with what feelings, when we know that he had been an old friend of the composer, but separated from him by one of those unaccountable misunderstandings which sometimes estrange the most cordial and sympathetic spirits, and which in this case only left him time to make his peace, and to assume his office in the last sad ceremonies over his friend.

The first impulse on hearing of the calamities of celebrated authors, is to exclaim how much more might have been expected from them had their course of life run smoothly? but it is extremely doubtful, in the cases of Mozart and Beethoven, whether the poverty of the one, by compelling him to write, and the deafness of the other, by excluding communication with the outward world, and constraining him to be original, have not greatly benefited posterity. If the musician demur to the poverty, he will, at least, allow that the idea of an eternal silence surrounding the great composer is gratifying to the imagination, and, doubtless, Beethoven, amid the universal dumbness of nature, heard melodies more sweet than ever met the sensual ear. Has he not in his lonely forest walks surprised Pan and the wood nymphs, and peopled the solitudes about Vienna with shapes and sounds more than human? The cravings of the purse, constraining Mozart to write, compelled him to leave fine things to posterity, for it was impossible that he could do any thing bad;—instead of descending to the popular taste, he brought it many degrees nearer to himself. With the noblest ideas of the character of an artist, Mozart could not be indifferent to fame, or fearful of the "laborious days" and self-denial that lead to it. A great musician and a fine extemporaneous performer is perhaps the most easily excusable for doing little. By nature luxurious and social, and carrying about with him a talent which makes him the admiration of every circle into which he falls, inventing and putting his ideas into execution at once, himself revelling in what he does, and receiving the rapturous acknowledgments of his delighted hearers:—such a life cannot be



easily quitted, to encounter the tedious business of writing the thoughts, for solitude, meditation, and dreams of posthumous fame. This is to enjoy "the future in the instant," and to anticipate the verdict of posterity; such were Mozart and Beethoven's triumphs, and so easily were they earned, that under the favourable circumstances of life, they might have squandered all their treasures of thought and beauty; as it is, we are convinced that nothing they have left behind equals what in these moments has been heard and forgotten. It may be truly affirmed of composition, *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*: once fairly engaged in it the composer enters into the pleasure of his work; but there is a pleasure too, in playing, which none but the player knows. What hidden delight there is in the contact of the delicate ivory, by what invisible train of nerves a certain joy is diffused through the whole body, and how the sensorium, the finger-tops, and the feet are influenced by one common sympathy, it were vain to inquire, but the true lover of music feels all this in the performance of a beautiful movement, and if thus a common mortal, what must have been the excitement of a Mozart or a Beethoven? Theirs are the emotions that make sleepless eyes, and a brain overworking with thought, until the imagination becomes a torment, and unless Providence by some fortunate accident put it out of their power to repeat the too intoxicating draught of beauty, make them drop into the grave in the prime of life, from sheer bodily exhaustion. Thus we prematurely lost a Mozart, and, but for his obtuse ear, might have lost a Beethoven. Artists are, in the end, often gainers by events which seem to them the bitterest misfortunes, and we even go so far as to think that the state of placid security and competence, so much extolled by visionaries as favourable to contemplation and great works, only serves to dull the wits; while all the energy of genius is often roused by obstacles, and stimulated by adversity.

From the Monthly Review.

#### ADDRESS TO MY NOSE.\*

WHAT leads me on where'er I go,  
In sun and shade, in joy and woe,  
Thro' fog and tempest, rain and snow?

My Nose.

In youth's most ardent, reckless day,  
And when arose disputes at play,  
What would be foremost in the fray?

My Nose.

And should my tongue rude blows provoke!  
What would protrude and brave the stroke,  
Till coral streams its pains bespoke?

My Nose.

\* Attempts in Verse, by John Jones. See Museum, Vol. xviii. page 307, for a very interesting review of Dr. Southey's Essay on the Lives and Works of Uneducated Poets.

And falling in an airy bound,  
In chase of some new charm or sound,  
To save me—what came first to ground?

My Nose.

When some dark pass I would explore,  
With neither shut nor open door,  
What oft for me hard usage bore?

My Nose.

And when in want I yearn'd to eat,  
And hunger might my judgment cheat,  
What prompted me to food most sweet?

My Nose.

'Mid violet banks and woodbine bowers,  
And beds where bloom'd the fairest flowers,  
What fed me with their fragrant powers?

My Nose.

Each eye may need in age a guide,  
And when young helpmates I provide,  
Thy back thou'lt lend for them to stride

My Nose.

And can I or in care or glee,  
Refuse my aid and love to thee,  
Who thus has felt and bled for me,

My Nose?

No; when cold winter's winds blow high  
And bite thee hard, and thou shalt cry,  
Thy tears with sympathy I'll dry,

My Nose.

And if for snuff thy love shall come,  
Thy slaves, my finger and my thumb,  
Shall faithful be, and bear thee some,

My Nose.

Still as I follow thee along,  
Oh! mayst thou never lead me wrong,  
But thou must hush our sleeping song,

My Nose.

From the Monthly Review.

#### MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.\*

ALTHOUGH forty years and more have elapsed since the occurrence of the Mutiny on board the Bounty, yet we think that Mr. Barrow has rendered a service to the public, and especially to the navy, by collecting into one authentic narrative the circumstances by which that singular and romantic transaction was attended. Hitherto they have appeared only in detached publications, and have been much misrepresented by the partizans of the commander on one side, and of the principal mutineers on the other. Mr. Barrow has, we think, steered his course evenly between the two parties; he has admitted palliations where they were fairly entitled to consideration, and has not hesitated to let censure fall upon those to whom it was in reality due. He has, moreover, added some documents which had not been before published;

\* The eventful History of the Mutiny and Piratical Seizure of H. M. S. Bounty; its Cause and Consequences. 12mo. p. 356. Being No. XXV. of "The Family Library." London. Murray, 1831.

the journals of recent voyagers have enabled him to bring the story to a complete conclusion; his official situation, as one of the secretaries of the admiralty, has put it in his power to rectify dates, and supply omissions, in some instances, and thus to present a full and accurate report of one of the most extraordinary and interesting events that ever occurred in what may be called the domestic history of the British navy.

The celebrated expedition of Captain Cook having made the world more fully acquainted with the existence, and numerous and valuable productions of the islands in the Pacific, our merchants were not long in endeavouring to turn his discoveries to some practical advantage. It struck those who were connected with the West India islands, that the importation into them of the bread-fruit tree, which was found so abundantly in Otaheite, would be of the greatest benefit to those settlements, by supplying food to their black population; and in compliance with a representation to that effect, addressed to George III. by the West India merchants, his Majesty was pleased to direct that a vessel should be despatched to the South Seas for that purpose. This vessel having been fitted out at Deptford, was called the *Bounty*, and entrusted to the command of Lieutenant Bligh; her establishment consisting, in all, of forty-four persons, of whom we need only name Fletcher Christian, one of the master's mates, and Peter Heywood, one of the midshipmen. She sailed from Spithead on the 23d of December, 1787, and for some time encountered the most unfavourable weather, especially upon her arrival off Cape Horn, where the storms of wind, with hail and sleet, were so tremendous that Bligh, who was a capital sailor, though a rough and most ill-tempered man, found it necessary to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope, which he reached in safety on the 23d of May, 1788, determined to make Otaheite by the eastern instead of the Western course. He remained at the Cape thirty-eight days to refit the ship, and replenish provisions, and refresh the crew; and having sailed again on the 1st of July, they did not reach Otaheite until the latter end of October, the ship having, since leaving England, run over the distance, by dog, of not less than twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six miles. They were well received at Otaheite—indeed, so hospitably, that the ship was soon filled with provisions, and so rapidly did an intimacy arise between the ship's company and the natives, that in a few days there was scarcely a man belonging to the *Bounty* who had not his *tayo* or friend and patron, on the island.

Every thing went on as well as could be desired. Young plants of the bread-fruit tree were every where to be met with, and leave was at once freely given to Bligh to take away as many of them as he chose. Every house was open to him and to his people, and on

every occasion they were treated by the islanders not only with a generous hospitality, but with a degree of affection that could hardly have been expected from strangers. "Every man was free to indulge every wish of his heart; from the moment he set his foot on shore, he found himself surrounded by female allurements in the midst of ease and indolence, and living in a state of luxury, without submitting to any kind of labour!" Indeed, so delightful was the repose which the sailors here enjoyed, that it was imagined by Bligh, though without foundation, to have kindled in their hearts a strong attachment to the place, and to have been the principal cause of the mutiny which afterwards broke out.

The plants for which the vessel was despatched having been collected and carefully stowed on board, and the preparations for her departure having been all completed, the *Bounty* sailed on the 4th of April, 1789, and after touching at one or two other islands, was, on the morning of the 28th, steering to the westward in the most perfect order, the plants in a most flourishing condition, all the men and officers in good health, and every thing bearing the promise of the most successful results, when just before sunrise, Christian, with a cutlass in hand, accompanied by three other men, armed with muskets and bayonets, suddenly appeared in the commander's cabin; and seizing him, while yet in bed, they tied his hands with a cord behind his back, and threatened him with instant death if he spoke or made the least noise. They then hauled him out of bed and forced him on deck, where he was detained until the launch was hoisted out, Christian holding him with a strong gripe by the cords, and threatening to kill him every moment, while the others stood around him with their pieces cocked. Orders were then given for particular persons to hasten into the launch, into which they were allowed to take a store of twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, a cask of water, some bread, rum, and wine, and also a quadrant and compass. All this having been accomplished in an incredibly short space of time, Christian then said—"Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will be instantly put to death," and without farther ceremony, he was forced over the side into the boat, which was instantly veered astern by a rope. After having undergone, in that position, a great deal of ridicule, and been kept for some time to make sport for the mutineers, Bligh and his companions, amounting in all to eighteen, were at length cast adrift in the open ocean! The most able of the ship's company, including Heywood, Young, and Stewart, three midshipmen, remained in the *Bounty* with Christian.

Before we trace the further course either of the launch or the ship, the question naturally

presents itself, what was the cause that led to so sudden and so violent an act of perfidy? Christian, the chief of the mutineers, had been up to that period, an exceedingly well conducted man. He was of a respectable family in the north of England; this was the third voyage which he had made with Bligh, who had named him lieutenant, and in consequence of his abilities, had entrusted the third watch to his charge. Heywood, Young, and Stewart, were also young men of respectable families, and of good abilities. Bligh had not entertained the slightest suspicion that disaffection prevailed in any part of his crew; no preparations for a mutiny had been observed; indeed, none had actually been made, for it was in truth the result of a very few moment's deliberation, although Bligh imputed it to an organized plan, adopted for the purpose of enabling the men to return to Otaheite, where they had formed so many tender friendships with the fair sex, and desired, as he thought, to spend the remainder of their lives. But such was not the fact, although it is natural enough to suppose that in the minds of some of the men, that idea might have been predominant.

"Thirteen of the party who were with me," says Bligh, in his account of the mutiny, "had always lived forward among the seamen; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian, Stewart, Heywood, and Young, had ever observed any circumstance that made them in the least suspect what was going on. To such a close planned act of villany, my mind being entirely free from any suspicion, it is not wonderful that I fell a sacrifice. Perhaps if there had been marines on board, a sentinel at my cabin door might have prevented it; for I slept with the door always open, that the officer of the watch might have access to me on all occasions, the possibility of such a conspiracy being ever the farthest from my thoughts. Had their mutiny been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of their discontent, which would have put me on my guard: but the case was far otherwise. Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms with; that very day he was engaged to have dined with me, and the preceding night he excused himself from supping with me on pretence of being unwell; for which I felt concerned, having no suspicions of his integrity and honour."—pp. 71, 72.

This view of the case has, in fact, for a long time been received as the true one; but it appears from a manuscript journal which was kept by Morrison, the boatswain's mate, and a man of good education, and very considerable talent, who was afterwards tried for participating in the mutiny, condemned, and pardoned, that the seeds of discord, had been sown in the *Bounty* from a very early period of the voyage. Amongst other things he mentions that Bligh, on approaching the equator, ordered some decayed pumpkins to be issued to the crew at the rate of one pound of the

fruit for two of biscuit. To this the men made some objection, when "he flew upon deck in a violent rage, turned the hands up, and ordered the first man on the list of each mess to be called by name: at the same time saying, 'I'll see who will dare to refuse the pumpkin, or any thing else I may order to be served out,' to which he added, 'you d——d infernal scoundrels, I'll make you eat grass, or any thing you can catch, before I have done with you.' This speech had the desired effect, every one receiving the pumpkins, even the officers." Morrison mentions several other circumstances which tended to alienate from Bligh the respect of his officers and men; but the following was the incident which, in the journalist's opinion, led immediately to the mutiny.

"In the afternoon of the 27th (April), Lieutenant Bligh came upon deck, and missing some of the cocoa nuts, which had been piled up between the guns, said they had been stolen, and could not have been taken away without the knowledge of the officers, all of whom were sent for and questioned on the subject. On their declaring that they had not seen any of the people touch them, he exclaimed, 'Then you must have taken them yourselves;' and proceeded to inquire of them separately, how many they had purchased. On coming to Mr. Christian, that gentleman answered, 'I do not know, Sir, but I hope you do not think me so mean as to be guilty of stealing yours.' Mr. Bligh replied, 'Yes, you d——d hound, I do—you must have stolen them from me, or you would be able to give a better account of them;' then turning to the other officers, he said, 'G——d d—n you, you scoundrels, you are all thieves alike, and combine with the men to rob me: I suppose you will steal my yams next; but I'll sweat you for it, you rascals—I'll make half of you jump overboard before you get through Endeavour Straits.' This threat was followed by an order to the clerk 'to stop the villains' grog, and give them but half-a-pound of yams to-morrow; if they steal them, I'll reduce them to a quarter.'—pp. 79, 80.

From such language and conduct on the part of the commander, we must conclude that his officers were, for the most part, persons of a very inferior description, and that was, to a certain extent, the fact. The statement of Morrison is here fully borne out by the evidence of Fryer, the master, on the court martial, who, on being asked "what did you suppose to be Mr. Christian's meaning, when he said he had been in hell a fortnight?" answered, "from the frequent quarrels they had had, and the abuse which he had received from Mr. Bligh." "Had there been any very recent quarrel?" "The day before, Mr. Bligh challenged all the young gentlemen and people with stealing his cocoa-nuts." This, and several of the other circumstances alluded to by Morrison, are omitted in Bligh's printed narrative, but many of them are slightly glanced at in his original journal, which contains suf-

ficient proof of the truth of Morrison's testimony.

It further appears from Morrison's journal, that Christian, a fiery and passionate youth, was the sole instigator of the mutiny. "When Mr. Bligh," writes Morrison, "found he must go into the boat, he begged of Mr. Christian to desist, saying—'I'll pawn my honour, I'll give my bond, Mr. Christian, never to think of this, if you'll desist,'" and urged his wife and family, to which Mr. Christian replied, "No, Captain Bligh, if you had any honour, things had not come to this; and if you had any regard for your wife and family, you should have thought on them before, and not behaved so much like a villain." Lieutenant Bligh again attempted to speak, but was ordered to be silent. The boatswain also tried to pacify Mr. Christian, to whom he replied, "It is too late, I have been in hell for this fortnight past, and am determined to bear it no longer; and you know, Mr. Cole, that I have been used like a dog all the voyage."

In fact, it appears from the minutes of the court-martial, that the whole affair was planned on the morning of its execution, between the hours of four and eight o'clock, when Christian had the watch. This statement fully agrees with the account which Christian himself gave of the transaction to Morrison, who thus records it in his manuscript journal.

"He said, that, 'finding himself much hurt by the treatment he had received from Lieutenant Bligh, he had determined to quit the ship the preceding evening, and had informed the boatswain, carpenter, and two midshipmen (Stewart and Hayward), of his intention to do so; that by them he was supplied with part of a roasted pig, some nails, beads, and other articles of trade, which he put into a bag that was given him by the last named gentleman; that he put this bag into the clue of Robert Tinkler's hammock, where it was discovered by that young gentleman when going to bed at night, but the business was smothered, and passed off without any further notice. He said he had fastened some staves to a stout plank, with which he intended to make his escape; but finding he could not effect it during the first and middle watches, as the ship had no way through the water, and the people were all moving about, he laid down to rest about half-past three in the morning; that when Mr. Stewart called him to relieve the deck at four o'clock, he had but just fallen asleep, and was much out of order; upon observing which, Mr. Stewart strenuously advised him to abandon his intention; that as soon as he had taken charge of the deck, he saw Mr. Hayward, the mate of his watch, lie down on the arm chest to take a nap; and finding that Mr. Hallet, the other midshipman did not make his appearance, he suddenly formed the resolution of seizing the ship. Disclosing his intention to Matthew Quintal and Isaac Martin, both of whom had been flogged by Lieutenant Bligh, they called up Charles Churchill, who had also tasted the cat, and Matthew Thompson, both of whom re-

dily joined in the plot. That Alexander Smith (*alias* John Adams) John Williams, and William M'Koy, evinced equal willingness, and went with Churchill to the armourer, of whom they obtained the keys of the arm chest, under pretence of wanting a musket to fire at a shark then along side; that finding Mr. Hallet asleep on an arm chest in the main hatchway, they roused and sent him on deck. Charles Norman, unconscious of their proceedings, had in the mean time awaked Mr. Hayward, and directed his attention to the shark, whose movements he was watching at the moment that Mr. Christian and his confederates came up the fore hatchway, after having placed arms in the hands of several men, who were not aware of their design. One man, Matthew Thompson, was left in charge of the chest, and he served out arms to Thomas Burkitt and Robert Lamb. Mr. Christian said he then proceeded to secure Lieutenant Bligh, the master, gunner, and botanist."

"When Mr. Christian," observes Morrison, in his journal, "related the above circumstances, I recollected having seen him fasten some staves to a plank lying on the larboard gangway, as also having heard the boatswain say to the carpenter, 'it will not do to-night.' I likewise remembered that Mr. Christian had visited the fore cock-pit several times that evening, although he had very seldom, if ever, frequented the warrant officers' cabins before."—pp. 86—88.

Upon this statement Mr. Barrow remarks:

"If this be a correct statement, and the greater part of it is borne out by evidence on the court-martial, it removes every doubt of Christian being the sole instigator of the mutiny, and that no conspiracy or preconcerted measures had any existence, but that it was suddenly conceived by a hot-headed young man, in a state of great excitement of mind, amounting to a temporary aberration of intellect, caused by the frequent abusive and insulting language of his commanding officer. Waking out of a short half-hour's disturbed sleep, to take the command of the deck—finding the two mates of the watch, Hayward and Hallet, asleep, (for which they ought to have been dismissed the service instead of being, as they were, promoted)—the opportunity tempting, and the ship completely in his power, with a momentary impulse he darted down the fore-hatchway, got possession of the keys of the arm-chest, and made the hazardous experiment of arming such of the men as he thought he could trust, and effected his purpose."—p. 88.

The mutiny having been thus far successful, and the launch, with Bligh and his unhappy companions—those we presume, in whom Christian conceived that he could place no confidence—having been turned adrift in the open ocean, their first object was to examine the state of their resources, when they found that they possessed altogether, one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barricoes, or



small casks. These scanty stores they increased a little at the island of Tofa, at which they touched, but from which they were speedily driven by the hostility of the natives, "and now," says Bligh, "every countenance appeared to have a degree of cheerfulness, and all the men seemed determined to do their best." They requested him to take them towards home; and as they could hope for no accession to their supplies until they reached Timor, from which they were then at a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, they agreed to be content with an allowance not exceeding one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day. "We then bore away," says Bligh, "across a sea where the navigation is but little known, and in a small (open) boat, twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deeply laden with eighteen men." On the morning of the 3d of May, they had to encounter a violent storm; the sea ran so high that the same sail was becalmed between the mountain waves, which they found too much to have set when they rode on the top of the billow. Nor could they venture to take it in, as the sea was curling over the stem of the boat, and obliged them to bale with all their activity and strength. One may imagine the terrible distress which they were thus compelled to endure. The men were almost constantly wet, and the only mode they had of obtaining a *change* of clothes was to immerse them in the sea, and after substituting the moisture of that element for that of the rain water, to wring them and put them on, a process which they found comparatively *comfortable*! The rum was occasionally served out to them in a tea-spoonful at a time, and the bread was divided amongst them in morsels equal to the twenty-fifth part of a pound for each! They sometimes increased their stock of water from the heavy rains which fell, and they considered it a feast when they obtained an ounce of pork for dinner. Though they passed in sight of several islands, yet they were afraid to approach them, fearing the hostility of the natives, if their defenceless condition should be discovered: and thus they had the additional vexation of starving, apparently within the view of plenty. Storms and rain accompanied them with few intervals, almost the whole way. On the 22d of May it blew so hard, that the sea flew over them with great force, and kept them constantly baling with the utmost horror and anxiety. Some birds which they caught at this time would appear to have been sent providentially to their assistance, as besides the flesh and blood and entrails of the bird, they frequently found in its stomach flying fish and small cuttle fish, which were carefully preserved and divided. At length, after suffering the most dreadful dangers, their strength being almost wholly exhausted, and their clothes so threadbare from constant wringing that they could neither keep out moisture nor cold, they reach-

ed the "barrier reef" of New Holland, in which they discovered a break. Through this the boat rapidly passed with a strong stream running to the westward, and came immediately into smooth water, and all their past hardships seemed at once to have been forgotten. In the evening they landed upon an island, in the neighbourhood of which they discovered a great quantity of oysters, on which they lived most sumptuously. Having been thus considerably refreshed, they proceeded with renewed spirit on their voyage to Timor, which they fortunately reached on the morning of the 11th of June.

"It is not possible for me," says Bligh, whom this voyage alone would prove to have been a most able as well as a most intrepid navigator, "to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that, in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of three thousand six hundred and eighteen nautical miles; and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage."—p. 118.

Bligh and his surviving companions subsequently proceeded to Batavia road, whence they procured passages to England; five died at Coupang, one was left behind, and not afterwards heard of, and one had been murdered at Tofa. Upon his arrival at home, Bligh was promoted to the rank of commander, and was speedily sent out a second time for the purpose of transporting the bread-fruit to the West Indies—a service which he successfully performed, though unfortunately, the plant by no means turned out so well as had been expected. In fact it has never thrived there, owing either to the difference of latitude, or to the nature of the soil.

The government having properly resolved on the apprehension and punishment of the mutineers, the Pandora frigate, of twenty-four guns, and one hundred and sixty men, was despatched for that purpose, under the command of Captain Edward Edwards. The voyage of this frigate was almost as unfortunate as that of the Bounty itself, the vessel having been wrecked, and the crew having been exposed to all the horrors of a navigation of eleven hundred miles in open boats. But the captain succeeded in taking fourteen of the mutineers, of whom ten were brought safe to England, the other four having been lost when the Pandora was wrecked. From the reports of the prisoners, as well as from other sources, it appeared that, after the mutiny, the pirates proceeded to the island of Toobuai, where they arrived on the 25th of May, 1789, having previously thrown overboard the greater part of the bread-fruit plants, and divided amongst themselves the property of the officers and men whom they had turned adrift.

They at first resolved to settle on this island, but finding that they were in want of live stock, they returned to Otaheite, where they procured abundance of supplies of every kind, having deluded the credulous islanders with an artful story, which they had fabricated, about the arrival of Captain Cook at Toobuai, and of his having detained Bligh to assist him in forming an establishment there. After returning to Toobuai, they agreed so little amongst themselves, that Christian gave up the hope of settling there, and it was resolved that they should all go back in the Bounty to Otaheite, where those who so wished might land and remain; the others were to retain possession of the vessel and go wherever they might choose. Sixteen of the mutineers accordingly went on shore at Otaheite, on the 20th of September, of whom fourteen were subsequently taken on board the Pandora, the other two having fallen by violent deaths; the remaining nine, including Christian, sailed in the Bounty from Otaheite on the night of the 21st, having persuaded seven Otaheitan men, and twelve women to accompany them. It was not even conjectured whether they meant to go; but Christian had been frequently heard to say, that his object was to discover some unknown or uninhabited island, in which there was no harbour for shipping; that he would run the Bounty on shore, and make use of her materials to form a settlement. For twenty years after the Bounty sailed on this occasion from Otaheite, nothing had been heard of her, and if ever the name was mentioned, it was followed by the expression of an opinion that the vessel and her crew had gone to the bottom. In the May of 1809, however, intelligence was received at the Admiralty, that the Captain of an American ship, on landing the previous year at Pitcairn's Island, had discovered there an Englishman named Smith, the only individual surviving of those who had sailed from Otaheite in the Bounty; and it appeared from the report of this man, that shortly after they arrived at Pitcairn's Island, they ran the vessel on shore and broke her up; that about four years after that event, the Otaheite men, whom they had taken with them, secretly revolted (in consequence of a great jealousy that existed) and killed every Englishman except himself, whom they severely wounded by a pistol ball in the neck; and that on the same night the widows of the Englishmen arose, and put to death the whole of the Otaheitans, leaving Smith the only man upon the island, with eight or nine women and several small children. It was further stated, that Smith, upon his recovery, applied himself with great industry to the cultivation of the land, which was well stocked with hogs and poultry, and produced an abundance of fruits and vegetables, and that he brought up his colony, then (1808) amounting to thirty-five persons, including some grown up young men, sons of the mutineers, in a very religious and proper

manner. Christian, it was said, became insane, shortly after the arrival of the Bounty, and threw himself off the rocks into the sea, and another had died of a fever before the massacre took place.

Although no doubt was entertained of the general accuracy of this narrative, yet no steps were taken in consequence of it at the Admiralty (then much engaged in the war); nor was any thing more heard of the colony until the year 1814, when reports not essentially differing from that just mentioned, were received from Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Pipon, then cruising in the Pacific. They also chanced to fall in with Pitcairn's Island,\* where, to their astonishment they found the descendants of the mutineers under the patriarchal dominion of "a venerable old man, named John Adams, whose exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole of the little colony could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born on the island have been reared, the correct sense of religion which has been instilled into their young minds by this old man, has given him the pre-eminence over the whole of them, to whom they look up as the father of one and the whole family." They further ascertained, that Christian had not become insane, or thrown himself into the sea, as at first represented, but that he had become odious to the whole of his followers on account of the oppressive manner in which he treated them, and that in consequence of his having seized upon the wife of one of the Otaheitans, he was shot by the indignant husband, an act that gave rise to a series of quarrels, which did not terminate until the whole of the Englishmen perished, Smith, alias John Adams, alone excepted. The account given by Captain Pipon in a private letter to the editor, of their reception at Pitcairn's Island, has about it all the freshness of novelty.

"The first young man that sprang, with extraordinary alacrity, up the side, and stood before them on the deck, in reply to the question, 'Who are you?'—said, that his name was Thursday October Christian, son of the late Fletcher Christian, by an Otaheitan mother: that he was the first-born on the island, and that he was so called because he was brought into the world on a Thursday in October. Singularly strange as all this was to Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Pipon, this youth soon satisfied them that he was no other than the person he represented himself to be, and that he was fully acquainted with the whole history

\* So called from the son of Major Pitcairn, of the Marines. This young gentleman is said to have first seen it, when sailing with Captain Carteret, in 1767. It is situated in 25 deg. 4 min. south latitude, and 130 deg. 25 min. west longitude, at the south-east extremity of a chain of islands, which, including the Society and Friendly Islands, exceed a hundred in number, many of them wholly uninhabited.

of the Bounty; and, in short, that the island before them was the retreat of the mutineers of that ship. Young Christian was, at this time, about twenty-four years of age, a fine tall youth full six feet high, with dark, almost black, hair, and a countenance open and extremely interesting. As he wore no clothes except a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw hat, ornamented with black cocks' feathers, his fine figure and well-shaped muscular limbs were displayed to great advantage, and attracted general admiration. His body was much tanned by exposure to the weather, and his countenance had a brownish cast, unmixed however with that tinge of red so common among the natives of the Pacific Islands.

"Added to a great share of good humour, we were glad to trace," says Captain Pison, "in his benevolent countenance, all the features of an honest English face." He told them that he was married to a woman much older than himself, one of those that accompanied his father from Otaheite. The ingenuous manner in which he answered all questions put to him, and his whole deportment, created a lively interest among the officers of the ship, who, while they admired, could not but regard him with feelings of tenderness and compassion; his manner, too, of speaking English was exceedingly pleasing, and correct both in grammar and pronunciation. His companion was a fine handsome youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age, of the name of George Young, son of Young, the midshipman.

"If the astonishment of the two captains was great on making, as they thought, this first and extraordinary discovery of a people who had been so long forgotten, and on hearing the offspring of these offenders speaking their language correctly, their surprise and interest were still more highly excited when, on Sir Thomas Staines taking the two youths below, and setting before them something to eat, they both rose up, and one of them, placing his hands together in a posture of devotion, pronounced, distinctly and with emphasis, in a pleasing tone of voice, 'For what we are going to receive the Lord make us truly thankful.'

"The youths were themselves greatly surprised at the sight of so many novel objects—the size of the ship—of the guns, and every thing around them. Observing a cow, they were at first somewhat alarmed, and expressed a doubt whether it was a huge goat or a horned hog, these being the only two species of quadrupeds they had ever seen. A little dog amused them much. 'Oh! what a pretty little thing it is!' exclaimed Young. 'I know it is a dog, for I have heard of such an animal.'

"These young men informed the two captains of many singular events that had taken place among the first settlers, but referred them for further particulars to an old man on shore, whose name, they said, was John Adams, the only surviving Englishman that came away in the Bounty, at which time he was called Alexander Smith.

"This information induced the two captains to go on shore, desirous to learn correctly from this old man the fate, not only of Christian, but of the rest of his deluded accomplices, who had adhered to his fortunes. The landing they

found to be difficult, and not wholly free from danger; but, with the assistance of their two able conductors, they passed the surf among many rocks, and reached the shore without any other inconvenience than a complete wetting. Old Adams, having ascertained that the two officers alone had landed, and without arms, concluded they had no intention to take him prisoner, and ventured to come down to the beach, from whence he conducted them to his house. He was accompanied by his wife, a very old woman, and nearly blind. It seems they were both at first considerably alarmed; the sight of the king's uniform, after so many years, having no doubt brought fresh to the recollection of Adams the scene that occurred in the Bounty, in which he bore so conspicuous a part. Sir Thomas Staines, however, to set his mind at ease, assured him, that so far from having come to the island with any intention to take him away, they were not even aware that such a person as himself existed. Captain Pison observes, 'that although, in the eye of the law, they could only consider him in the light of a criminal of the deepest dye, yet that it would have been an act of the greatest cruelty and inhumanity to have taken him away from his little family, who, in such a case, would have been left to experience the greatest misery and distress, and ultimately, in all probability, would have perished of want.'

"Adams, however, pretended, that he had no great share in the mutiny; said that he was sick in bed when it broke out, and was afterwards compelled to take a musket in his hand; and expressed his readiness to go in one of the ships to England, and seemed rather desirous to do so. On this being made known to the members of the little society, a scene of considerable distress was witnessed: his daughter, a fine young woman, threw her arms about his neck, entreating him not to think of leaving them and all his little children to perish. All the women burst into tears, and the young men stood motionless and absorbed in grief; but on their being assured that he should, on no account, be molested, 'it is impossible,' says Captain Pison, 'to describe the universal joy that these poor people manifested, and the gratitude they expressed for the kindness and consideration shown to them.'"—pp. 229—233.

Captain Beechey's still more recent account of this interesting colony is already familiar to the public. None of the reports agree exactly as to the time and manner of Christian's death; but we can hardly think that the variance between them is so material, as to give countenance to the singular story which is related by Mr. Barrow, of the supposed appearance of this daring mutineer in England, about the time of the American captain's visit to Pitcairn's Island. If this story were true, it would be the most surprising part of the whole of this dramatic narrative. Mr. Barrow shall relate it in his own words.

"About the years 1808, and 1809, a very general opinion was prevalent in the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, that Christian was in that part of the country, and made frequent private visits to an aunt who

was living there. Being the near relative of Mr. Christian Burwen, long member of parliament for Carlisle, and himself a native, he was well known in the neighbourhood. This, however, might be passed over as a mere gossip, had not another circumstance happened just about the same time, for the truth of which the editor does not hesitate to avouch.

"In Fore-street, Plymouth Dock, Captain Heywood found himself one day walking behind a man, whose shape had so much the appearance of Christian's, that he involuntarily quickened his pace. Both were walking very fast, and the rapid steps behind him having roused the stranger's attention, he suddenly turned his face, looked at Heywood, and immediately ran off. But the face was as much like Christian's as the back, and Heywood, exceedingly excited, ran also. Both ran as fast as they were able, but the stranger had the advantage, and after making several short turns, disappeared.

"That Christian should be in England, Heywood considered as highly improbable, though not out of the scope of possibility; for at this time no account of him whatsoever had been received since they parted at Otaheite; at any rate the resemblance, the agitation, and the efforts of the stranger to elude him, were circumstances too strong not to make a deep impression on his mind. At the moment, his first thought was to set about making some further inquiries, but on recollection of the pain and trouble such a discovery must occasion him, he considered it more prudent to let the matter drop; but the circumstance was frequently called to his memory for the remainder of his life."—pp. 309, 310.

From a letter recently received by Captain Beechey, it appears that old Adams died in March, 1829. The latest of our naval visitors to the island is Captain Waldegrave, who arrived there in H. M. S. *Seringapatam*, in March, 1830, with a supply of various articles of clothes, and agricultural and other instruments, sent out, in consequence of Beechey's representations, by his majesty's directions. Captain Waldegrave's reception was of the most cordial description.

Of the ten mutineers who were eventually brought home, three only were condemned and executed, the remainder were either acquitted or pardoned. Among the latter was Mr. Peter Heywood, whose fortunes seem to have excited the particular interest of Mr. Barrow. He will, perhaps, be surprised to find that we have passed over the very vehement effusions both in verse and prose, to which the return of that young gentleman to England, as well as his trial and pardon, gave rise on the part of his sister, Miss Nessay Heywood. In truth they are not much to our taste. We have no conception of a genuine sisterly affection, giving a poetical expression to feelings which arise out of the real perils of a brother, exposed to an ignominious death. The woe that springs in a truly affectionate heart from such a source as this, is silent. It seeks to hide its shame and agony, instead of

arraying them in the garments of poetry. That Heywood was less guilty than his fellow mutineers who were executed, is a fact, which we suppose we are to consider as sufficiently proved, by the mercy of the crown having been exercised in his favour; he was afterwards employed in the public service, in which he acquitted himself in the most satisfactory manner. He died in the present year, having reached nearly to the top of the list of captains.

From the Amulet.

## CEMETERIES IN INDIA.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

THERE are few scenes more painfully interesting to a European sojourning in a foreign land, than the burial-places where the bones of his countrymen repose, far away from kindred and from friends, forgotten, unlamented, and perchance destitute even of the record of a name.

In reality, it is a matter of little consequence where, when the mortal struggle is over—the bright, the dark, or the chequered path of life trodden—the dust shall moulder. But the contemplation of the last reliques of those who have preceded us to a grave, in a country many thousand miles distant from that home for which the souls of all, in a greater or lesser degree, must yearn, is replete with melancholy sensations. In the fate of others the depressed in spirit reads his own; and, while the sad presentiment fastens upon the imagination, memory paints, in glowing colours, the haunts of his childhood and of his youth those green and sunny spots, endeared by a thousand tender recollections, which he may never hope to see again. Christian cemeteries are of frequent occurrence throughout India; for the most part they are constructed in extremely picturesque situations, and kept with a degree of neatness and care highly creditable to those who have the charge of the dark homes of the dead. But the grave must be deep, and the masonry strong, which retains the corpse in its intended tenement; for the savage inhabitants of the wild, ever prowling near, snuff the tainted gale, and speedily drag out the frail remnant of mortality, whose fast-decaying flesh forms their midnight meal, and whose crunched bones, scattered at random, are left to whiten in the sun.

This fate is frequently the lot of the European; and the higher classes of the natives of India can alone escape it; the common people, therefore, regard the desecration of the dead with perfect indifference. The rich Hindoo burns on a funeral pile, and the wealthy Moosaulmann is buried under a stately monument; but, of the poorer orders, those of the latter faith are carelessly consigned to the earth, to furnish food for the jackalls; while those of the former, soon as the vital spark has



ceased to burn, are with as little ceremony launched into the river, to take their chance amid the alligators who lurk beneath, and the birds of prey hovering above, who are not unfrequently seen perched upon the corpse as it floats rapidly down the current of the mighty stream. In addition to the horror which Europeans feel at the idea of being thus sacrilegiously torn from their graves, death is, in India, invested with circumstances extremely repugnant to the minds of those accustomed to the reverential observances shown to the deceased in their native land: where illness is fatal it proceeds with rapid strides, and it is not uncommon for a person in the full possession of health, to be, in the course of twenty-four hours, the unconscious inhabitant of a narrow tomb. The climate of a tropic sky admits not of the possibility of detaining a corpse for a single day from its last resting place; and should (which is frequently the case) a clergyman not be at hand, or friends present anxious to perform the last sad offices with decent solemnity, the lifeless body is committed to the earth with brief and maimed rites; while the ever-shifting nature of Indian society, the changes continually taking place at European stations, prevent the possibility of the individual being missed, more particularly should the deceased be a person low in rank, either military or civil, and unmarried, or unconnected with the Company's service, in which case he or she is consigned to immediate oblivion. The news travels slowly home, where absence, which differs from death but in the name, has already prepared friends and relatives to receive the intelligence with tranquil feelings; and thus numbers drop away unnoticed and unregretted—circumstances of little import to those who have burst the trammels of mortality, and are freed from its sufferings and sorrows, but which sadden the heart of the pensive wanderer, who, under the influence of human wishes and human feelings, shrinks and shudders at the prospect of a neglected death-bed, and a forgotten grave. There is no person, however forlorn, useless or unfortunate, who does not cling with fond tenacity to the idea of living in the memory of some affectionate breast, some attached companion who will feel and lament the loss of his fellow traveller through life's dreary vale. The friendless hope to make friends—the forsaken, in the midst of the bitter consciousness of utter desolation, wish not to die while there are none who will shed a tear, or breathe a sigh, upon the turf which covers their cold remains. Not even the prosperous and the gay, the idols of admiring crowds, to whom the world looks fresh and blooming, gaze with more repugnance upon the stranger's lonely burial-place than those who entertain the mournful expectation of sharing the most obscure of its nameless graves.

Another painful idea excited by the churchyards of India is the possibility they suggest

of life's parting scene occurring far from any consecrated ground—any spot dedicated to the silent companionship of the dead, where none can see or mark the scene of the hasty interment, or take the precautions necessary to secure it from violation. These, it is true, are idle, as well as morbid feelings; for what has the disembodied spirit to do with its earthly tenement? And who that could entertain a hope of a blissful immortality would waste a thought upon the dust and ashes left in a world of tears and anguish? But even those minds best fortified by the most valuable of all philosophy, religion, are not always unassailable by depressing thoughts of death; our human nature instinctively dreads and turns from it, and every dismal concomitant added by place and circumstances loads its contemplation with tenfold horror.

The sepulchral monuments erected in the burial-places of India are, generally speaking, handsome and in good taste. In ascending the Ganges, the first which I observed was a small white mausoleum placed on the side of one of the Raje Mahle hills, and not very far from a Moosaalman's tomb, which crowned a higher eminence. The form of the building announced its European architecture; and, occurring in the midst of a wild district abounding in jungle, and backed by almost impenetrable forests peopled with rhinoceroses, tigers, and wild elephants, it became an object of peculiar interest. The river was very full, and its overflowing streams filling up all the low ground prevented our party from approaching near enough to read the inscription, though windbound for the space of ten days, close under a projecting cliff, which admitted not of a towing path. We learned afterwards that, pure in its hue and graceful in its appearance, it was the appropriate monument of a young and accomplished female, who, dying thus remote from any European station, was not permitted to sink into an untimely grave without a record of her early doom. The pious care of surviving friends raised the small white temple, which, gleaming amidst Hindoo huts and Moslem ruins, tells the European traveller that a fellow Christian "sleeps below." The churchyard at Monghyr occupies a considerable space between the walls of its fast-decaying fort and the river; it is enclosed by a high wall; but, as the hot-springs, which are situated at the distance of about five miles from the city, form the principal attraction to the stranger who voyages up the river, I saw nothing beyond the prospect from the Budgerow, and that gained by passing in a carriage during the only period of the day in which it is possible to venture into the open air in India.

The Christian cemetery at Patna is placed in the centre of the city; and, in one corner, a cluster of monuments record the melancholy fate of the whole of its European residents, who, soon after the period of its subjection to

the India Company's government, became the victims of Moslem treachery and revenge, at a feast, to which, trusting to the good faith of their entertainers, they incautiously ventured, and were assassinated to a man. A high, dark building, the scene of the massacre, with frowning aspect overlooks the spot. The city, being narrow, crowded, and inconvenient, the civil and military officers of the Company's service have removed to residences more pleasantly situated in the suburbs, but the cemetery still remains, its loneliness forming a marked contrast to the populous streets which surround it, and its solitudes seldom invaded, excepting by those melancholy processions which add another tenant to its silent tomb.

At Ghazepore there is a very noble mausoleum, in which the earthly remains of Lord Cornwallis, who died during the period of his Governorship of India, lie interred. It is built at a considerable distance from the town, but close to the cantonments overlooking the military parade. The style of its architecture is simple and grand, suited to the character of the scenery around—the wide plain, the deep wood, and the broad river—and calculated to withstand the devastating influence of the climate. The building, though elevated upon an artificial mound, is more solid than lofty—a necessary precaution on a vast extent of flat surface subjected to violent hurricanes. It consists of a dome, supported upon pillars placed upon a square platform, which is ascended by four magnificent flights of steps. The exterior is of granite; the interior of marble. There are no vain or fantastic devices, no tasteless, unmeaning, emblematic figures, but the body lies in a massy marble shrine, inscribed with the name, services, and merits, of the noble personage to whose memory it is dedicated. The mausoleum rises from the centre of a grove of trees, which are, however, not tall enough to obstruct the view of any portion of the edifice, which stands fairly against the bright blue sky, in all the beauty and simplicity of its unbroken outline; altogether forming a fitting resting-place for one of the rulers of the mighty empire which must be deemed the proudest appendage of the British crown. The grove is surrounded by an iron railing, and the whole is kept in the most admirable order.

The church and churchyard of Benares, in its exterior and interior appearance, is so truly European that it is only during the performance of divine service—where the punkahs flying over the heads of the congregation, pulled by the olive-coloured followers of the Hindoo faith, forcibly characterise the climate and customs of India—that we perceive we are strangers in a far and foreign land. Service is performed early in the morning, and after sunset, at which hour the church, in consequence of the shortness of the twilight, is illuminated, and presents a very interesting spectacle, more particularly to those persons,

newly arrived in India, who have been deterred by illness and the danger of encountering the heat of a confined atmosphere from attending any place of Christian worship at Calcutta. The churchyard, also, upon a Sunday, exhibits a very animated scene, being filled with crowds of servants, attending with carriages, horses, palanquins, and *taumjauns*, their dark countenances, contrasting with their picturesque garments of flowing white muslin, shown by the flickering light of torches. In fact, the numbers in the churchyard far exceed those in the church, people seldom stirring out in India without a train of domestics, and these personages are left on the outside of the building; for it is a painful but too evident fact, that Christianity has made little progress in any part of India, and none in the centre of Hindoo superstition—the holy city, as it is styled, of Benares. A few half-castes mingle with the European congregation; but even the people who are employed in pulling the punkahs are still plunged in the depths of idolatry—a state of things certainly not imputable to any want of zeal on the part of the truly pious and excellent person who performs the duties of chaplain at the station.

The next burial-place which met my observation was the cemetery of Chunar, which, situated beyond the walls of the fort, stands upon the side of a hill sloping into the river. Its monuments, chiefly composed of small obelisks and pillars of dark stone, suggested the idea of a group of living mourners seated on the grass, and wrapped in funeral drapery. Indeed, this fanciful notion took such complete possession of my imagination that I could not avoid entertaining the fallacious expectation of witnessing some movement, which should assure me that I was not gazing upon insensate stones; a closer approach, as the Budgerow neared the shore, destroyed the illusion; but, in recalling the scene to the mind's eye, it still presents the weeping crowd, nor shall I ever forget the pensive yet pleasing impression it produced.

During our visit at Allahabad, we passed the churchyard constantly in our evening drives; it lay in a valley surrounded by mango-trees, whence large flocks of parrots, upon the slightest disturbance, flew out; their scarlet and green plumage gleaming brightly in the red sunset of an Indian sky, and their harsh notes making wild discord as they soared along. A broken pillar, fitting emblem of one who died before his time, was pointed out to me as the monument of one of the Fitzclarences, a young man, it is said, of great promise.

To this brief description of a few of the cemeteries of our Indian possessions, I may add a tale connected with the churchyard at Mattrā, a station much higher up the country than I have yet penetrated, which was related to me by an officer quartered upon the spot at the period at which the incident recorded in the following

narrative occurred. The churchyard belonging to Mattra is, I am told, of considerable extent; and more wild and picturesque in its scenery than any other cemetery in India, being shadowed by tall trees, and abounding with game of all kinds. It happened that two young men, who had been fellow students at the India Company's Military College in England, came out, also, to India, in the same ship, and from a similarity of taste and sentiment, contracted a friendship of no ordinary kind. Upon their arrival in Bengal they travelled as far as Cawnpore, a distance of several hundred miles from Calcutta, together; but, being appointed to serve in different regiments, they separated at that place, and proceeded to their respective destinations. Two years elapsed, and the relief of his corps brought H—— to Mattra, where his friend was stationed. The tents of the regiment were pitched at some distance from the cantonments, but, as soon as his canvass abode was put in order, H—— despatched a *chuprasse*, with a note to his old companion. The messenger was absent for a considerable period, and, as the day drew towards its close, the young officer, with all the restlessness of his age, took up his gun, and strolled towards the churchyard, where he was told he should find excellent sport. A melancholy feeling stole over his mind as he entered the sequestered spot; the sun was fast descending, and the umbrageous foliage of the trees involved a great portion of the path before him in darkness; numbers of immense vultures were perched upon the overhanging boughs and surrounding tombstones, their eyes gleaming with that peculiar expression which denotes the close vicinity of some assured repast. The yells of the jackalls, though at so early an hour, were already borne upon the breeze, and, advancing a few steps farther, he surprised three large wolves employed in tearing away the earth from a new-made grave. A shot from a double-barrelled gun stretched one of the brutes upon the ground; at the second discharge another fell; and the third escaping over the wall, H—— rushed forward in pursuit, but was arrested by the sight which met his eyes. The grave had been completely excavated—the boards of the coffin rent asunder—and dragged from its cold bed to upper earth, the uncovered corse, a ghastly spectacle, lay upon the path before him. Shuddering with horror, H—— stooped to replace the tattered remnants of the shroud, and, with a cry of surprise and grief, recognized the pallid and fast-decaying features of his friend. At that instant the *chuprasse*, whom he had sent to the cantonments, came in search of him, with a letter from the adjutant of the regiment, informing him that the officer to whom his note had been addressed had died after a brief illness, and had been buried on that morning. H—— despatched his servant a second time, to request that proper

persons might be sent to re-inter the corpse, and a guard appointed to secure the grave from further molestation; he then took his melancholy station by the side of the body of his friend, scaring the wild animals with his gun as they approached the spot where it reposed. A party of Sepoys, summoned by his message, found him upon his dismal watch; and, assisting at the second consignment of the mouldering remains to its parent earth, as the sad office was performed by torchlight, amid the screams of the disappointed vultures, and the howling of gathering wolves, he quitted the dreary scene, when assured that a sentinel would be posted at the grave, until it should be effectually closed against the attacks of beasts of prey.

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

### TO MY CHILDREN.\*

Yes, my young darlings, since my task is done,  
Again I'll mingle in your freaks and fun;  
Be glad, be gay, be thoughtless, if I can,  
And merge the busy worldling in the man.  
Not the stiff pedagogue, with brow severe,  
Authoritative air, and look austere,  
But the fond sire, with feelings long repress'd,  
Eager to bless, as eager to be bless'd,—  
Longing, in home's dear sanctuary, to find  
The smiling lips, the embrace, the kiss so kind,  
The cloudless brow, the bearing frank and free,  
The gladdening shout of merriment and glee,  
And all the luxury which boisterous mirth  
Scattered erewhile around our social hearth.

Remember ye, my sweet ones, with what  
"pomp  
And circumstance" of glee we used to romp  
From room to room, o'er tables, stools, and  
chairs,  
O'erturning household gods—now up the stairs,  
Now under sofas, now in corners hiding,  
Now in, now out, now round the garden gliding?  
Remember ye—when under books and toys  
The table groan'd, and evening's tranquil joys  
Sooth'd your excited spirits to repose—  
How blithe as larks at peep of dawn ye rose?  
Pleased every moment, mirthful every hour,  
As bees love sunshine, or as ducks the shower;  
No ills annoy'd you, pleasures never pall'd,  
Cares ne'er corroded, nor repinings gall'd,  
But, like blithe birds from clime to clime that  
fly,  
Each change brought blossoms and a cloudless  
sky.

But now papa's grown strange, and will not  
speak,  
Nor play at blind-man's buff, or hide-and-seek;  
Tell no more stories ere we go to bed,  
Nor kiss us when our evening prayers are said;  
But still, with thoughtful look, and brow of  
gloom,  
He stalks in silence to his study-room,  
Nor ever seeks our evening sports to share;  
Why, what can dear papa be doing there?"

\* Dedicatory Stanzas to The Cabinet, or the Selected Beauties of Literature. Edited by John Aiken.

Such were the thoughts which oft in tears  
gush'd forth.

Amid the pauses of your infant mirth,  
And dimm'd the lustre of your bright blue  
eyes—

As wandering clouds obscure the moonlight  
skies,

Making their misty mellowness even more  
Soul-soothing than the glorious light before.

Mid laurell'd literature's elysian bowers,  
I've been a-roaming, culling fadeless flowers,  
And these collected treasures at your feet  
I lay, ye beautiful! "sweets to the sweet!"

Yet all too soon I dedicate to you  
Flowers of such rich perfume and varied hue,  
O'er which the deathless fire of genius breathed;  
And all too soon this garland I have wreathed;  
To win me favour in your infant eyes;

Though years may come when ye will fondly  
prize

Affection's fond memorial, given to prove  
The dotting fondness of a father's love;  
Love full as ocean's waters, firm as faith,  
Wide as the universe, and strong as death.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## EXTRACTS FROM AN UNSEASONABLE STORY.

### CHAP. I.

#### *Orange Processions.*

THERE WAS much activity and excitement in the province of Ulster in Ireland, during the summer of 18—. In various places, and with menaces which it was thought unwise to disregard, insubordination had begun to manifest itself—law failed of producing its wonted effects, and the Orangemen of the North were aroused into a more than ordinarily energetic manifestation of their principles and their resolution. Whether the Orangemen or their adversaries were influenced by the purer motives, and armed for defence, is a question to be entertained in works of more pretension than this little narrative. I only speak, right on, that I do know; and, contented with relating the fates and fortunes of individuals in whom I feel or have felt interest, willingly commit to writers of deeper penetration, the office of developing the feelings and analyzing the principles by which factions and parties in Ireland have been influenced. For me, it is sufficient to repeat, that, in the summer of 18—, outrages of an insurrectionary character had become frequent in the North of Ireland, and that the Orangemen of Ulster professed, at least, to feel alarm at the not ambiguous intimations of approaching danger.

In consequence, they determined that the "Battle of the Boyne" should be commemorated with more than the ordinary manifestations of rejoicing; and upon its anniversary day, a show of strength was to be made by the various Orange lodges, which it was expected would have a salutary effect upon the

minds of friends, and if it could not exorcise the bad spirit by which the heart of the adversary was possessed, would tend very considerably to abate the fury with which he was disposed to manifest his presence. The night preceding the 12th of July, wore tediously away. The martial and patriotic, if not melodious strains which, at various distances passed in the air,—the frequent rolling of the drum, and, occasionally, the startling report of a musket-shot, discharged in the needful preparation of a weapon, or in mere wantonness of excitement, gave tidings, that, upon this moonless but most balmy night, man did not participate in the benign repose which hushed all the inferior creation in most solemn tranquillity.

Indeed, there were instances in which the dawning of morn was not expected with the sobriety in which it should most fully be saluted. The sounds issuing from various houses in which lights continued to glance to and fro through the entire night, and certain odours occasionally wafted to the air through an opened door or window, bore testimony that the summer beverages of the Orange-lodges were not of the most cooling properties. Nor would such testimony be false, if the inside of his neighbours' houses resembled that of Peter Fairclough's. The business for which an assembly had been summoned at his "public" was despatched and the lodge adjourned, but the guests had not all departed. Many of the old and staid friends to the Protestant cause had returned to their homes, and lost their anticipations of troubled times in slumber, but some of the younger and more stirring spirits remained, captivated, perhaps, as much by the eloquence of their host, as by the skillfully tempered bowls which his attendant damsels sedulously provided.

Peter Fairclough was a man of well earned renown for strength and courage, and of untainted and unquestioned loyalty. He had seen somewhat more than sixty summers, and he was as prompt to act as in the days of his youth. His appearance would, in any condition, have commanded attention and almost respect, and you would be inclined to say that, if ever a violent revolution burst the conventional barriers which restrain society, Peter Fairclough would be found acting a conspicuous part in the mêlée. In stature, he just exceeded the middle height, and was formed in large but very graceful proportions. His head was bald in front, but, at the sides and back, copiously furnished with curled and slightly grizzled locks. His carriage was erect and bold—and when you saw the ell-wand in his hand, (for Peter followed the calling of an itinerant vender of the rich damasks, the product of his loom,) you would have been struck with the extreme disparity between his appearance and his occupation. On the night which my story remembers, he sat at the head of his table, acting, although



in his own house, as no more than its most honoured guest, surrounded by a group of youthful and earnest countenances, speaking as one whose words were sure to be received with respect, and observing the caution of a man whose reputation for bravery ensured him against misconception.

"Ha! lads," said he, "when ye have seen as much as I have, ye'll not be coveting so throng the troubles ye set heart upon. Nothing like a quiet time. Many a fray I've had my part in. I was a Killyman wracker when Papists fought side by side with us. I was at the Diamond when they came against us, and after we spared them in the battle, thought to win by treachery. Many a day I saw them scatter and run, and still the best that ever came of our victories was the peace which followed them. When you come to my age, boys, ye'll think that Peter Fairclough spoke the truth."

"But gudesake, Peter, man—how are the lads to come to your age, and these bloody-minded rebels raging to devour them? I am not so young as they, but I feel what's in their thoughts, and so sure as they grow too fond of peace, so sure the curse of war will come to destroy them."

"Yes, Peter. See to what James Gaffney says. 'Tis every word of it true. What did black Haulon say across the hedge to my mother and me, and we coming to our new house last March? 'Ye're on your flitting,' says he, 'but ye'll have a sorer and a bloodier flitting before long.'"

"And what," said another voice, "did a man say to my woman at our own door, and he coming there travelling?" "The ban," says he, "is as deep and wide as when thousands of your sort found their graves in it. Too good it is for the likes of ye, and glad your souls should be, if they could bring it with them when they are to go." And did not they put up a notice on the church-door that all they want is one night of revenge?"

"It is all over true," said Peter. "God forbid ye should ever be unready. Whenever they come, God forbid that there should not be a man with a man's heart, and a true aim, to welcome them as they deserve. It is not from Peter Fairclough ye shall ever hear the word 'surrender.' Oh, lads, but they are grown strong and daring since I was like yourselves. I mind! well they got up against us when I was a lad, just out of my time, and they said they'd do great things, and they got together at the fair of Lurgan, and made believe they were come to fight. Oh, how they did run from fifty of us lads that went to meet them! And what do you think we had in our hands? now you must have sword and bayonet—we went into the fair with nothing in our hands but good weighty whips—and when they saw us coming on so careless, and

heard the one shout we raised for the good old cause, off they scampered, and off we went after them, lashing and laughing till their backs were well scored, and our arms were more tired with play than ever they were with labour. But, troth, lads, it's no laughing matter the now. It is not the one spirit that's in them. They allow\* that they will not leave a Protestant in the land, if they can get a victory over us. But still, I am all for peace. 'Tis the very best thing a man can battle for. And mind, now, lads all, mind till what I say—let us have peace in our hearts the morrow—let us go quietly on our way, and injure or molest no man; and if we are offended or injured, here is my promise," and he smote the table with his strong hand, "here is my promise, that Peter Fairclough will not be late or scared to take his deep revenge. What say ye, lads? Will you swear with me," said he, rising up, and streaking up his arm; "peace with the peaceful, and if we are opposed, or let or harried—war, until we conquer, and put down under our feet every rebel that comes in fight against us."

The Orangemen were not the only watchers on this night of preparation. At no great distance from Peter Fairclough's "public," two forms might be discerned, bent in prayer before what seemed a dove-cot, and resembled still more perhaps a watchman's box, in an angle of a little garden, separated from the road-side by a hedge-row, and a stream faintly audible. The character of the edifice before which they prayed, will be understood from the conversation in which they engaged, as, after the performance of devotional exercises, they pursued their way. "Here, Michael, is the chapel which our country's rulers have provided for worshippers of true faith and heart. The spawn of Protestantism—every base and mingled sect—those who think Christ such an one as themselves, and count his cross foolishness—the stern oppressors of civil government—Ranters and Seekers, Covenanters and Socinians—all may claim protection and find support, and may worship in their uncouth and sinful fashion, in builded houses; and here is the temple provided for the faithful—the scoff of the heretics—the mass-box, as they blasphemously call it. But where are worshippers called together more steadfast and devout, than pray before these contemned and insulted tabernacles?"

"Where, oh! where," was the reply, "could pious hearts find out a place more suitable to purposes of true devotion? The power of holiness was never more effectual in my spirit than while I bent before that humble dwelling. With the vast sky above my head, and the dim air around me, and the faint voice of the stream for ever breathing near, I felt as if the house of God, humble as it seems, was placed in honour. I thought of

\* A Euphonism for "begging." † Remember.

\* Affirm.

Jesus 'when there was no room for him in the inns at Bethlehem,' and I felt as if all that is holy in the night gave glory to that poor home where still Jesus condescends to be. But is it not creditable to these poor blinded creatures, that they suffer these apparently defenceless houses of the Lord to stand? We saw how free from insult all seemed to be. Is it not to the praise of a dark land that they should have remained so?"

"Michael, dear Michael, why will you be so perverse, ever seeking reason to praise the enemies of your God? When the Ark of the Covenant was among the Philistines, do you suppose that they had the power to harm it? They were not the less Philistines, or the less accursed, because they could not profane what was holy. Nor are these blinded and hard of heart in this land, the less to be condemned, because the shrines of the Lord remain unpolluted. No, Michael, from this you may learn how God protects his church. The enmity that assails it, you may judge, when you find it thus in the wilderness."

Conversing thus they approached a low cottage, little distant from that "public" where guests of so different principles protracted still their entertainment. All around was silent, and it would seem as if all was dark and still within. Only a little dog noticed them, at first by a sharp short bark, then by that low muttering and restlessness which seem to acknowledge an acquaintance. Entrance was not to be obtained at the first knock, but when the elder stranger had repeated his summons, and spoken in a low voice words which Michael could but indistinctly hear, the door moved slowly on its hinges, and the two visitants entered the dark, and, for a moment it appeared, solitary cottage. A whisper, however, instantly answered a question addressed to an unseen inmate, and as soon as the entrance was secured, the door of an inner chamber opened, and displayed lights and a table, around which the figures of three men were seen, who seemed intent in earnest discussion [*Here, in the story, a description of each counsellor's personal appearance is given, which (as well as other personal sketches) is omitted in the extract, both from a proper regard for brevity, and an apprehension that it might be mistaken for a portrait.*] At the entrance of a man, who passed in from the darkness of the outer room and stood before them, they suspended their discourse, and raised their heads. In the next moment, the strangers were introduced, and were left to share in the conference which their coming had for a moment interrupted.

The younger of the two was, for the first time, presented to a party with whom his guide seemed familiarly acquainted. "I have conducted hither this young man," said he, "for whom I have already testified. He is

worthy to have his part in the good works you are promoting."

"We bless God and his saints," replied he to whom this introduction was more especially addressed, "they have raised up many a champion in this afflicted land. Our young friend will prove, I trust, faithful and obedient. The martyrs are a noble army, our enemies themselves being judges; but the day is near, when their cause shall be illustrious in victory, and the blood, long crying out for vengeance, shall have its prayers. Honoured and happy they who shall see with their eyes the divine consummation, and most highly favoured the sacred bands who are appointed to restore at once church and country! Solemn assurance has been given that you are worthy to share in this great enterprise. With your own lips, say, do you ratify the engagement? Have you counted the cost? Have you tried your heart, and learned what you can bear? It is an easy thing to peril the body in a worthy cause. The servants of God's church must do more. Can you renounce your own judgment, and take for the light of your conscience the instructions of those who bear commission to teach and govern? Can you be satisfied, when the church requires, to be as the hand in a sound body, prepared to do the bidding enjoined, not paltering enterprise by requiring why is it thus commanded? Can you be thus humble, docile, and obedient, not alone at the hazard of possessions or life, but to the self-denial of renouncing your own proud judgment?"

"I have waited and watched in prayer and fasting. I have mortified my body and explored my heart. I know my unworthiness as well as my strong desire. I give myself up to the cause of true religion, and I implore the prayers of holy fathers and pious brethren, that my obedience may be perfect and my works accepted."

"Enter, then, and be admitted a partner in the glorious cause of your country and religion."

A curtain hanging before a deep recess was drawn aside, and disclosed an altar, on each side of which a tall wax candle stood; at its base, what seemed a coffin, covered by a black velvet pall, with a cross in gold embroidered on it. The candles were lighted, and the speaker continued. "Enter here, and before the altar whereon God is visibly present, kneeling where the relics of your country's holiest are preserved, pledge yourself to be faithful."

When they had entered the recess the curtain was drawn, and only the sound of indistinct whispers reached the ears of the party who remained outside. When after their short retreat they came forth, there was a deadlier paleness on Michael's cheek than he had before displayed, and there was trouble in his eyes. His conductor had given in a statement of the manner in which they had been

for the two preceding days occupied. This now became the subject of some interrogatories, which were not concluded when one of the triumphs hastily interrupted the proceedings. "Hush! I hear footsteps—see that the lights are well shaded."

Light and quick steps were heard approaching, and soon a gentle tap at the outer door, heard in the deep silence in which it was waited for, quickened, for a moment, the apprehension of evil. It was, however, only for a moment. The attendant who had admitted the former visitants appeared. "Peter Fairclough's maid-servant is come," said he; "may I admit her?"

"Why does she come now?"

"She has surely something useful to say—she would not come else."

"Admit her; but be sure she has no suspicion who are here."

The lights were now carefully shaded, and the door closed. The dialogue which followed the new visitor's admission, although spoken in a tone little louder than a whisper, could be distinctly heard.

"Mr. James! Mr. James! there'll be trouble and bad work the morrow. I mind the lodge's meeting at our public three years from Lammas, an never I heerd such words spoke as Peter spoke the night."

"But what did Peter say, Mary?—it must be something very bad to drive you here in the dark of the night to the house of a lone man like me."

"Oh! Mr. James, you know very well I'm not of that sort—an' I'm come to you because there is not your like in the country to keep the poor Irish\* from trouble, an' you know well where to send the word that they'll never be late to hear—An' you mind well when you did good before, an' desired me to tell you always when the danger was coming—an' now it's coming in earnest."

"All this time, Mary, you have not told me, and I was late and long in my studying after the day's work, and I'm in haste to get sleep—tell me—what did Peter say?"

"He says—an' they all allow, that they'll not do harm to man, woman, or child."

"Nothing very terrible in that, Mary."

"But that's not all—don't put me out. They say that they'll go on their road in peace, and walk as they and their forbears did since they first came in it—an' they say they'll do no wrong if nobody wrongs them—only have their walk, and come home in quietness; but if they're molested—that's the word—I hear yourself say it once—or let or troubled, they say there is not a Roman house in the parish they'll leave stan'ing if fire can burn—or a man alive that bullet or bayonet can kill."

"Is that what they say, Mary?"

"It's ow'r true, an' worse if I could mind it. They say that Cromwell and William done only half the work, an' that it'll never

be finished rightly, to\* they have every one of ye'er sort off from the face of the earth, and only one tomb-stone standing with a Roman name on it to tell how the Irish were conquered. (Here there was some confusion, the memory of certain ballads circulated among the Roman Catholics for purposes of irritation, becoming mixed up with the denunciations of Peter and his party.) Oh! Mr. James, for the love of God, and the poor souls that's in danger, don't let mischief come the morrow—tell them that you know, to stay in their houses, and not to see or observe the walk. It is not for a bit of an orange rag or the blast of any protestant's tune, a sowl is to be destroy'd. For the love of God, send out your word and save us all—an' don't let the blood of Christians be straining thro' the fields as if it was beasts, an' women crying the cry that'll never be comforted."

"Good Mary—rest—be quiet—have no fear—all will be well—but go—haste home, and if you hear more, let me have tidings early."

The parting salutations were uttered—the door closed—and the inner chamber again lighted. No report was necessary, when the attendant entered, as the conference had been distinctly heard. Michael waited, in earnest expectation, for a countermand of orders, which had already been communicated to him. He supposed that the plan of proceedings would be altered in accommodation to the intelligence which had been received. He was disappointed. The only effect produced on his superiors was that of hastening their departure. A brief conversation in an under voice was held with his conductor. It ended with reminding him, that he knew the place and the signal, and that he would be "anxiously expected." The attendant was then summoned, who withdrew the curtain, and opened a door in the side of the altar, through which Michael and his companion entered after their guide, dismissed by their superiors—the descent of a few steps conducted them to a sleeping apartment—the attendant laid down a light, commended Michael to his companion's care, and retired. Immediately after, the outer door opened and closed, and footsteps were heard departing.

Michael's prayer was not efficacious to tranquillize his disordered mind. He arose from his knees, and stood for some time in silence. "I cannot," he said aloud, "satisfy myself that this is right. Unhappy, ignorant men propose to walk in procession, assuming the vain and silly badges and decorations they have been taught to love—they declare it their design and desire to molest no human being. Why are we to call out a spirit of hostility against them, and have blood crying out for vengeance—the blood of miserable wretches cut off in blindness and in mortal sin? it is a dreadful thought!"

\* Roman Catholics.

\* Till.

"Too dreadful for you to bear, Michael—put it away—it is of the tempter—lie down and sleep—the morning will give you subject for less dispiriting reflections. It is not for us to question what we are bound to do—but this know, that if the man who has set his hand to the plough, stay'd and stooped to remove every crawling creature from the coming peril of the share, many a fair field would want its seed even after the time when it should have been ripe unto the harvest. Have you good trust. Wisdom and pure devotion conduct our enterprise. Do what you are commanded, and soon a more acceptable office may be assigned you."

Night wore slowly away. Before the sun arose, Michael and his companion had commenced the duties of their mission.—In the glow of a splendid evening, they were seated on a hill which commanded the prospect extensively over a cultivated and densely peopled country. "This is reviving," said Michael. "How nature recalls the natural impulses of the heart, and wins it back from the troubled and scorching passions with which the affairs of man are so sorely molested. I am indeed little fitted for my task; but He who calls will give me power to do His will. Yet, surely, it is not sinful to wish that the time were come when I might resign myself to the peaceful enjoyment of nature and devotion, without those struggles between feeling and duty which now distract me, and in freedom from such passionate, and I almost would venture to say, uncharitable exertions as we have to-day been making."

"I see it will be some time before your manly gown sits easy on you. But let that pass. While you speak as you spoke this morning, I can well forgive the evening's feminine qualifications. You did your duty well—it would not be well, however, that your qualms were noticed. How powerfully your speeches told—what excitement they created—what breathless expectation in the silence when you paused—and the dreadful applauses in which from time to time the conclusion of your periods was drowned! Did you observe that blind old man near the door at —? When you spoke of the assurance, that soon God would summon his people to the rearing up of the church, and desired all to be prepared for determining whether they would wear their chains in the slave's security, or burst them and stand up for Christ and his saints—did you observe that old man? His manner was worth noting—he would sometimes appear stiffened and rigid, almost without breath or pulsation, as if the soul had condensed all its energies, and life was suspended on hearing—then he would waive his head mournfully from side to side, as though the conviction of feebleness overpowered him, until at last his passion would become exasperated, and he would shriek and throw up his clenched hands, and roll his sightless orbs, as if they were

struggling madly to break out into sight. It was altogether a striking display of energy and despair."

"Yes! I did observe him, and many a countenance of the same kind, though not so fiercely characterized. They were horrid sights to see—the felon visible in every angry scowl. I did not excite valour or devotion. The fiend was in every passion I called up—treachery, and hate, and black malice—not the high spirit one loves to consort with. I have had, until I sat down here, and even for a time here, menacing and sanguinary countenances hovering around me. They floated between me and those beautiful slopes, a hateful throng—until—thank God—the pure breeze and the quiet have soothed my irritated nerves, and the malignant associations are departed. How deeply thankful shall I be if night come down without shedding of blood! Evening wears away, a very few hours will terminate our watching, and we may have no sad story to recite."

"I cannot flatter you with such a hope. Although no struggle has yet taken place, and the march of the accursed has shunned our poor temple, do not imagine that all is peace, and that some one of the parties into which the general mob of our conquerors has broken up, will not return to encounter what it deserves. Only be you patient and faithful to the last."

The patience of either was not long tried. The sound that reached their ears, faint as it was, was too regular and too much in accord with the movement of men in march, not to be the beat of a drum—and very soon a small shrill accompaniment became audible, and put an end to all uncertainty. The air which awakens so many proud recollections, and inflames so warlike a spirit in the descendants of those who fought successfully at Londerderry and the Boyne, and stirs up fountains of bitterness in the sons of the defeated, now gradually, if it may be so said, disclosed itself, and soon sounded near—but suddenly and abruptly it ceased—and for some moments there was silence.

"They must be at hand, Michael,—we can see from that little clump of trees, where we may remain unobserved."

They soon reached the place of observation, a projecting point, from which, in two different directions the valley opened. They were not slow to discover how the silence was occasioned. At no great distance to the left, they beheld an Orange flag surrounded by about a score of men with muskets in their hands—before them a narrow bridge crossed a stream which wound through the valley. Over this bridge, and up the road which skirted a small chapel, it would appear their course lay: and along the sides of the hill, surrounding the chapel, and extending almost to the bridge, a multitude seemed set to oppose their passage. The contrast between the two bodies was



striking; on one side, the Orange party, trimly appalled, wearing, for the most part, blue coats and white trowsers, decorated with gorgeous collars and scarfs, standing, few and checked, around their banner—on the other, the multitude, in coarse attire, with no visible badges of distinction or recognition, except the green boughs which some wore in their hats, crowding under green arches suspended at different posts along the hill.

A single man from the Orange side left his party and proceeded to the, till now, unoccupied bridge;—he was met by an envoy from the opposite side; and, in the stillness of the evening air, and the hush of the contending or rather menacing arrays, the voices of both ascended to the post where Michael and his companion were stationed. One demanded, on the part of his companions, free passage beyond the chapel, and required that assurance of safety should be given, by their opponents evacuating the pass. The other contended, that the Orange party were free to proceed, and that his friends could not abandon a post which might be necessary for the protection of their chapel.

While the debate continued, one and another straggler from each side advanced towards the bridge. It was evident that the Orangemen became more cautious—the movement they made rendered this apparent. They passed from the road into a meadow which lay at the side of the stream, and arranged themselves at some little distance from each other, so as that they could easily and quickly reassemble. While this movement took place, the parley on the bridge continued. Michael looked on with intense interest—an interest which soon became more painful.—“Look! look!” said his companion; see that blind old wretch led forward—how eagerly he seems to urge his way—what can be his design?”

“Pray God it be not pernicious—see—he halts—he is on the bridge—what is he about—what is he about to do?” said Michael, as he saw the blind old man disencumbering himself of his loose, heavy coat. “Great God! ’tis all over—he has seized the Orangeman.”

The old man had moved forward cautiously, still led by the hand, until he stood close to the two men on whom Michael’s attention had been fixed. Then, suddenly, he flung away his support, and clasped the Orangeman in his arms, struggling to wrest the musket from his hands, or to force him over the bridge—all the time screaming with hideous vociferation, and calling on his party to show themselves men. In the struggle the musket was discharged, and the blind assailant fell. Immediately a shot was fired from the hill, and an Orangeman, one of the stragglers who had followed their companion to the bridge, was its victim. A loud shout was raised in triumph, and the entire multitude along the descent moved down precipitously to the conflict. The issue seemed no way uncertain.

“How steadily they await death,” said Michael, as he saw that the few scattered Orangemen in the field kept their ground, and that their associates on the bridge continued in advance of them.—“Will they attempt to resist?” thought he; and, as if to answer, they shouted and raised their muskets. There was a momentary pause among their enemies at this attitude of menace: but the multitudes behind pressing the forward ranks, again they were rushing on, when some sheets of fire flashed out from the presented weapons—the report of muskets echoed along the hills—and a groan of consternation replied from the party lately hastening to the fight. All fled from the bridge, from which the two Orangemen who had remained till now, carried off their fallen companion, and where the body of the blind man, who had so criminally cast life away, was lying. In less than a minute, perhaps, the hill party appeared to have gathered courage for a second assault. They were met as before—and now the first discharge was closely followed by a second—was returned scattering from the hill, and continued from the slowly advancing Orangemen, until the entire body of their adversaries had dispersed and fled precipitately over the hill tops.

#### CHAP. II.

##### *Reasons and Representations.*

“Remember your oath—remember the commands you solemnly vowed to obey.”

Michael paused, as his companion, repeating these words, laid a strong hand on his arm. He had been hurrying towards the scene of recent conflict, but obeyed the word and action addressed to detain him.

“Perhaps there is life,” said he, in a low hurried tone; “may we not pray with the expiring?”

“Remember your vow,” was the reply. “Was it not said to you, that your first duty, this day, is to speed with untiring zeal to those who await us? Let the dead bury their dead—saints will absolve the dying; but more than life and death are in our hands—we must be doing—we must be doing!” as he drew on Michael, whose eyes still were turned back, while his members were yielded to his companion’s guidance.

They reached a little green recess, where a car of a construction frequent in Ireland, lay sheltered by close trees—a strong black horse cropping the grass near. A boy stood at his side, who immediately, on the appearance of Michael and his companion, prepared the vehicle for their reception; and, in the course of a few minutes, they had left behind them the hills which closed round the place of the late sanguinary struggle, and were on their rapid route to —.

It was late at night when they arrived—the streets were silent—the houses dark, with only the one or two solitary lights burning dimly,

it may have been, in sick chambers, which render the darkness even more impressive. No light directed to the house whither the travellers bent their way; but their signal was promptly answered, as after having driven under shelter of a confined arch-way, they gave notice of their arrival. A side door was immediately opened, some whispers were exchanged with the unseen person who had admitted them, and Michael was left alone in darkness, while his companion was conducted to an interior part of the house. He was not long left to his meditations. His hand was soon grasped, and his companion's voice whispered to him to follow. He was led along a narrow passage—he heard two doors close behind him, as that which terminated the passage opened, and admitted him into a lighted chamber, and into the presence of those to whom he had been made known on the memorable night preceding.

"Young man," said he who had been his initiator, "you have done faithfully and well. We have heard of your confessed scruples in the discharge of a trying duty—we have also learned that you did not suffer them to abate your zeal or weary you of a blessed vocation. We pardon, therefore, what was an infirmity natural to man; and, satisfied of your obedience in the past day's important task, because it was yielded without a question, and at the sacrifice of natural though forbidden feelings, we are willing to reward it with such explanations as shall hereafter silence any unworthy scruples to which the sensibilities remaining in an imperfectly educated nature often give rise. Our cause demands entire submission; but where proof of fidelity is given, it should be rewarded.—Speak freely then—speak as to friends and fathers—were you not disturbed (in conscience, as you thought,) while fulfilling your mission?"

Michael, who now perceived that his companion was not in the chamber, felt for the moment an increased awe at being alone with the superior whom he was to address. He, however, soon gathered strength and voice to acknowledge how grievously he had been troubled, and how far he was, even yet, from being reconciled in feeling to the part which a solemn sense of duty constrained him to undertake. "I have seen human life squandered, and the result—to strike our people with terror and to confirm our enemies; and I have upon my mind the dreadful impression, that, if death and mortal sin have given over one of those who fell this day to the fires that burn for ever, my words and labours may have hurried that miserable soul to ruin.—It is a fearful thought."

"Would it be more afflicting, if the number for whom you are solicitous were greater—if, instead of the three or five who may have died to-day, thousands lay on a field of pitched battle, and your exertions had been instrumental in arousing your countrymen to the fight?"

"That would, indeed, be grievous; and yet—I do not know how to explain it—there is something in the thought of open avowed war, and professed battle, which would, perhaps, more effectually stifle my feelings of dread, than the remembrance that so few have fallen in this unworthy feud."

"That is to say the consequences of a great battle might compensate for blood-shedding, or the circumstances of pomp and excitement attending it, would lift you above all thought of the carnage in which it was debated?"

"I know well, that such circumstances ought not to affect the faithful; and I will hope that it is because of the consequences of open war I would feel less poignantly its horrors."

"What if no consequences of good are so sure to follow from open battle as shall result from this day's deeds, would you feel your conscience at rest? It is surely the Christian course to do the most good with the least possible alloy of evil. If the true faith can be restored in Ireland, and right can be made to prevail over spoliation, without the wide massacre and ruin which open war visits on a land, are we not bound to adopt the milder expedient? Further, if open war would not only deluge the land with blood, but also frustrate for ever our hopes of making the righteous cause prosper, are we not forbidden to adopt what would be evil without hope or compensation? We cannot engage in open war without certainty of defeat. Ireland is not disciplined for action. Europe is not yet ready to interfere. What is in our power, with reasonable prospect to attempt, that we do. Out of the unhappy (as you thought) events of this day, we shall, doubt it not, work good. We shall make our enemies labour in our behalf, and, through them, waste away the only strength by which they could withstand us. Do not think our instruments less under heaven's guidance because their excellence does not at once appear. Be satisfied. We shall disarm our foes; and remember, that where the heathen historian could record no more than the incident of vermin gnawing the bow-strings of a great host, he whose eyes were opened, discerned a special and supernatural interposition to overthrow and scatter the armies that defied God."

"But, for a moment, leaving out all thought of consequences, is it just to excite to a breach of law, and to acts which endanger and destroy life? I addressed men bound by solemn oaths, which I incited them to violate—are not they and I guilty of sin?"

"No!—they had pledged themselves by oaths to the British government—that government was aware, that they were bound by antecedent obligations to their church, and that only so far as the higher duties permitted could they pay respect to the inferior. Oaths of allegiance are a nullity when they would obstruct the church in its career of advance—

ment; and while you act on this irrefragable principle, your conscience may be at rest."

"There is, however, another principle. Do we not owe reverence to the governing powers? The blessed Peter says, 'Be ye subject to every human creature for God's sake, whether it be to the king, as excelling, or to governors, as sent by him,' &c. &c.; and St. Paul, 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers.'"

"At some more convenient time I will show you the sentiments of many Catholic doctors on this important matter; for the present, I merely remind you, how even Scripture explains itself. St. Paul adds to his recommendation, 'Be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.' Now, no man is bound to obey for conscience one who has not a just right to command, a right which, it is perfectly evident, an English monarch cannot claim."

"May I humbly entreat fuller information in this?"

"The right of England rests altogether on the grant made by Pope Adrian—a grant made on the express stipulation, that, in the subjection of our country, the pure faith should be promoted. The condition having been violated, the grant is null. Again, if the grant of Adrian were good to bestow the kingdom, the decrees of his successors are effectual to take it away. So, of Paul the Third, in the bull 'Ejus qui,' and in that of Pius, 'Regnans in Excelsis,' and in various others too numerous to recite, our land is taken from heretic England, and restored to its own jurisdiction."

"But is not conquest held to give authority, and even right? and has it not been maintained that centuries of unjust ascendancy, society becoming settled on the recognised usurpation, give a right which may not be gainsaid?"

"This has been held, but here it does not apply. Remember, Ireland never has acquiesced in the unjust title, neither while the Danes garrisoned our land, nor during the more prolonged misery of the Norman visitation. She has ever been at war with the invader—war—not always openly waged, but carried on by such means as Providence placed at our and our fathers' disposal. If the sword has sometimes been put out of sight, the war council has never been interrupted. Hereafter this will be acknowledged. Length of possession, then, cannot, in this instance, create or constitute title, because the title has been denied, and the possession, when practicable, disputed. We are clear—we are clear, young man, before God and the world. We have retired before superior strength, as all wise men must, and we have availed ourselves of every device and stratagem which good policy suggests, and of which war acknowledges the propriety. In one form or another the struggle has been continued. Whatever, for the time, menaced least dan-

*Museum.—Vol. XX.*

ger, and afforded best hope of success, has been tried; but hatred of England, denial of her right to govern, and desire for her overthrow, has been kept up in all. What Norman or Saxon will say that the authority of his nation has not been disputed here? None—not one—no—England must know that abhorrence of her rule has been branded on the hearts of our people. May the impression be as indelible as their love of justice!"

Such is the brief sketch of the dialogue in which Michael, if not satisfied, was silenced. It was continued until the door opened, and his companion, bearing papers in his hand, appeared and claimed an audience. Michael was requested to withdraw, and as soon as he had retired, the report to be furnished, through certain favoured journals, of the day's disaster, was carefully considered. It was not thought advisable that Michael's scruples should be again aroused by this mode of turning crime to profit. He was not sufficiently instructed to comprehend the propriety of such devices, and, as his assistance was not required, it was accounted more prudent, not to provoke his remonstrances or opposition. The reader will not, perhaps, think the caution superfluous, when he has perused the document, which appeared on the following day in a provincial, and was immediately copied into more than one metropolitan journal.

**"AWFUL INTELLIGENCE."**

**"ORANGE ATROCITY."**

"With feelings harrowed by the thought of the horrid outrage we have the melancholy task of relating—with the apprehension hanging over us that a junta who batten on the miseries of this afflicted land, may amite us with the penalties which menace truth, we expose to the fierce, but, alas! impotent indignation of our despised and persecuted countrymen, as foul and demoniacal an outrage as ever disgraced the annals of New Zealand—or the more abominable annals of—despotism in Ireland. We sicken while we relate this black story.

"On yesterday, July 12, a multitude of Orangemen amounting to several hundred, directed their atrocious course to the little chapel of—, planted their accursed standards at the gate, and walked round the walls with drum and life and ferocious yells, as if they hoped that at the sound of blasphemy they would fall. Finding that the miracle of Jericho did not reward their insults, they proceeded to more carnal assaults, beating in the doors and windows with heavy sledges, and throwing open the sacred edifice to spoliation. Some of the neighbouring inhabitants who had not fled—indeed whom age and infirmity disabled from flying, terrified more by the assault on religion, than for their lives, ventured into the chapel, and armed only with supplications and tears, besought them to spare the humble temple where they prayed even for

No. 117.—2 A

their enemies. Will it be believed?—Deaf to their entreaties—deaf to the voice of mercy, and goaded on by him who was a murderer from the beginning, the ruthless contempters of all that is loved and respected—with a grim delight to have found victims worthy of their valour, MASSACRED THE UNARMED AND UNRESISTING supplicants who had dared to solicit their forbearance, and left fourteen dead bodies on the chapel floor. As they came out, rejoicing in iniquity, they perpetrated another characteristic outrage. A poor blind man, of the persecuted creed, and of the most blameless life and habits, was seen crossing a bridge. One of the miscreants, unsated with blood, took deliberate aim at the child who led him, and shot him dead, and then, while the miserable, helpless old man was groping about and loudly lamenting, he was an object for the aim of these ruffians, who laughed as they fired, and, in the end, he fell pierced by seven bullets. We postpone all comment, until horror has so far subsided as to leave our faculties less convulsed—but we ask, how long will a blind and bigoted government leave arms in the hands of these relentless miscreants, and give good subjects to their sport and fury? Blood crieth out for revenge, and we will tell our rulers—even though incarceration, or worse befall us—that these massacres SHALL NOT GO UNPUNISHED."

## CHAP. III.

*Enquiry, Justice, and Expediency.*

The newspaper paragraph, with which the foregoing chapter concluded, furnished occasion for opening the eloquent and not reluctant lips of many, whose endeavours had been eminently successful in exciting stormy passions in Ireland. It was speedily followed by private communications, addressed to influential persons, less highly coloured than that intended for public use, but containing not less unfair, although more elaborately contrived misrepresentations. Thus the attention of government was drawn to a matter which appeared of no ordinary moment. It happened, at the period to which this narrative refers, (*this passage is retained, because it affords no very precise ground for determining the date of the circumstances related.*) the correct intelligence respecting the state of Ireland was not easily obtained. The population was divided into classes, which demanded, that the sources from which information was to reach government, should be numerous and varied, and precisely in proportion to the increasing necessity of enlarged intercourse, the communications of official personages had become limited and exclusive. The consequence was, a partial knowledge, worse than ignorance. Unaccredited functionaries, intrusted with the secrets of that portion of the people, whose object was destruction of every thing English, purchased forbearance or favour from government, by doling out information in scanty and detached and perplexing fragments. Those

who clung to British connexion, and dreaded the efforts making to interrupt it, were, in some instances, disregarded at the Castle, and in some suspected by the people. The few who knew the heart of the Ribbonman's mystery, managed, and dispensed with a most provoking parsimony, the intelligence which they suffered to twinkle before those in legal authority—the nobility and gentry, friends to the Orange, or (as it was daily becoming acknowledged) the Protestant cause, were subjected to the regimen of coldness and neglect, by which power discountenances unacceptable advisers—and the organs through which information was sought of Protestant feelings and dispositions, were generally men who had shown themselves regardless of the feelings, and who were consequently left ignorant of the dispositions, respecting which government was to be enlightened.

The principle on which the Irish administration acted, was, it was currently reported, the converse of that once lauded motto, "*Parcere subjectis, debellare superbos.*" The change was recommended by a courtier of that class, to whom whatsoever is heroic savours of the fabulous ages, and who, by the usual arts of advancement, administering to the pride of one placeman, providing palatable information for another, and purveying to perhaps the less intellectual requirements of a third, had made himself important enough with all, to be the contriver of measures which did not bear his name on them. The condition of Ireland was, as he described it, a condition in which two parties were to be cared for—one incapable of maintaining itself, as was said, without the aid of England—the other powerful for numbers, formidable in principles, and to be conciliated to Great Britain only by having, to some extent, its hatred of the opposite faction gratified. Here was a party ever ready to break forth into, if not a successful, at least an inconvenient effort to throw off the British yoke—while, for the very existence of its antagonist faction, the support of England was necessary. A little of slight, or even injustice, would not alienate those who ought to think themselves highly favoured, so long as they were allowed to live; while such demonstrations of government feeling might be very instrumental in winning the regard or moderating the hatred of the preponderating party. To the success of advice like this, was attributed the otherwise inexplicable contumely with which the Orangemen of Ireland were treated.

It began, however, to be insinuated, that, in consequence of some very untoward mistakes, and occurrences of by no means ambiguous menace, apprehensions were awakened in the breasts of those to whom the country was intrusted, that their system was not so very near perfection as it had been considered. When it was learned that, among Protestants of sound principle and orderly habits, in the



middle and inferior classes, emigration was extensive, and that very artfully contrived toils were spread to entangle the unreflecting, serious alarm arose lest the discontented Orangemen and their disaffected adversaries might form a junction; and then it was discovered by statesmen, who had been clamorous for measures which should bring the principles of both into combination, that such a result might take place under circumstances, and with consequences, by no means desirable. Fear, it was said, had invaded even the seat of government, and thus it was accounted for, that inducements were held out to certain leaders among the lately discountenanced party, to renew their intercourse with the functionaries at "the Castle." Thus also it was explained why the measures adopted, in consequence of the July affray, were less decisive than might otherwise have been expected. The yeomanry were not disarmed,—condemnation was not pronounced on any party at the dictates of the journals,—the eloquent invectives of popular leaders were not admitted as conclusive evidence; and it was resolved, that as a proper preliminary to what should be done, an enquiry, in the first instance, should be held, in the neighbourhood of the place so fatally signalized, by the magistrates of the county, aided by competent and confidential agents of government.

The little town of — was, all at once, raised to historic consequence by the preparations made for the inquiry to be held there. As if there was reason to apprehend an attempt to capture the senatorial personages to be assembled, a strong force of military was ordered for their protection, and the unwonted aspect of artillery wakening the sound which threatens earthquake, as it was paraded through the streets—then, with the consciousness of power in repose, stationary in the little rustic square, grimly quiet—supplied village politicians with scope for wide and bewildering conjecture, and had assuredly, if a town could speak, put life into stones, and galvanized the peaceful village it affrighted, into the utterance of expressions like those in which the tiny heroine of the song renounces her identity.

"Ho! ho!" says the little woman, "this is none of I."

But, happily, the interest taken in the expected inquiry, superseded that of the dragons and the cannon.

The hour of meeting was come. The court-house and the open space before it were thronged with the population of the town and the surrounding districts. Many had come also from the more remote parts of the country, seizing on the pretext for an idle day, or indulging what was not an idle curiosity. From time to time, a man in authority would pass through the crowd,—the police in attendance raising their little canes, or

exerting strong arms, if the command failed of proper effect. "Make way there—make way for Mr. —, make way for a magistrate,"—and so the magistrate passed on through the crowd, and a thousand eyes followed as the door of the council chamber opened to receive him; but no modern glance, when it closed, could claim, except figuratively, the praise of "seeing through a deal board," a department of sharp-sightedness, in which all but the very sharp-witted must be deficient.

At length the signal for opening the court was given. All necessary preliminaries were adjusted, and the inquiry commenced. While it proceeded, the truth, as already narrated, became more and more clearly developed. Contradictory swearing certainly there was, but all doubt was in process of being removed from the minds of impartial men; that the Orange party were not the aggressors—the countenances of their adversaries were visibly altered—the witnesses they had brought forward were incapable of enduring cross-examination, and the testimony against them was unshaken. They were preparing to enter a protest against closing the inquiry, affirming that they had witnesses in reserve, and the court was about to be cleared, that the magistrates might more freely deliberate on the course they should adopt, when a whisper was addressed to one on the bench, by a person who had for some time appeared very earnestly looking out from the window, more observant of the street than of the court or inquiry:—

"We have, I believe," said a magistrate, distinguished for liberality of opinion, "the very man we want. We feared, if a warrant were issued, he might escape; but he has given up himself, it would seem, and although the proceeding is a little informal, yet, for the ends of justice, we trust that we shall not be refused the assistance of the police, to arrest a person now in the crowd without."

The request was complied with—the name of the man to be made prisoner communicated to the police—the court for a few moments partially deserted—and presently, followed by a crowd tumultuously forcing their way through the narrow door, between two guards, Peter Fairclough was placed before the bench.

"Easy—easy, man," he was saying; "Do you think I want to quat you?" [This to the guards.] He then bowed with something of familiar respect to the Magistrates, and said—"Well, gentlemen, what's your pleasure?"

With all due formality his examination was commenced and continued; and without any reservation, he detailed the various proceedings relative to the unhappy procession, not concealing the resolution adopted at his "public," and not afraid, it would seem, to confess his part in the fatal affray. He was, after some time, taken in hand by a very liberal gentleman, but lost no character in the con-

flict of wits. A few questions and replies shall serve as a sample of this part of his examination.

Magistrate—"You confess that you planned a procession by which the peace of the country was likely to be disturbed?"

"No—it was to keep the peace we had our walk."

"Did you think that carrying flags and arms, and parading with music through the country, was the way to keep the peace?"

"I saw flags, and guns, and trumpets, in your streets the day—I suppose it is not to make war you sent for them?"

A suppressed murmur interrupted the deep silence of the court. The magistrate interpreted it as applause, and he seemed impatient. "Don't let him ruffle you," whispered a friend at his side. He restrained himself, and, after a brief pause, proceeded.

"Will you be so good as to state, for the information of the court, what object you proposed to yourself in holding the late processions?"

"To do as our forbears did, and to show that we are loyal and true to the King and to one another."

"Would you not think it a better proof of loyalty to comply with the wishes of Government, and to obey the Proclamation?"

"'Tis very hard to know what Government wants us to do."

"Why?—its wishes were very plainly expressed."

"There are such alterations that the like o' huz does not know; but if we did what we were asked to do a day gone, we might be tried and transported for it the morrow's morn."

"But—the Proclamation—did you not know that it prohibited you from meeting?"

"The Proclamation?—Is it the great prent paper that the wee chaps in the streets wanted to pelt with mud, and we would not let them?"

The Magistrate deigned no reply—other voices, however, answered, and Peter gained his object—a moment's time for reflection.

"I do not know," he resumed, "that we minded you; but if we did, we thought it was only in play-like—just to have something doing, and we would not think that we would be clean right in not taking example by the Government itself."

This Peter said, with some little relaxation of muscle, which it was possible to mistake for a smile, and his interrogator, forgetting for a moment his dignified indifference, commanded him to explain what he meant.

"Why?—we heard," said he, "by times, that there were meetings up the country in many a place—and even in Dublin itself; and some say that the greatest men in the country were shouting and shaking hands with them that the proclamation intended; and it would not be right for us to think that they

were breaking the law. 'Twas a thorough-kind of business; and we thought it better to do what was done these hundred years, for we heerd the Judge say, that it was not' by the law."

"Did you not consider it wrong to create bad feeling, and occasion danger in the country?"

"We thought that the danger would be worse if we did not show ourselves men."

"Did you not feel that you might be assaulted during your procession?"

"We thought if we were afraid to walk, the time would soon come when we would be murdered in our beds."

"Can you not depend on the protection of the government?"

"People say that, in the parts of Ireland, where our sort do not walk, the protection of the government is not worth much."

Peter's examiner was again a little embarrassed, and thought it better to discontinue his unsatisfactory task. He however, esteemed it advisable not to have his questions terminate abruptly, and thought it better to conclude by a few matter of form inquiries. Peter felt his advantage and kept it.

"How long did the firing at the bridge continue?"

"Till they run."

"Till who run?"

"The rebels."

"You should not call your fellow subjects rebels."

"Your father still called them so. I heerd tell that your honour's self used whiles speak words of the sort."

"Well, we should all use better language now."

"I wish they deserved better."

The inquiry terminated, and in the judgment on a majority of the bench, the Orangemen were acquitted. A report, conformable to such an impression, was made to the Government. It was at the same time urged, in private communications, that many circumstances ought to be taken into account, by which the odium of recent transactions would be materially lessened—that, in all cases, men are known to be much more tardy in their relinquishment of customs, than they are slow to acquiesce in a change of law—that the celebration of the Anniversary of the Boyne had acquired almost the dignity of a religious observance—that sound policy would recommend extreme caution in the measures which should be adopted to ensure the discontinuance of such processions as, having long been favoured by successive governments, were now prohibited—that the agency of popular individuals among the gentry should be relied on rather than the menace and severity of law—that, in short, the Orangemen ought to be soothed and persuaded—that with this

\* Contrary to.

view no other public meetings, by which the spirit of the law was offended, should be sanctioned—and that such other just and wise exertions should be made by the Executive, as would furnish an answer to the objections often urged by the poor Orangemen, arising from an impression that they were proscribed and persecuted while within the law, and a violent and dangerous party tolerated in excesses by which law was outraged. Various suggestions to this effect were respectfully submitted in private and in public communications; but, at the Castle, "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream," and new devices were to be tried. The evidence taken on the inquiry would not allow of measures which should be of great notoriety and very extreme; but the "Patriots" might be propitiated by such inequality as should not attract public attention—and, accordingly, the Protestants in the affray were prosecuted at the public expense; and, though acquitted, were defended at their own, while many of their assailants were suffered to remain at large, and no warrants issued (at least executed) for their arrest. This partial justice was spoken of much,—it told with mournful effect, in the next year's emigration. Protestants removed their families, and carried with them their disgusts, to Canada. Roman Catholics and Ribbonmen became their successors. Government thus were instrumental in supplying discontent to the Colonies, in preparing disaffection at home. They sent some refractory, but attached subjects out of the land.

"They have taken worse in their stead."

From the Monthly Magazine.

#### BREVITIES.

A BENEVOLENT man would not so much wish for the lever of Archimedes to move the world itself, as for a moral lever that would enable him to lift its inhabitants one degree nearer to heaven;—and this glorious privilege every such man does in a degree possess. His example operates as a strong arm, stretched out to raise his fellows to the eminence he has reached himself.

In the heathen mythology, Dianna was twin-born with Apollo—a useful hint to poets of the luxuriant class.

It is a severe satire on mankind to say that prosperity is more difficult to bear than adversity. The maxim implies a natural meanness or malignity in those to whom it is applicable; for if a man has but the habitual wish to diffuse happiness, what more does he require to make his prosperity a blessing to himself and all about him?

Fame, like money, can never be enjoyed while we are obliged to dun the world for it. That only is worth having which comes unasked.

Genius is the wand of an enchanter;—talent, the strength of a giant.

Continuing the game-laws in order to induce country-gentlemen to reside on their estates, reminds one of Master Billy enticed to school by his tender parents, with a promise that, if he is a good boy and minds his book, he shall kick the cat about when he comes home.

The Genius of Astronomy, with his starry wand, has effectually shivered the fortress of Superstition—shivered, but not destroyed;—almost every one possesses a piece of the ruin as a sort of relic; but it can never be reunited as a place of strength to overawe the nations. Where Newton is freely studied and believed, we shall have no more religious wars.

Nations are sometimes, though rarely, ungrateful; but they much oftener commit the folly of being grateful infinitely overmuch. Let them beware of this; it is wasting one of the most precious streams, that Providence has ordained to fructify human genius and benevolence.

Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.

People who affect a shortness of sight must think it the height of good fortune to be born blind.

Lounging, unemployed people may be called of the tribe of Joshua; for with them the sun stands still.

Fanatics think men like bulls—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die.

There is an ancient saying—"Truth lies in a well." May not the modern adage run—"The most certain charity is at a pump?"

Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.

If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

The heart of the great man, surrounded by poverty and trammelled by dependence, is like an egg in a nest built among briars. It must either curdle into bitterness, or, if it take life and mount, struggle through thorns for the ascent.

Fame is represented bearing a trumpet. Would not the picture be truer, were she to hold a handful of dust?

Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first cover them with dirt. In like manner does detraction strive to grasp excellence.

The friendship of some men is quite Briarean. They have a hundred hands.

The easy and temperate man is not he who is most valued by the world; the virtue of his abstemiousness makes him an object of

indifference. One of the gravest charges against the ass, is—he can live on thistles.

The wounds of the dead are the furrows in which living heroes grow their laurels.

With some people political vacillation heightens a man's celebrity—just as the galleries applaud when an actor enters in a new dress.

If we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's skin—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps, the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears and broken hearts.

From the Monthly Review.

#### GARRICK'S CORRESPONDENCE.\*

It has seldom been our lot to perform a pilgrimage over such an extensive waste as the large quarto before us, and meet so little that is capable of relieving the fatigues of the tedious way. This huge book is really enough to remind us of one of those awful and infinite deserts of the east, where, as far as his eye can pierce, nought but the sterile sand fills up the traveller's prospect, save when, here and there, he descries, in some isolated spot, the wrecked, and almost overwhelmed traces of a mighty power, which had fled to other and distant scenes for the display of its noblest energies. We have indeed here monuments that recall the names of Edmund Burke, of Earl Camden, of Warburton, the winning apostle of paradox, and others of immortal fame; but had the authors' names been concealed, no human being would have suspected the real lineage of such productions.

Let us not be understood to scatter ambiguous words amongst the multitude. We blame neither the editor nor the publisher of this work. Here was a collection of letters, written by, or written to, a man whose name is conspicuously enrolled in our national calendar; whose history his countrymen feel it almost a religion to commemorate. These relics were preserved by Garrick himself; they were the selected gift of which he appears to have intended the public to be the legatee. The editor necessarily felt that he had no discretion in the case; they constituted all that survived perhaps of the correspondence of Garrick, and, however intrinsically destitute of all interest and value, (and they are sadly obnoxious to such a charge,) they were still the general property, and surrounded with all the inviolability which attaches to a trust.

As some of the remains of David Garrick, we are disposed to regard the present volume

\* The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most Celebrated Men of his time; now first published from the Originals, and Illustrated with Notes, and a new Biographical Memoir of Garrick. In Two Volumes, 4to. Vol. the First. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

and its destined successor, with the veneration which we would yield to any other valueless trifle which may descend to us from such a man. But if we ask to what department of literature, of science, of morals, philosophy or religion, any portion of the work which we have just perused is likely to be serviceable,—nobody, we make bold to assert, will have the temerity to pretend to satisfy our inquiry. Perhaps a little bitterness is infused into our disappointment, by recollecting what mighty things we expected from the cabinet of such a man as Garrick. He was courted by the high—he had a great deal to do with the many. Life and character in their broad and practical development were his professional studies, and his wonderful success as an actor was but the sign of his profound and accurate acquaintance with the human heart. Private letters from such a man—communications unrestrained, and written to confidential friends from such a man—how interesting! thought we, how instructive! how fruitful of information on questions of the greatest and most pressing importance! Such, at least, would be the meditations of him, who had considered the opportunities and the qualifications of Garrick. But all such anticipations are destined to be woefully disappointed. Mere common-place themes, the indifferent conversation of the hour, stories of jaunts to the country and visits to town, with flattering criticisms from anonymous friends on the acting of Garrick, and some very harsh commentaries from open enemies on the stage management of the same gentleman,—form pretty nearly the whole substance of the correspondence of the first volume.

Most of the early letters belong to the class of anonymous criticisms which we have mentioned. They are in general sufficiently dull: they are, however, now and then, in some respect relieved, as for instance, by the following lively communication, which was addressed to Garrick in Dublin, upon his first visit to that metropolis. The letter deserves attention, as displaying to us some of the strange pantomime which was used on the stage even so late as the time of Garrick.

"Dublin, Saturday, Aug. 14, 1742.

"SIR,

"As I am entirely unknown to you, I take the liberty to give you my opinion upon some few things that I have taken notice of in your public performances, most of which I have attended, and do really think that you will in time, and with a little more experience, be the best and most extraordinary player that ever these kingdoms saw. I cannot therefore but mention with regret some things that not only displease me, but, I am pretty sure, offend the most judicious and discerning part of your audience.

"The first thing that I shall mention (and which I insist upon that you reform) is your false pronunciation of several words, which



can be owing to nothing but custom and prejudice in a man of sense, as I am sure you are. In your last performance I took notice of several false pronunciations, many of which I have forgotten. The words that I chiefly remember are these; *matron*, *Israel*, *villain*, *appal*, *Horatio*, *wind*: which you pronounced *metron*, *Isret*, *villin*, *appeal*, *Horetio*; and the word *wind* you pronounced short. I cannot imagine what your objection can be to the letter *a* that you should change it into *e*, both in the English language and the Latin; or what fault can you find with the English word *matron* that you should be obliged to make it Greek. Does not Horatio sound much better than the little word *Horetio*? It is said that Horatius Cocles, when he could no longer withstand the fury of his enemies, leaped into the Tiber. But what did he this for? Was it not for a name? Yes, surely; but never for the name of *Horetius*. Should we in the Latin tongue generally change the letter *a* into *e*, the language would certainly lose much of its force and grandeur.

"But above all things what I can least excuse is the absurd manner that some people have got of pronouncing the word *wind*. What reason can you allege for pronouncing the *i* short? Look into the poetry of the best English authors, and if you find any one example of it I shall readily acknowledge myself in the wrong; as well may you pronounce short the words *mind*, *kind*, *blind*, and many others that chime to them. I myself when a schoolboy, was a hero in a tragedy, and I remember at a rehearsal, when I repeated these words in my part, 'That they pass by me as the idle wind, which I regard not,' notwithstanding my master had frequently told me of it, yet I pronounced the word *wind* short, upon which he, who understood polite learning as well as any person, and could not bear to hear the word abused, took up his rod and made my poor head smart for it.

"In these lines of Mr. Addison's—

"Pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

I appeal to yourself, Sir, if the word *whirlwind*, when pronounced short, is half so expressive or carries that beauty in it that the verse deserves. I would beg that you would reform this entirely. I cannot believe, Sir, that it is allowed upon the English stage, so that you must certainly have learned it from the sailors in your passage from England hither.

"I went the other night to see you perform the part of Hamlet, and do indeed think that you got a great deal of deserved applause. I doubt whether the famous Betterton did the part half so well the first time he attempted it. The character of Hamlet is no small test of a man's genius, where the action is inconsiderable, and the sentiment so prevailing and remarkable through the whole. I own that upon your first encounter with the ghost, I observed with some astonishment that it was a considerable time before you spoke. I beg of you, Sir, to consider that these words

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

follow upon the first surprise, and are the immediate effects of it. I grant you that a little

pause after that is highly proper: but to repeat them at the same time and in the same tone of voice with the speech.

"Be thou a spirit of health," &c.

is very improper, because they are by no means a part of that speech. You certainly kept the audience in a strange suspense, many of whom, I suppose, were afraid, as well as I, that you wanted the assistance of the prompter. There is one thing that I must mention, which I think has but a very ridiculous appearance, although it has been practised by every one that I have seen in that character; and it is this: when the ghost beckons Hamlet to follow him, he, enraged at Horatio for detaining him, draws his sword, and in that manner follows the ghost; presently he returns, Hamlet still following him, sword in hand, till the ghost says,

"I am thy father's spirit!"

at which words, Hamlet, with a very respectful bow, sheathes his sword: which is as much as to say, that if he had not been a ghost upon whom he could depend, he dare not have ventured to put up his sword. The absurdity of this custom is plain from the nature of spirits, and from what Marcellus a little before says, that 'it is as the air invulnerable.' I think it would be much better if Hamlet should at these words

"By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!"

only put his hand to his sword, and make an attempt to draw it.

"I do not understand your leaving aside that beautiful part, his directions to the players: and unless it was an unskilful person that was conscious to himself that he could not keep up to the nicety of his own rules, I know no reason for it; but that I am sure you need not fear."

Several very sprightly, but by no means interesting, letters from Mr. Cibber to Garrick are given: and in a little time we light upon the following correspondence, which appears to have commenced the acquaintance, or rather the friendship, that afterwards subsisted between Garrick and Foote.

"Mr. S. Foote to Mr. Garrick.

"Sir,

In 1749.  
"It is impossible for me to conceal a piece of intelligence I have received this minute, from either a friend or an enemy.

"I am told, that on the revival of a comedy called 'Friendship in Fashion,' a very contemptible friend of yours is to appear in the character of Malagene, habited like your humble servant. Now I think it is pretty evident, that I have as few apprehensions from the passive wit of Mr. Garrick, as the active humour and imitation of Mr. Woodward; but as we are to be in a state of nature, I do conceive that I have a plan for a short farce, that will be wormwood to some, entertaining to many, and very beneficial, to Sir, yours,

"SAMUEL FOOTE.

"If your box-keeper for the future returns

my name, he will cheat you of a sum not very contemptible to you, viz. five shillings.

"To Mr. Garrick."

"Mr. Garrick to Mr. Foote.

"Sir, In 1749.

"I am very much surprised to find you so uneasy and hurt at the intelligence given to you last night, but as you were doubtful whether you received it from a friend or an enemy, I think, in prudence, you should have considered twice before you had put pen to paper. The sudden feeling you had at the news (whether true or false) has hurried you a little into the unintelligible—for what you can mean by *Woodward's active humour* and my *passive wit*, unless, like Bayes, for the sake of the antithesis, I cannot possibly comprehend. I assure you I neither *have*, nor *will*, set my wit to yours, either in your active or passive sense, for I confess myself incapable of engaging with you at your usual weapons. I cannot but think you are very imprudent in saying Woodward is *contemptible*, for it is certainly lowering yourself to call *him* contemptible, who has made no contemptible figure as your antagonist. What he intends in the character of Malagene I am a stranger to; he has desired to be *free* with me, as other folks have been, and so little sensible am I of the consequence, that he has unlimited power to use me as he pleases;—but pray, Sir, would you have me, supposing he has a design to be pleasant with you, interfere in the affair, while there is a mimical war betwixt you, and first declared on your side? If I did, would not he justly complain of unfair treatment, and say, that I am holding his hands, while you are beating him? But should he dress at you in the play, how can you be alarmed at it, or take it ill? The character of Malagene, exclusive of some little immoralities, which can never be applied to you, is that of a very smart, pleasant, conceited fellow, and a good mimic. If you really imagine, as you politely insinuate, that I have a great regard for five shillings, sure then my giving you the liberty of the house was still a greater favour, and therefore I wonder, or rather I do not wonder, that you should make me such a return for it; however, to convince you that you are a little mistaken in that particular, I promise you if the *wormwood farce* you mention in *terrorem*, should not prove so *entertaining* or *beneficial* as you imagine, that I will pay to you or to your order, the aforesaid sum of five shillings, whenever you shall call or send for it. I am, &c. &c.

Garrick's reply is remarkably well conceived; it is calm, sensible, and poignant, and was exactly the epistle that answered the justice of the critical case. We shall turn to a later period of the acquaintance of these two distinguished men, and present them to the reader in a far more amiable state of relation than that in which we have just left them.

"Mr. Garrick to Mr. Foote.

"My dear Sir, Feb. 13, 1766.  
"I had resolved, before I spoke to Mr. Bromfield to send you my sincere conde-

ment in a letter upon your late accident;\* but I was afraid lest you should put yourself to the trouble of answering me. It gives me infinite pleasure to hear by Mr. Bloomfield, that you have passed all danger, are in the best way, and in the highest spirits.

"Notwithstanding the severity of your misfortune, yet it must be the greatest consolation to you, to hear how many have most cordially felt and lamented it. Among which number, my friend Coleman has particularly shown his regard to you: and if I could convince you of mine by any other proof than that of mere words, I should be proud and happy to show it on this occasion. All I shall say at present is, that should you be prevented from pursuing any plans for the theatre, I am wholly at your service, and will labour at your vineyard for you in any capacity, till you are able to do it so much better for yourself. I am, my dear Sir, with my best thanks for your kind wishes, and my warmest wishes for your recovery,

"Your most sincere friend,

"And humble servant,

"DAVID GARRICK.

"P. S.—I have sent a paragraph to the papers to contradict the false reports about you.

"Mrs. Garrick presents her compliments and best wishes to you."

"Mr. Foote to Mr. Garrick.

"Cannon Park, Feb. 26, 1766.

"I should have answered, my dear Sir, your kind and friendly letter, long before this, but Mr. Bromfield's substitutes, supposing that I had rather made too free a use of my pen, deprived me of it entirely. Nothing can be more generous and obliging, nor, I am sure, at the same time, would be more beneficial for me than your offers of assistance for my hovel in the Haymarket; but the stage to me at present is a very distant object, for, notwithstanding all the flattery of appearances, I look upon my hold in life to depend upon a very slender tenure; and besides, admitting the best that can happen, is a mutilated man, a miserable instance of the weakness and frailty of human nature, a proper object to excite those emotions which can only be produced from vacant minds, discharged of every melancholy or pensive taint.

"I am greatly obliged to Mr. Coleman for his friendly feelings on my late melancholy accident. I am no stranger to his philanthropy, nor how eagerly he has adopted one of the finest sentiments of his favourite author, *Homo sum, et humani nihil à me alienum puto*. I rejoice with him and the public on the success of his 'Clandestine Marriage;' Lady Stanhope came here last night, gave me a very good account of it, and is vastly pleased. It has been my misfortune not to know Mrs. Garrick much; but from what I have seen, and all that I have heard, you will have more to regret when either she or you die, than any man in the

\* "He was at Lord Mexborough's, with the Duke of York, when this accident happened. Foote fell from his horse, and fractured his leg in so dreadful a way, that the amputation of the limb could alone save the sufferer."—p. 221.

kingdom. I beg my most grateful compliments may be made her for the share she has generously taken in my calamity. I do not know whether the expression be clear in the last period but one; but I mean your separation, whichever occasions it. As to my present condition, for which I am sure your friendship will make you anxious, I wish I could meet you with a more favourable account; but I am in truth very weak, in pain, and can procure no sleep but by the aid of opiates. Oh! Sir, it is incredible all that I have suffered! and you will believe me when I assure you, that the amputation was the least painful part of the whole. They flatter me with the thoughts of being able to get to town in three weeks; change of place to a man in my way is of but little importance, but for one reason I wish it, as it will give me an opportunity in person of expressing some part of my gratitude to dear Mr. Garrick, for all his attention and goodness to me, and of assuring him that no man can be more sincerely

"His most obliged and devoted servant,

"SAMUEL FOOTE."—pp. 221, 222.

The following letter from Garrick to the celebrated Hogarth, blends good feeling with practical sagacity to an extent that we too seldom observe in ordinary life.

"Dear Hogarth,—Our friend Wilson hinted to me the last time I saw him, that I had of late been remiss in my visits to you—it may be so, though upon my word I am not conscious of it; for such ceremonies I look upon as mere counters, where there is no remission of regard and good wishes. As Wilson is not an accurate observer of things, not even of those which concern him most, I must imagine that the hint came from you, and therefore, I shall say a word or two to you upon it.

"Montague, who was a good judge of human nature, takes notice that when friends grow exact and ceremonious, it is a certain sign of coolness, for that the spirit of friendship keeps no account of trifles. We are, I hope a strong exception to this rule. Poor Draper, whom I loved better than any man breathing, once asked me smiling—'how long is it, think you, since you were at my house?' 'How long?'—why a month or six weeks.' 'A year and five days,' replied he, 'but don't imagine that I have kept an account; my wife told me so this morning, and bid me scold you for it.' If Mrs. Hogarth has observed my neglect, I am flattered by it; but if it is your observation, woe betide you! Could I follow my own wishes I would see you every day in the week, and not care whether it was in Leicester Fields or in Southampton Street; but what with an indifferent state of health, and the care of a large family\* in which there are many froward children, I have scarce half an hour to myself.

"However, since you are grown a polite devil, and have a mind to play at Lords and Ladies, have at you. I will certainly call upon

you soon, and if you should not be at home, I will leave my card \_\_\_\_\_

"Dear Hogarth, yours most sincerely,  
"D. GARRICK."

Here is an excellent letter from Warburton, in which all the shrewd sense, and some of the coarseness, of the author of the Divine Legation are displayed.

"Prior Park, January 25, 1757.

"Dear Sir,

"The beginning of your letter, concerning your health, brought me ill news; which the end of it concerning Byng's condemnation did by no means compensate; for I feel with the humanity of our laws, that it is better twenty rogues should escape than one honest man suffer. And this maxim I transfer from man's government to God's, where I believe it is much better observed.

"In the diversity of doctors' opinions, there is a safe rule to go by; and I think it very unsafe to neglect it; and that is to take no physic of them as proper for the distemper they have decreed you, which they do not satisfy you is harmless in any other, from whence they allow it possible that your complaints may proceed.

"It is not the ignorance of physicians which I complain of, but their presumption; that when God has put a *ne plus ultra* to the little knowledge to be gained in the art of healing, from experience (which was soon learnt, and to which no additions have been made, though many to anatomy, these two thousand years,) they should act as if they knew nothing of this truth: for not to acknowledge it might be excusable. As there is no physical but only a moral impossibility of finding the philosopher's stone, so it seems to be in the art of healing; which makes me think the only way of bringing it to perfection is to improve the solar microscope to such a degree, that the human body may be placed within it, and made pellucid, that the doctors may see quite through it, as at present they do through that faithful companion of its miseries, a louse. Till then, if doctors differ, they are very excusable, as they can only guess. So that the best guesser is the best physician: nay, an old Greek proverb says, he is the best prophet. But if I defalk (take off from) from their human science, I repay them largely in divine. The best guesser I know, whom you have the good fortune to have for your physician, has piety enough, I am sure, to make him satisfied with this equivalent. Iapis, I dare say, took greater glory to himself for the cure of Æneas, after he understood the goddess of beauty was his coadjutrix, than he felt before.

"I now begin to envy Browne—not for his 'Barbarossa', nor yet for his 'Estimate of Manners',—but for his being before me the host of Mrs. Garrick and you. I congratulate you for your respite; but I congratulate my country more, for having the honour of being preferred before you, and in the article of danger too; for by the character he gives me of his work, it will be a kind of theological *Lilliput*, where the great will be told their own. But the pulpit I hope is privileged above the stage. The mischief is that this will be neither in the pulpit nor on the stage, but somewhere between both. There is indeed another privileged place,

\* This is not to be taken in its literal sense. Garrick meant the very troublesome domestic circle of the Drury-Lane company.

that would do him more service than either, and that is to be levelled. In short, he has too much honesty for a successful court chaplain, and too much sense and sobriety for a city preacher: take him then once more to yourself; consider him as addressing you in the words a celebrated French poet addressed the Goddess of Fame—

"O Renommée ! O puissante deesse !  
Qui savez tout, et qui parlez sans cesse,  
Par charité parlez un peu de nous."

But seriously do not misconstrue this levity, this *tête-à-tête entre nous*. I love and esteem Dr. Browne; he vexed me: but I find he must be treated like a mistress, as well as friend.

"Be to his faults a little blind,"

and I make no doubt of his always approving himself a man of honour and virtue, and a warm and grateful friend.

"As to Bower, I will assure you had Douglas's detection left any doubts with me concerning the force of his evidence, this apology would have removed them. I have a thousand things to say of the ill faith and tergiversation that run through every page of it, therefore I shall say nothing save this, which is in my own province, that where he speaks occasionally of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Rome, in the articles of Supremacy, expulsions from monastical society, and what is deemed incest, and of the resort of the Inquisitorial tribunal by the Canon law, his ignorance or impudence is most astonishing and prodigious.

"I think you very insolently treated by Hume, the essay writer—nor do I see how Millar can be excused from impertinence in showing you the puppy's letter, whose boasted generosity and charity appears to be only the vanity of a mock patronage. I think you will honour him too much in returning any answer to it; but if any circumstances attending the case require you should do so, I think your answer extremely proper, and the only one that should be made.

"But hark you, my friend! do not your frequent indispositions say, (whatever your doctors may think fit to do) *lusisti satis*?

"Is it *tanti* to kill yourself in order to leave a vast deal of money to your heirs? There is not one man in a hundred with health impaired by a fatiguing business, whom I should advise to retire, though all the common circumstances occurred to make it eligible, because not one in a hundred who have been long in business know how (I will not say to enjoy but even) to bear retirement. But I do not take this to be your case. When you have left the stage, if you leave it with health enough to make life worth having, the happiest portion of your days will be to come; because you can diversify life more, and will have reasonable occupations enough, with a taste like yours, to give a relish to every diversity.

"I and my family propose coming to town the beginning of next month. Mr. Allen and his, the beginning of March. I heartily wish you a perfect re-establishment of your health: but you do not act by it with a conscience. When you enter into those passions, which must tear and shatter the human frame, you

forget you have a body: your soul comes out, and it is always *dagger out of sheath* with you. I think I use the proverb better than it is commonly applied. The women here desire their best respects and compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

"I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your

"Most affectionate and faithful  
humble servant,

"W. WARBURTON."

We give the following as a specimen of Garrick's easy mode of disposing of offensive persons, who thought that when the dull pieces which they sent to the theatre were rejected, they were bound to call the manager to account.

"Master Robert Dodsley,

"When I first read your peevish answer to my well meant proposal to you, I was much disturbed at it—but when I considered that some minds cannot bear the slightest portion of success, I most sincerely pitied you; and when I found in the same letter that you were graciously pleased to dismiss me from your acquaintance, I could not but confess so apparent an obligation, and am, with due acknowledgments,

"Master Dodsley,

"Your most obliged,

"DAVID GARRICK."

The number of letters which passed between Garrick and Arthur Murphy, is considerable. They are remarkable for a curiously regular alternation of the familiar and the distant—of expressions of kindness and downright hostility. The strangely variable humour of poor Murphy, who was not blessed with the most equal temper in the world, produced this variety in his communications with Garrick, who indeed treated him as he would a child, combining tenderness and severity with a degree of coolness and judgment, which proved that all the provocation of Murphy made no impression on his mind. From the querulous play-wright, we return with infinite pleasure to the gaiety of Warburton, and we snatch from one of his letters, addressed to Garrick, a few sentences written in one of his happiest veins. It must be premised, that Garrick had sent him the play of "Antony and Cleopatra," as altered by one Edward Capel, who made, in the manuscript, some marks that nobody but himself could understand. To these marks Garrick directed the attention of Warburton, who is pleased to treat them with much merriment.

"Without doubt," he writes, "the mysterious marks you speak of must mean something: but I think it would be an impertinent curiosity in the public to ask what? When every religion and even every trade has its mysteries, it would be hard to deny it to the worshipful company of editors. Besides, these dealers in other men's sense, should give a sign at least, that they have some of their own: like your haberdashers of small wares, who have always a back warehouse of their own manufactures. However, whatsoever wisdom there may be in this (which I was absurdly



enough going to call) word to the wise : whatsoever spirit there may be in this *dead letter* (and that name, by the good leave of the critics, I will venture to give it, for they cannot deny but the Christ-cross in the horn-book has been ever esteemed by the ablest of them an inseparable part of the alphabet;) whatsoever advantage, I say, Shakspeare may receive from the whim of his dead editors, he will this night receive a lustre from a living one, which I make no doubt was in his own idea when he wrote the play, but despaired to give, applying the words of the poet to his case with more propriety than they were first spoken,

"*Monstrare nequeo, et sentio, tantum.*"

"We are all here rejoiced to understand you and good Mrs. Garrick are in health. Our best regards and esteem attend both. And know me, dear Sir, to be your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

"W. WARBURTON."

"P. S.—I beg my respects, and the compliments of the season to Mr. Berenger when you see him.

"I chanced to turn to the end of the play, at the page called *Conjectural Readings*, and was not a little surprised to find a man who had sense enough to see that some are reasonable, should neither have English or grammar enough to see that others of them are absurd. When I wrote notes on Shakspeare, I could not imagine that men who could but just read, would pretend to judge of a part of learning, which, if Longinus may be believed, is the consummate fruits of long study. This I will assure you, that of all parts of learning, I have met with the fewest who are capable of judging of this. And if there are few who can judge in this part of learning, there are still fewer who excel. The only man who in this age did so was Bentley. You will easily believe I confine my encomium to his performances on Greek and Latin writers. In a word, I have always found that proposing an emendation to the generality of those they call scholars, was desiring a blind man to judge of colours. Yet there is not a fruitfuller source of the buffoonery of coxcombs and wits than these studies. I remember not long since to have read a philosophic discourse of the best writer the French nation at present has,—Condillac: it was on the *senses*; and a view of several imaginary people were given, who wanted this or the other *sense*: amongst the rest a knot of blind philosophers who were brought into the scene, who had overheard what they called the jargon of another people who had their eyesight, and their discourse turned, with much critical acumen and pleasantry, on the nonsense and unaccountable ideas of their neighbours."—vol. i. pp. 92—94.

There is no human being that holds his authority upon a tenure more irksome than a metropolitan manager. The intrigues of the green-room, bad and insufferable as they are, constitute only a small part of the troubles in which he is compelled to reign. But besides intestine wars, which very frequently it takes all his energies to quell, he is menaced every four-and-twenty hours by some foreign invader—haply a pirate—who, in the character

of a playwright, takes the liberty of disturbing the borders of the manager's realm. With the pert young geniuses from college, who poured in their classical melodramas in the confident expectation that the company would be but too proud to enact them, Garrick was always able, after his own fashion, to dispose: but there was occasionally some suitors too sturdily addicted to negotiation, to allow the poor man the least repose under at least a couple of dozen of choice communications. We shall give one of Garrick's replies to a rebellious subject, who, availing herself of the privilege of her sex, despatched a haughty remonstrance to the ruler of the stage, seeking to exact from him an explanation of some supposed slight which he had put upon her. The good humour of the manager will strike every body who reads his answer.

"Mr. Garrick to Mrs. Palmer.

\* "*Saturday, March 13th, 1762.*

"E'en Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me."

"Madam,

"I flattered myself that I should yesterday have been freed from any business of the theatre on account of the solemnity of the day, and I little expected that Mrs. Palmer would have broken in upon it, with a letter of alteration.

"I must desire every lady, for the future, who shall be pleased to give her sentiments upon stage affairs, to address them to Mr. Laey as well as myself, otherwise I cannot, in justice to him, take any notice of them.

"However, I shall go out of the common road of business to pay my respects to you, as you seem to have done the same in favour of me. I have done myself the pleasure of reading over your letter several times, and have considered every marked word with that attention which such stamp of weight ought to excite in the curious reader. Though your letter is so long, the matter of it, stripped of ornaments, may be contracted to two simple questions. Why did I not bring out the new play sooner? and why is your benefit two days later now than before? Heavy charges! but I trust in my innocence!

"I would not wound your delicacy to ask another in answer to the first demand, or else I might gently surmise that the most capital lady has not the least shadow of right to ask the managers such a question; but I will indulge you, and drop my right of office, to satisfy your curiosity. Mr. Whitehead particularly desired it; but if he had not, I should not have thought of acting it sooner. But do not imagine that I mean this as an excuse for your not playing the part of Celia; I never intended that you should, and for one reason among many, that it would have shown too strongly the similitude between 'The Guardian' and 'The School for Lovers.'

"This is the first time that I have been called upon by a performer to account for my management, and I hope it will be the last. But I will go farther.

"Had I intended the part for you, it would

• See in the volume.

have been as improper in us to have given it to you, in your condition, as in you to accept it; and I think ladies should rather be thankful to the managers for their attention and humanity to them, than be calling them to an account for not giving parts to those who are not in a condition to play them. If Mr. Palmer thinks it worth while to ask me why your benefit is settled as it is, I will give him a very full answer to that and every other proper question. I must be excused sending to you, as I shall be obliged to open my mind, and to endeavour to convince him that, if any partiality is shown, it is in your favour. Now I come to a more serious part of your letter, which concerns me only. You tax me with levelling my anger against you: yet in your next sentence you say that last year I professed an esteem for you and showed it. Yes, Madam, I think I did, and upon an occasion when your filial tenderness got the better of my resentments for a behaviour in your father, which few managers could have forgiven. I had drawn a veil over that transaction, and am sorry that you have obliged me to draw it aside. Immediately after I continued that regard, let me say partiality, and gave you and yours (contrary to the custom of theatres) a most successful new play for your benefit. I do not include Mrs. Pritchard in this, for she deserves every thing we can do for her. But surely Mrs. Palmer had no right to complain in the Green Room of the settling of benefits, and upon her first coming abroad: when I had given her husband a play I had refused to one before him, and which I look upon as a favour in my present state of health. But this is nothing: I must and will follow the dictates of my own judgment and justice, and I flatter myself that I shall be much less likely to err than those individuals, to use your own words, whose partiality to themselves makes them think they have a right to expect—what it is not in the power of an honest manager to grant.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most humble servant."

But impudent pretension, even in its most offensive form, is scarcely less endurable than self-adulation and garrulity. Garrick had been plagued with plenty of both. Of the latter, here is a choice specimen. Love, the writer, appears to have been a stage manager at Edinburgh, and as he had some reputation as a provincial actor, Garrick encouraged him to come to London. Love, all gratitude for the notice of such a luminary as the Roscius of the day, pours forth his soul in gratitude and admiration. We shall give a few passages from his letter.

"I engage with a heart determined to serve you and Mr. Lacy (to whom, as I have not the pleasure of being known, I hope you will be pleased to make my compliments) to the utmost stretch of my power with the most eager sincerity.

"Depend upon this, Sir, I have experience, and I do not come to you without looking forward upon all probable events. Nor am I like a child, fond of a change because the prospect

is new. I have long considered the chance of coming to Drury Lane; I have carefully considered the succession of actors here, whether friends or foes, in regard to their opinion of my abilities: and though I have met with constant encouragement, still have I paused upon the danger. Had you ever seen me play, all this would have been at an end, for though your good nature ever leads you to the kind side of the question, I am certain you discover the least degree of merit at once, and rich beyond all count in the possession of it yourself, are always ready to acknowledge your poorest relatives. Thus convinced of your supremacy (forgive me if I dwell too much on my favourite subject) I come to you with no will of my own, but always to be guided by yours. I am sure you will do me justice: and I am prepared to strain every nerve for your service, and to keep an eternal eye to your interest. I have obtained no end in getting a decent salary from you, if I deceive your expectations: but if, as I am bold enough to hope, my Falstaff should fill some houses, and what is much more, obtain your approbation, think not it is possible I should presume one atom from thence, and think myself underpaid, as I dare say many a weak man has done. No, Sir, my chief, my first, my ardent desire is to rise in your opinion, and to that goal my course will ever be directed. You mention my assistance in pantomimes; I am glad you think I can assist in that or any thing else you command me. I shall have no kind of avocation from my business, and my whole time will be yours."

So much for the importunity of players. Should we turn to the persecution which Garrick endured from the authors, of both sexes, in his day, we should find a precious specimen of it in high-down remonstrances of a tragic poetess of Reading, who describes herself as living not far from the market-place, immersed, she says, in business and in debt, sometimes madly hoping to gain a competency; sometimes justly fearing dungeons and distress.

We believe we have now placed before the reader whatever is contained in this volume which can have the slightest claim to his interest. We regret, on every account, that it was not in our power to offer a more favourable opinion of its merits, and we sincerely hope that the second volume will compensate, in some measure, for the deficiencies of its predecessor. In justice to the memory of Garrick, we cannot avoid declaring, that the perusal of his letters has tended very considerably to raise him in our esteem, as we are confident it will in that of the public at large. The malignity of enemies, and the too easy credulity of his friends, have contributed to place many parts of the character of Garrick in a very doubtful point of view. But his letters, for the most part, are calculated to dissipate every suspicion that was raised against the soundness of his heart, and the strength of his good sense. Few that read his varied communications, whether to those who were his superiors in rank, or his inferiors, but will admit that as he showed no unbecoming sub-

serviency to the one, so did he exhibit no arrogance to the others. An accusation of illiberality may easily be made against him whose charity is administered in secret, whose kindness is displayed without ostentation. This, we believe, was the case with Garrick.

The good editor of this correspondence will surely excuse us if we take a very decided exception to the style and manner of his commentaries. From what we have observed of him, it appears to us that old age has quite obliterated any faculty he may have once enjoyed, of distinguishing between very offensive coarseness and polished wit—between confused and unintelligible sentences, and profound remarks. If this gentleman would confine himself to the far more useful, though humbler, task of illustration and exposition, he would certainly act more in accordance with his own capacity, and show a great deal more tenderness for the memory of Garrick.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

# LINES WRITTEN ON TWEEDSIDE, September the 18th, 1831.

A DAY I've seen whose brightness pierced the cloud  
Of pain and sorrow, both for great and small—

A night of flowing cups, and pibrochs loud,  
Once more within the Minstrel's blazon'd hall.

Upon this frozen hearth pile crackling trees;  
Let every silent clarsach find its strings;  
Unfurl once more the banner to the breeze;  
No warmer welcome for the blood of kings!

From ear to ear, from eye to glistening eye,  
Leap the glad tidings, and the glance of glee;

Perish the hopeless breast that beats not high  
At thought beneath His roof that guest to see!

What princely stranger comes?—What exiled lord  
From the far East to Scotia's strand returns—

To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford,  
And "wake the Minstrel's soul?"—The boy of Burns.

O, Sacred Genius! blessing on the chains,  
Wherein thy sympathy can minds entwine;  
Beyond the conscious glow of kindred veins,  
A power, a spirit, and a charm are thine.

Thine offspring share them. Thou hast trod the land—

It breathes of thee—and men, through rising tears,

Behold the image of thy manhood stand,  
More noble than a galaxy of Peers.

And He—his father's bones had quaked, I ween,

But that with holier pride his heart-strings bound,

Than if his host had King or Kaiser been,  
And star and cross on every bosom round.

Museum.—Vol. XX.

High strains were pour'd of many a border spear,

While gentle fingers swept a throbbing shell;  
A manly voice, in manly notes and clear,  
Of lowly love's deep bliss responded well.

The children sang the ballads of their sires—  
Serene among them sat the hoary Knight;  
And, if dead Bards have ears for earthly lyres,  
The Peasant's shade was near, and drank delight.

As through the woods we took our homeward way,

Fair shone the moon last night on Eildon Hill;

Soft rippled Tweed's broad wave beneath her ray,  
And in sweet murmurs gush'd the Huntly rill.

Heaven send the guardian genius of the vale  
Health yet, and strength, and length of honour'd days,

To cheer the world with many a gallant tale,  
And hear his children's children chant his lays.

Through seas unruffled may the vessel glide,  
That bears her Poet far from Melrose glen;  
And may his pulse be steadfast as our pride,  
When happy breezes waft him back again.

From the Metropolitan.

# A PEEP INTO THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE Stock Exchange is known to the greater part of the public as a place where government funds and securities are bought and sold preparatory to their transfer at the Bank. Few perhaps are aware, that these real transactions of business constitute a very small part of the purposes to which its ten or twelve hundred members daily and exclusively devote their time within its walls; or which, during the hours of business, attract the great number of anxious agitated faces that crowd around its doors, or stand in groups about its parlours. Of late years, indeed, a column of the newspapers is usually occupied with an account of the preceding day's business, reports, &c.; but, as it is well known that the public is interested in £800,000,000, of national debt, this seems all natural enough. Now and then, it is true, the editor grows out something on the subject of Stock Exchange tricks—"bulls," "bears," &c.: but even this seldom awakens the curiosity of the public; they know that they have always received their dividends regularly, with all these mysterious givings-out, and conclude therefore that the allusions are to something of private or confined interest, like a gambling affair in high life, or a disputed pigeon-match at the Jockey Club; even the not unfrequent circumstance of a coroner's inquest on a stock-broker, or of men of supposed wealth flying their country, though they excite a vague notion of some terrible agency being at work, No. 117.—2 B

convey no distinct notion of its nature or extent; and these events continue to be as little regarded by the public generally, as the bursts of smoke and the roar of Etna by the peasant who unheedingly dresses his vines on its base. It is our present design, therefore, to let the reader have a peep into the crater of the Stock Exchange, and to explain to him briefly what he will see therein. It may interest—it may do him a more essential service, if it deter him from mingling as an actor in the scenes into which we are about to enter. Ten times our space, however, would not suffice to describe fully this vast arena of avarice and speculation, or to tell in detail the evil which proceeds from it. Until lately, when other nations have paid us the deep but undesigned homage of adopting our customs and institutions, it might have been said that nothing at all approaching to it ever existed in any age or country; and only in England, perhaps, where the energies of men are unshackled, and where the pursuit of wealth is the universal all-absorbing passion, could a place originally formed for the sober purposes of business be fostered into a monster of such gigantic dimensions. Will it be conceived, then, that behind the dingy brick buildings which form Bartholomew Lane and Threadneedle Street, approachable only by dark and dirty alleys, there stands the largest gaming-house in Europe—or rather one to which the hells of St. James's street, or the Fascati's of Paris, are what mere three-penny whist clubs are to them—Where half a million sterling is sometimes won and lost in a few hours, and which annually precipitates thousands from affluence to beggary—Where magic lamps and wishing caps are outdone in the rapidity with which needy adventurers become the masters of splendid mansions and equipages; and, a necessary consequence, their former owners exchange them for garrets and poverty. This place also, and not the common risks of trade, swells the Bankrupt-list, and crowds the Insolvent Debtors' Court, though the sufferers, for an obvious reason, withhold the fact, if possible, from their creditors. The most august assemblies, too, are not free from its influence; and many a vote has been given, and many a speech delivered, the motives of which might have been found in the members' jobbing-book. All this, however, though an unexaggerated statement of facts, is, perhaps, necessarily vague and incomprehensible to those who are unacquainted with the real nature of the place: we will, therefore, for the benefit of the uninitiated and of the "country gentleman," first give a little explanatory matter, and then proceed to show a few sketches taken from the life.

The Stock Exchange, then, is a large building, the *locale* of which we have already mentioned, consisting of three spacious halls and other apartments, where some thousand or twelve hundred members meet together for the purpose of gaining money by the rise or

fall of the funds. Any attempt to explain the particular mode of their transactions would certainly be ineffectual; for, when their affairs are brought into a court of justice, neither counsel nor judges can ever be made to enter exactly into the detail of them. The nature of it will be conceived with sufficient accuracy by supposing it to consist in betting on the rise or fall of the price of stock, and in hedging or increasing the stake according to circumstances: there are always therefore two opposed parties there; the one interested in the rise of stock, called Bulls,—the other wishing the fall of them, and called Bears; both using every effort and stratagem to effect their respective objects. The public who engage in this game must employ some of these members as brokers, and pay them a commission. The real buying and selling of stock for the public transacted here are, as I have already stated, comparatively trifling in amount to the fictitious bargains which are made the means of gaming here, and which constitute the main business of the place. It may also throw a little light on the nature of the game to state, that the rise or fall of the funds depends respectively on the scarcity or the glut, real, or artificial, of stock: and that public events affect the price on the principle, and in proportion, that they make money abundant or scarce; or that they add to, or diminish, the national means of paying the public debt. With this much of explanation, we will now introduce the reader to the scene of action. Let him imagine himself in the large hall of the Stock Exchange, on the morning after the arrival of important news—the near prospect of a war, issuing of press-warrants, or unexpected mention of a loan by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No business being allowed to be done before 10 o'clock, until that time the members, assembled in unusual numbers, and for the most part deeply interested in the consequences of the news, saunter about, read newspapers, or chat in groups, waiting quietly the signal to begin. This is given by the senior door-keeper, who, as the time approaches, mounts several steps from the floor, and holds extended a large watchman's rattle, his eye fixed sidelong on the clock. At the appointed moment he springs the ill-omened instrument; and suddenly all quit their quiescent state, and rush simultaneously into one dense cluster—shouting, struggling, and vociferating with deafening clamour; some offering to sell; others bidding to buy; each party saying and doing whatsoever they think calculated to produce their own effect on the market, and in particular to establish the first or opening price, as may suit their respective purposes, this being an important point in tactics here. On such occasions when the news is very important, and its effects consequently rapid and considerable, ruin and riches are the results, respectively, to many present before the clock



has struck the next hour. We have seen those who left their homes in the morning possessed of many thousands, leave the spot to return thither in the afternoon not worth a shilling. We have on these occasions seen a man stand, and even retort the banter and practical jokes of those around him, who in the course of the last hour had lost £10,000 sterling; while another, more sensitive, stands gazing with wildness and dismay at the struggle which is going on before him, and at the sight of his whole property being swept away by the course which the market is taking. This state of things often continues, with short intervals of abatement, during the whole morning; few men, however, have bodily strength enough to continue long in the heat, noise, and pressure of this raging group. Some retire awhile, hoarse and pale, to recover their strength; but, urged by the cries which proceed from the mass, (for each party proclaims its triumphs, as the price rises or falls, with deafening shouts,) they rush again into the arena and resume the fray. Hitherto all has been keen, intense seriousness, heightened sometimes by disputes and personal feelings into wildness and fury, when it frequently happens that the whole scene becomes changed in a moment, as if by magic or the effect of a sudden phrenzy—every one knocks off his neighbour's hat, turns the flaps of his coat over his head and shoulders, or pelts him with paper-bombs charged with saw-dust; they slap, bump, and jostle each other: Bartholomew-fair, or the most exhilarating moment of a breaking-up for the holidays, presents nothing equal to it for noise or extravagance; and the whole frolic generally ends with "the Black Joke," or some other popular tune, sung in full chorus by all present; even those who have been ruined in the course of the morning mingling with wild mirth with the rest, partly from habit, and partly to conceal their distress from their companions, which would, if suspected, deprive them of a last desperate chance of retrieving their fortunes. All this may seem at first sight mere childish folly and extravagance; but it is perhaps an instinctive effort of nature to recover from the effects of the violent and overstrained action to which their spirits have been exposed. This interlude is, however, of short duration, and in a few minutes all is deep, concentrated, furious excitement again. On these occasions it sometimes happens, that one of those dense yellow fogs, which often darken and choke up the narrow parts of the city, throws a deep gloom over this struggling group; the aspect and confusion of the scene becomes then diabolical; lamp-light is substituted, and hardly serves with its yellow glaring light to distinguish the anxious agitated countenances passing alternately from light to darkness, while much of the picture is hidden in what a painter would call—frightful masses of shade.

This knot of men, so occupied, form what is called the "Stock-Market:" the price which is established by them is that which is quoted in the newspapers, and affects the property of all holders of, or speculators in, the funds. Passing over, however, the large class of persons who are interested in these fluctuations in the character of stockholders, and confining ourselves to those who make them the medium merely of gambling, it may be estimated perhaps that five thousand persons are, on an average, interested in this way in the actions and effects of this cluster of men at the Stock Exchange, precisely in the same manner that the persons who surround a gaming-table are in the result of the game there. About 1000 of these are connected with the house, and are pretty generally therefore on equal terms with each other; the other, and larger part, are the public, who engage, through the medium of their brokers, in this desperate and unequal game. It would obviously be wholly impossible to show in detail the effects of the place and business of which we have here given a true but bare outline, acting as it does so extensively, and on so large a number of persons.

The imagination of the reader may, however, with a little aid, follow out the effects which proceed from this centre, with something like general accuracy of detail: let him, in the first place, imagine the close of a day on which a great rise or fall has taken place, and the unfortunate party, consisting of some two or three thousand individuals, returning severally to their homes, in all the various states of depression according with their losses, or the firmness of nerve with which they support an evil great to all men, but vital and overwhelming to a city-man. Other men have a variety of pursuits, tastes, habits, and resources; money supplies their expenses but does little more; but to the city-man, it is every thing—support, credit, occupation, amusement, distinction. What must be the feelings with which such a man returns to a family, whose sole dependance is on him, and who perhaps, unconscious of exposure to risk or danger, have been reduced to utter poverty by the events of the day. It is not, however, our design to give in any degree a heightened description of this part of our subject, or to excite painful interest by minute, defined, and individual detail, much less by allusion to those tragic and extreme cases which sometimes occur; enough will be done in this way if the reader suffer his imagination to dwell for a moment on the mass of varied calamity which must necessarily proceed from such sudden and intolerable transitions from affluence to destitution, operating too so extensively on all sorts of people—often the most pampered and helpless. The evil is not, however, confined to London, or to those who frequent the city; but has a tendency to spread its infection to all who are in any way

connected by business with the government funds. Gaming is, indeed, the most universal and easily awakened of all our passions; its hazards and chances unbind that boundless and almost terrific love of excitement which lurks deeply in the soul of man, and affords a glimpse of its latent and illimitable energies.

We have now spoken of the losing party; that of the winner may be treated much more briefly. The gainers are ultimately much less in numbers than the losers; the principle of the few and the many obtaining very strikingly in these affairs. They, on the other hand, experience all the intoxicating effects of suddenly acquired wealth; the imagination of the reader may here also easily supply the absence of detail, by supposing the state of mind in which a man returns home to dinner, richer by 10,000*l.* than he left in the morning; a circumstance of, by no means, unfrequent occurrence in times of loans and great changes to the frequenters of this place. Hence the men of enormous wealth, large landed proprietors, members of parliament, &c. whose names grow bulky in a season, and manifest the rankness of the soil from which they spring. It is obvious, also, as what is gained by one person is lost by another, that the fortune of one man of enormous wealth, is the accumulated property of many; perhaps it may be stated as an average, that the breaking up of twenty men goes to the fitting out of one of these first rates; and among the public who engage systematically in the business of the Stock Exchange, this is, perhaps, a moderate estimate of the proportion the losers ultimately bear to the gainers.

It will readily be conceived, that the men, who are devoted to so peculiar and engrossing a pursuit, are distinguishable from other classes of the community, and even from those with whom, nominally, as men of business, they are apparently intermingled; they have, in fact, not the slightest pretensions to the character of men of business, and have no more direct connexion with trade, than the members of the Jockey Club, or of the betting-room at Newmarket. The phrase of good or bad times apply not at all to them, or in a sense directly opposite to its usual application; all they want is fluctuation in the prices of stock; and, consequently, times of storm and disaster are to them, as to birds of prey or Cornish wreckers, times of activity and harvest: they are, therefore, a separate, and distinct class, and have, as might be expected, peculiarities of character, and manner, and appearance. Some persons, indeed, who affect, like Sancho's kinsman, a fine palate in these matters, pretend that they can always distinguish a Stock Exchange man from others, by a kind of off-hand, reckless, slangish manner of doing things, and a mixture of the City and Tattersall's in his dress and appearance. The sudden changes and appalling risks, to which

their occupation subjects them, cannot also be favourable to health or tranquillity. Thews and sinews, indeed, that seem proof against any exertion, are shattered to pieces by the constant anxiety and agitation of this pursuit: pale anxious faces crowd the canvas, though, if a pun be allowable on so grave a subject, they can never be said to be without a "speculation in their eye."

As it is well known that the Israelites play an active and conspicuous part on the Stock Exchange, it may be expected that mention will be made of them here. They are, as individuals, scarcely distinguishable from the rest; but, acting in their national spirit, they cling together pretty much in their schemes, and agree at least in trying to spoil the Egyptians; they are, also, perhaps more reckless and obstinate in encountering large and decisive hazards than the Gentiles. Some of them have acquired immense wealth; but it is often attended with remarkably little improvement in manner or appearance. We have seen a Jew worth a quarter of a million, who still retained completely the look and manner of his brethren, who obligingly present baskets of oranges to the public at the Bank, with the astounding offer of ten for sixpence! Singing in the Stock Exchange has been mentioned, but only as affording occasional recreation: it serves, however, much more important purposes; all slight violations of the rules of the house, or indeed, any conduct in a member that gives displeasure to the rest, exposes him to a regular sort of musical pillory—the culprit is surrounded by a compact and imperious circle of choristers, and forced to stand in that awkward and insulated situation, while "God save the King," or some other popular song is being sung—he then takes off his hat, makes a low bow all round, and is released. Often, however, when he thinks he is about to escape, either because his offence has been grievous, or else that the singers are in unusually good voice, an *encore* is called for, and in no case, that we know of, evaded on the plea of hoarseness or indisposition. In some instances, however, singing has been made the instrument of more condign punishment. On one occasion, a member, whose conduct was supposed to have compromised the character of the house with the public, was surrounded and sung to in the above-mentioned manner, whenever he made his appearance in the house; being a man of strong nerves and animal spirits, he bore it pretty well for some time, hoping that he should soon be allowed to transact his business quietly and comfortably again, as usual; but these singing areopagites, not thinking him an object for mercy, continued to encircle him whenever he entered the house, and, however urgent his business, insisted on first treating him with the old tune, till at last his spirits, and even his health began to fail, and he was finally obliged to sacrifice a lucrative connexion and retire

from the house, being, although a loyal man, unable to bear "God save the King" any longer.

This place is, indeed, favourable to hoaxing and practical jokes of all kinds; a soil where they attain to a peculiar luxuriance of growth and vigour. In general, any thing like resistance to the merry or serious inflictions of the main body is quite useless and bad policy. One instance, however, occurs to us of an old Hebrew, who wrought his deliverance by giving battle with a singular sort of weapon. The only crime that old Nathan had been guilty of, was, we believe, the oddity of his dress and appearance; these, however, always drew on him the musquito attacks of some pont device beaux, who used to twig his flapped waistcoat and large powdered wig and pig-tail, whenever he waddled across the house. One day one of his Hebrew brethren, seeing him much tormented by his enemies, cried out by a sudden inspiration, "Vig 'em, Nathan;" the hint was not neglected by the poor pestered Israelite, who, laying hold of his bell-rope of a pig-tail, swung his wig, all powder and grease, round in all directions, leaving its impression in white on many a well-cut masterpiece of Stultz and Nugee. Ever after this lucky thought, the cry of "Vig 'em, Nathan," was always sure to clear a way for him through his foes, however compact and resolute. This love of fun and frolic is not, however, at all inconsistent with the darker and more pernicious character of the place; even the more important fact, that the members are generally, as individuals, as honest, liberal, and friendly men, as any in existence, is also perfectly reconcilable with it to those who have observed how much our notions of right and wrong, on particular subjects, are influenced by example and custom. Although, therefore, the picture is not entirely without light tints and playful features, yet, as a whole, we do not scruple to represent the Stock Exchange as an enormous, though perhaps, irremediable evil; and to counsel the inexperienced to avoid the attraction of its risks and time-bargains as they would the current of a whirlpool. All that can be fairly said in mitigation is, that it is the direct offspring of our past financial system, and that it has often enabled England to carry forward its political plans, which must, without it, have been abandoned. It may be said, also, that no one can reasonably complain, on his own account, of an evil which he encounters, if at all, willingly. We are not, indeed, ourselves of that school of legislators that would interfere to guard men from falling into ditches, or from running against posts; personal prudence is the only adequate protection against the mania of speculation, as it also is against all the other evils of life; and every man with its aid can, if he pleases, legislate for himself as strictly as his fears or his exposure to temptation may require.

The Stock Exchange, as a body, admits of an easy and distinct division into three great classes—brokers, jobbers, and speculators. The first, it is well known, are those who transact business for the public at a charge of one-eighth per cent. on money transactions. Jobbers, notwithstanding their jargon and unpromising name, are not such "fearful wild-fowl" as it might at first sight suggest; they are on the contrary, for the most part, highly respectable and opulent men. Without them business either could not be done at all, or with much delay and difficulty. We will briefly state their particular functions, as it will serve to explain a circumstance of which the public often complain, but without reason. There is always, excepting only very rare and turbulent moments, a current or market price, or rather prices—a buying and a selling price, as it is called; as 81 three-eighths to 81 and a half. The public do not easily comprehend why, when they see these prices quoted, they invariably sell at 81 three-eighths the lower, and buy at 81 and a half the higher price: but such transactions are all perfectly fair, and admit of easy explanation. Suppose a broker is employed to buy for his principal a certain, and as it often happens an uneven, sum, say 735*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* 3 per cent. consols: it is, I think, obvious, that if he were obliged to wait until another broker presented himself in the market with a commission to sell precisely the same amount of the same stock that he wants to purchase, he might stay a long while, or rather be often wholly unable to effect his business. The jobber wholly removes the difficulty; he takes his stand in the market, and when a broker comes in for the purpose of business, he quotes two prices within one-eighth of each other, as 81 three-eighths to a half; at which, without knowing whether the other has to buy or sell, he is ready to do either, and to accommodate the broker at the moment with the particular transaction which he has to effect. In this way, in the course of the day, the jobber buys and sells; and one-eighth per cent. is his fair and well-earned profit on the double transaction; that is, what he buys at 81 three-eighths of A, he sells at 81 and a half to B; the despatch and accommodation which he affords to the broker, and the chance of the rise or fall which he is always ready to run being obviously an equivalent for the "turn of the market," as it is called in his favour. The speculators are those who neither do business for others on commission or "job," as the transaction above described is called; they merely buy and sell on their own account, with a view to take advantage of the fluctuations of the market. It is not to be concluded, however, that these three functions and pursuits are not in some instances mingled and combined in the same person. Though this is considered irregular even there, it would perhaps have been more exact to have pointed

out the three great operations of the place, viz. buying on commission, jobbing, and speculating, than to suppose three classes of men exclusively devoted to one or other of these operations. There are, besides these three main classes, stragglers, whom Linnaeus himself would hardly be able to classify or describe; of these are the old members, retired for the most part from active business, who naturally love to haunt the scene of their former activity and success: these stroll about and look on, like the old worn-out fishermen, who loiter about the cliffs on the sea-coast, noting with grave and critical aspect the boats of their younger brethren pushing off or returning. The by-stander in both cases, if he be a good natured one, will tickle their senile vanity by consulting them on the probable issue of what is going on before them, the wind and weather, or the rise or fall of the market, as the case may be, either at Hastings or Threadneedle Street.

We will now proceed to describe with more exactness the particular mode of conducting the speculative business of the Stock Exchange, which, as we stated, exceeds in amount the real business of buying and selling money-stock in the proportion of a hundred to one. "Gaming" is a perfectly compatible term with this "speculative business;" but it is a word completely forbidden and proscribed within its walls and purlieus, as that harmless vocable "water" is in a brewhouse or distillery: the very door-keepers in one case, and the draymen in the other, would be shocked by the utterance of such harsh and odious sounds.

The "speculative business" then, (if we must consult their ears,) is carried on by means of "bargains for time;" that is, by buying or selling for a future day, called the "account day," which is fixed by the committee, five, six, or seven weeks in advance, according to circumstances; for the sake of distinctness we will suppose,—A, a member of the Stock Exchange, having 1000*l.* at his banker's, all, we will suppose, if you please, that the man is worth, going into the city one of these foggy mornings—his head full of the rejection of the Bill by the Lords, the approach of cholera, and in part of the aforesaid *brouillard*, makes up this mixture in his sagacious skull into a firm belief and expectation that consols will be lower: accordingly, on reaching the Stock Exchange, he sells 20,000*l.* consols at 82, we will suppose, for the next account-day; which we see by the paper is the 24th of November; by doing this, he becomes a "bear," that is, one who sells and engages to deliver, on a distant day, stock which he does not actually possess. It is very evident therefore, that, as he does not really possess the stock which he stands engaged to deliver on the 24th of November, he must buy it in again in the interval, and cause it to be delivered by some one else on his ac-

count: a fall will enable him to do this at a profit, as a constant advance of price would oblige him to do it at a loss: and this transaction involves the main part of the machinery of Stock Exchange business. A fall or rise of one per cent. will be a gain or loss of 200*l.* to him, respectively. But to make clearness double clear, we will suppose the reverse transaction of the above:—B, richer in hope, though not in cash, than A, takes quite an opposite view of the case; he has slept well, eaten a good breakfast—two rolls and a mutton chop, with his Bohea, and therefore firmly believes that the Lords will not be such fools as to persist in rejecting the Reform Bill; as to cholera, it will be kept off, as Bonaparte was, by that precious salt water which has already done us so many good turns (which our vanity accounts for by more intrinsic causes): B therefore, on arriving at the Stock Exchange, boldly buys 20,000*l.* consols; that is to say, with 1000*l.* at his bankers', he engages to take 20,000*l.* consols on the 24th of November, and becomes by this transaction a "bull," that is, one who stands engaged to take what he has not either means or intention of taking; it is obvious, therefore, that on or before the settling day, he must dispose of this stock again, either to him of whom he has bought it, or some one else. The difference of the prices at which B buys and sells this stock, is to him the whole result of the transaction, and the only points in which from the first he is at all concerned. This seems so very clear, that we are almost ashamed of having so laboured the point; but the fact is, that persons unversed in the business are seldom found to enter very readily into these matters. These, however, are only individual cases, and we feel that it would be unreasonable to expect the reader to be able from them, though involving the leading features of the Stock Exchange speculation, to imagine in any thing like an adequate degree the immense and multifarious transactions which constitute "an account;" as well might we expect by detailing the single achievement of Shaw, the lifeguards-man at Waterloo, to convey a notion of the general movements and various manœuvres of that important day: we will therefore, taking a more general and comprehensive view of the affair, endeavour to give the reader some idea of "an account."

At this present time of writing, business is done in consols for the 24th of November next, as may be seen by the newspapers (in which the price of consols for the "account" may be always seen quoted separately from the price of the same stock for the time present); that is, we are now in the November account. On the one side are marshalled that part of the Stock Exchange, and their principals or employers out of the house, who are "going for a rise;" that is, who think that the price of consols (for this stock is almost exclusively the vehicle of speculation) will



rise; and have accordingly bought largely with the view of gaining by that expected event. It is not an exaggeration to suppose that this party stand engaged to take on the above-mentioned day many millions of stock more than they have the means of paying for. Opposed to them are the other part of the Stock Exchange, and their principals, who are "going for a fall;" that is, who, expecting a fall, have sold largely for the account-day, with the view of gaining by such decline. It is also equally probable, that this party have engaged to deliver, on the 24th of November, many millions of stock more than they really possess. While the day on which these engagements are to be stood to is at a distance, the price of stock is for the most part influenced by public events—peace or war; revenue; conduct of ministers; often by the fiat of a few merchants and speculators in the Bank parlour, &c.; but when the important day approaches, the influence of these external causes, with the exception of the last, diminishes greatly; and the causes which affect the price of stock are chiefly to be sought for within a narrower circle—the antagonist parties themselves, the close and personal combat of the bulls and bears. The day approaches, we are even at the 23d of November. Millions of stock are to be taken on the morrow, which the bulls have no means of paying for; millions, on the other hand, are engaged to be delivered, which the sellers do not possess. The great question now is, can the buyers take more than the sellers can deliver? or can the sellers deliver more than the buyers can take? On these points depends the rise or fall of the price:—the question must speedily be brought to issue; every thing indicates the deep concentrating interest of the time, like two approximating armies on the eve of a battle, separated only by a ravine, or a stream—a single night: they muster in all their strength, closely watching each other's slightest movements, and concerting the manœuvres of the coming day. The great point of tactics at this moment is, on the part of the buyers, to persuade the sellers that they, the former, can take more stock than the latter can deliver; or, on the part of the sellers, to persuade the other party that they can deliver more stock than the buyers can take. In the former case, to continue the figure of a campaign, the buyer gains the day by the retreat of his adversary without coming to the issue of a contest: the bear turns tail and retreats, that is, he becomes anxious and willing to buy in the stock which he has engaged to deliver; and the other party of course, taking advantage of his alarm, demands and obtains an advanced price: if, on the contrary, the buyers' nerves fail them first, the bull gives way, and the stock which he engaged to take is sold to his triumphant adversary at a lowered price. Thus the affair is often quietly settled before the final day and without contest.

This, however, is frequently not the case; and the struggle is delayed till, and the question to be decided at, the last moment. We will suppose this to be the case: it is now the morning of the 24th of November, the bulls and bears are confronted with each other, in actual and bodily contact; one engaged to take, the other to deliver many millions of stock more than they are able, respectively, to perform:—ten o'clock strikes and business begins, often with more than ordinary order and quietness; but it is the stillness of deep and concentrated interest and anxiety; the chill and suspended breathing of armies approaching to, and not yet warmed by, the conflict. Not, however, to hack this figure of a battle too much, and to beguile the reader into imagining that they are actually going *à pas de charge* to bayonet each other, and that he really hears the cries of the wounded as plainly as in the "battle of Prague," that is, before Hummel and Moscheles (Heaven bless 'em!) had pushed from our music-stools that once favourite piece, in listening to which we have often thought ourselves galloping, gallantly and pleasantly enough, over the retreating Austrians—not I say to aggravate our voice to such a touching pitch, we will drop the long metaphor of war, and proceed in plainer language to detail the settlement of this apparently difficult and interesting state of things, leaving to the reader's imagination the noise, struggle, and confusion of the scene. The regular progress of settlement then is simply thus: the buyers continue to take, and the sellers to deliver, stock, until it is apparent which can hold out longest, which can outflank the other. As soon, for instance, as it becomes evident that the buyers can take more stock than the sellers can deliver, it is pronounced a "bear account;" the bear is transfixt by the bull: this latter clamours out to his adversary for the stock which he has engaged to deliver him; but the poor bear has no more to deliver, and offers to buy in the balance of his adversary: this is the signal for a sudden rise in the price; and the defeated bruins are obliged to buy in all they are deficient in, from their triumphant and often merciless conquerors. It will, we think, be unnecessary after this to state in detail the reverse of this case; that is, when the sellers pour in more stock than the buyers can take, and pay for; and the bull, overpowered, is obliged to sell the balance at a great disadvantage to the victor bull. The clamour, the struggle, and wild confusion of the scene, as the climax approaches to its full, can hardly be imagined, except, perhaps, by supposing, to assist the fancy, the contents of both our Zoological Gardens turned loose into Exeter Hall, to assist the theological disputes of some turbulent Bible Society, if there be such. We have, we confess, been so carried away by the epic nature of the subject we have been treating of, that we hardly know

how to descend to points of less and accessory interest: the allusion to the epic reminds us, however, that we have altogether omitted one element in that species of composition—an enumeration or catalogue *raisonnée* of the chiefs and leaders of the Stock Exchange. It must not thence be supposed that an equality of power and influence exists here any more than in other bodies of men, whose talents are called forth by deep and exciting interests; or that the chiefs are deficient, as critics remark of those of the *Æneid*, in striking and distinctive qualities. We confess, however, that it would be more easy to parallel them with those of our Milton, than with the Achilles, and Diomedes of old Homer, as the scene itself must be allowed to resemble Pandemonium much more than the plains of Troy: there is, however, this discrepant circumstance in respect to both poets,—their great chiefs and leaders are well known, and always conspicuous, both in council and the fight; while the greater movers of Stock Exchange affairs, whether Gentile or Jew, are little seen or known, even to the bulk of the members of that place. We should despair of giving within any thing like our limits, any distinct idea of the occult agency and secret machinations which occasionally are brought to operate on the funds, either suddenly deluging the market with stock, and occasioning a rapid fall; or, on the contrary, sweeping away all the floating stock, and, by an artificial scarcity, causing as unexpected a rise. These great capitalists and operators have, it is true, their agents and organs in the house, who, in general, soon get known to be such; and the great point with lesser speculators is, to watch their course, and follow, as well as they can, in the wake of the great Leviathans. Others there are, acting independently of secret combinations by the help of their own powers, intellectual and physical, who distinguish themselves among their fellows, and acquire, in many instances, riches as well as distinction in this singular and irregular avocation: but, though tempted, we cannot indulge in any notice of them on the present occasion.

It may seem, we are aware, that we have treated these matters with a tone of levity not very consistent with the fatal effects which we have assigned to them; and there would be some truth in such an accusation: but the fact is, that such levity is the tone of the place itself, and of the scenes which we have been describing. Man, even in his better feelings, is fashioned by the plastic force of circumstances: the soldier, however kindly moulded, sees unheeding his comrades fall beside him in the day of battle; the same causes operate in the Stock Exchange, where sympathy is exhausted and deadened by the rapidity and frequency with which men drop ruined beside us, and are thrown overboard out of sight. The smallest portion of com-

miseration bestowed on each quietly succeeding case of disaster would soon exhaust the stock of sympathy of the best supplied "man of feeling;" although far removed as we now are from the scenes of these events, it may be said that we cannot exactly plead this excuse for our seeming want of seriousness on this occasion; yet be it remembered that as the old charger, when he hears the bugle sound, forgets his age and altered condition, and fancies himself again ranging in the rank and charging with his troop; so we, warming our old imaginations by reverting to these scenes and events, have been, for the time, unwittingly actuated by the same ideas and feelings which were once and for so long a period familiar to us.

From the Tatler.

### COBBETT'S FABLES.

#### THE BIRD IN FETTERS.

A pretty Bird once had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a little Boy, who set a trap for him baited with tempting food, and who, pleased to have such a play-thing, tied a string to the leg of his prisoner, by which he held him fast, and prevented him from flying any farther than to a very short distance. The Bird enjoyed, as his master supposed, all that a bird could wish for, having an elegant cage, a beautiful cup to eat out of, and the best of food; for the little Boy was the son of a rich man, and could afford to indulge him with such things. But, alas, the favourite was unhappy! "What makes you so sad, my little fellow?" said the Boy; "I am sure I treat you very kindly. Perhaps you cannot bear the thought of wearing a string of coarse thread like this? Come, then, I will give you one of silk." The thread was taken off, and silk put in its place; but still the Bird moped as before. The Boy then tried what a tie of silver would do; but that proved to be no better. "What think you of this charming chain of pure gold?" said the Boy once more, at the same time releasing the leg from the silver, and securing it with the golden fastening; surely, now, you cannot be discontented with such a fine chain as that!" But the poor Bird replied, "It matters little to me whether it be gold, or silver, or silk, or thread, that I have round my leg; I am still in captivity; there may be some who are in love with golden fetters; I am not one of that sort; a fetter of gold is not the less a fetter to me."

#### MORAL.

The correctness of the moral suggested in this fable, is but too well known to some of us, who have been made acquainted with it by painful experience. But the inexperienced are not aware of the great difference that exists between slavery and freedom; having known all the blessings of the one,

they are not aware how cruelly blighting are the effects of the other. To be free, does not mean to have the power of defying all just control, but to be above all that which is a hindrance to virtuous happiness; and the latter it is which slavery imposes. Slaves, having no will of their own, are but the miserable ministers to the pleasures of their masters: the truly free are those who exhibit, by their example, the reputation of honesty combined with the enjoyment of independence. The ways of becoming a slave are innumerable; we may even be the slaves of a tyrant within ourselves; for he who is governed by a bad passion of his own can never be free from the reproach that is attached to it. And as to the being subjected to others, let this fable make you cautious how, whether for the gratification of vanity or greediness, or from want of prudence, you fall into the snares of those who, while indulging their ambition to rule over you, would have you be servile to them; whose dominion, while it would insult the dignity of your nature, and humble you in your own estimation, must cause your thoughts of freedom to be accompanied with bitter regret, and make you exclaim, with a sigh, as did the poor Bird—"Fetters, though wrought with gold, are indeed but fetters, after all."

## THE TWO EARS OF CORN.

"Tell me, how comes it that you stand there looking so humble and bowing down your head so low, while I your neighbour, hold myself so straight and toss my head so high in the air, just as if I were queen of the cornfield?" Thus said an ear of corn that was quite green to another that was ripe. But the other replied, Ah, fool! fill yourself with solid corn, as I have done, and then you will be willing to seem as humble and to bend your neck as much as I do."

## MORAL.

We may find men and women every day who might well be compared to the green ear of corn; people who give themselves great airs, but who have little sense, and who carry their heads mighty high only because they are light of understanding. But as we see in the ear of corn that was ripe and full, those who are wise and sensible are modest; modesty is a sign and sure companion of wisdom, whilst empty boasting, impertinence, and forwardness are amongst the strongest signs of ignorance and folly.

From the Athenæum.

## DR. SOUTHEY.\*

ROBERT SOUTHEY has for many years maintained a high station among men of genius;

\* Selections from the Poems of Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D. London, 1831. Moxon.

he may be said to have gained fame by his verse, and then secured it by his prose: and though many prefer the latter, there can be no doubt that his "Thalaba," his "Madoc," his "Joan of Arc," his "Curse of Kehama," and his "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," will maintain the station they have taken among the many noble songs of this age. It is from no hasty glance, but a calm and considerate perusal, that we say this; and we claim this vitality for him from a threefold source—his fine heroic feeling, his deep pathos, and his impressive morality. Indeed, we know of no living poet who reaches our heart so readily. He is, besides, a very original writer; no poet can claim any share in his conceptions; the structure of his verse is his own, whether it be in the measured flow of "Thalaba," and "Kehama," or in the exquisite blank verse of his "Madoc;" in fact, we do not know any writer who at all resembles him. He has been, and is, connected with Wordsworth and Coleridge in the praise or the censure passed on the Lake school of poets; but, save in living near one another, we see nothing in which they can be compared. The subjects of Southey are of the highest kind, and the instruments which he uses are lofty beings, approaching to the nature of immortals—at least, the chief characters in the "Thalaba" and the "Kehama," are such: nor is the work on which they are engaged of a common kind—the foundation of empires, the salvation of states, and the overthrow of the powers of evil on earth. It is true, that his muse sometimes condescends to touch on humbler themes; but we may say of his mind, as Lord Byron said of his look, it is essentially epic, and he requires, like a first rate ship, deep water and a wide sea.

Of his prose we need say but little; it is remarkable for ease and simplicity: for rising and falling, according to the sentiment and the subject. Of all living writers he is freest from swelling and sounding language: his sentences carry no unnecessary weight of words; and there is a natural ease and happy grace in his style, or rather styles, which can neither be taught nor imitated. He is, in fact, master of whatever subject he meddles with, whether history or biography, and needs not strain and gasp in uphill work—in this lies much of the secret of his excellence. Those who desire to see him in his strength, and yet perfectly at his ease, must read his "History of Brazil," or his "Life of Nelson;"—in the former, his account of the native tribes of South America cannot be matched in the language for either fine discrimination of human character, or that accurate and searching spirit which perceives and paints difference of manners, and feelings, and characters in strange and savage communities. Indeed, we never remember such strong enchantment wrought by a book, as by the book of Brazil; and we are not sure but other chapters which treat of

the influence of the Christian conquerors upon the wild race of the deserts, are, after all, the most enchainng. It is assuredly a sickening reflection that we have generally communicated much of our vice, and but little of our virtue, to the tribes of the new worlds we have discovered.

Admiring his genius, and loving him, as we most sincerely do, for his benevolence of heart and depth of domestic attachment, we wish that he would think less of the fleeting bubbles of the hour and more of his future fame. He had the good sense, some years ago, to reject an offered seat in the House of Commons; let him act up in full to the spirit of that refusal, and bid farewell to the distractions of state matters, and the contemptible contests of those sad factions, Whig and Tory. It suits not with the meekness of the muse to stand in the stormy arena, and "stamp and call thus," like a Coriolanus; let harder hearts and sterner nerves take up the strife—such are not wanting. We would much rather have from his hand his six volumes of "Old English worthies," promised once in Murray's list, or a new "History of English poetry," such as he lately contemplated. But we must turn to the book before us. The selection seems more tastefully made than that from Wordsworth, whose "Peter Bell" will be misunderstood by many youthful readers. There are many passages from the larger poems of Southey; and many of the smaller productions printed entire, so that the true spirit of the man may be tasted. The poet has never had justice done to his varied powers; there are three short pieces in this little volume, viz., "The Old Mansion House," "The Wedding," and "The Alderman's Funeral," containing such a mixture of pathos and satire as no where else can be matched. We shall quote one of them entire; we need not bid the reader remark the ease and simplicity of the verse:—

*The Wedding.*

*Traveller.* I pray you, wherefore are the village bells

Ringng so merrily?

*Woman.* A Wedding, Sir,—  
Two of the village folk. And they are right  
To make a merry time on't while they may!  
Come twelve month hence, I warrant them  
they'd go

To church again more willingly than now,  
If all might be undone.

*Traveller.* An ill-matched pair,  
So I conceive you. Youth, perhaps, and age?

*Woman.* No—both are young enough.

*Traveller.* Perhaps the man, then,  
A lazy idler,—one who better likes

The alehouse than his work?

*Woman.* Why, Sir, for that  
He always was a well condition'd lad—  
One who'd work hard and well; and as for  
drink,

Save now and then, mayhap, at Christmas time,  
Sober as wife could wish.

*Traveller.*

Then is the girl  
A shrew, or else untidy—one to welcome  
Her husband with a rude unruly tongue,  
Or drive him from a foul and wretched home  
To look elsewhere for comfort. Is it so?

*Woman.* She's notable enough—and as for  
temper,  
The best good humour'd girl! You see you  
house,

There by the aspen-tree, whose grey leaves  
shine

In the wind? She lived a servant at the farm,  
And often as I came to weeding here,  
I've heard her singing as she milked her cows  
So cheerfully. I did not like to hear her,  
Because it made me think upon the days  
When I had got as little on my mind,  
And was as cheerful too. But she would  
marry,

And folks must reap as they have sown. God  
help her!

*Traveller.* Why, Mistress, if they both are  
well inclined,

Why should not both be happy?

*Woman.* They've no money.

*Traveller.* But both can work; and sure as  
cheerfully

She'd labour for herself as at the farm.

And he wo'n't work the worse because he  
knows

That she will make his fire-side ready for him,  
And watch for his return.

*Woman.* All very well

A little while.

*Traveller.* And what if they are poor?

Riches can't always purchase happiness;  
And much we know will be expected there  
Where much was given.

*Woman.* And all this have I heard at  
church!

And when I walk in the church-yard, or have  
been

By a death-bed, 'tis mighty comforting.

But when I hear my children cry for hunger,  
And see them shiver in their rags—God help  
me!—

I pity those for whom these bells ring up

So merrily upon their wedding-day,

Because I think of mine.

*Traveller.* You have known trouble:  
These haply may be happier.

*Woman.* Why, for that

I've had my share—some sickness and some  
sorrow:

Well will it be for them to know no worse.

Yet had I rather hear a daughter's knell  
Than her wedding-peal, Sir, if I thought her  
fate

Promised no better things.

*Traveller.* Sure, sure, good woman,  
You look upon the world with jaundiced eyes!  
All have their cares; those who are poor want  
wealth,

They who have wealth want more; so are we  
all

Dissatisfied, yet all live on, and each

Has his own comforts.

*Woman.* Sir, d'ye see that horse

Turn'd out to common here by the way side?

He's high in bone—you may tell every rib,  
Even at this distance. Mind him! how he  
turns



His head to drive away the flies that feed  
On his gall'd shoulder! There's just grass  
enough

To disappoint his whetted appetite.  
You see his comforts, Sir.

*Traveller.* A wretched beast!  
Hard labour and worse usage he endures  
From some bad master. But the lot of the  
poor  
Is not like his.

*Woman.* In truth it is not, Sir!  
For when the horse lies down at night, no cares  
About to-morrow vex him in his dreams:  
He knows no quarter-day; and when he gets  
Some musty hay, or patch of hedge-row grass,  
He has no hungry children to claim part  
Of his half meal!

*Traveller.* 'Tis idleness makes want,  
And idle habits. If the man will go  
And spend his evenings by the alehouse fire,  
Whom can he blame if there be want at home?

*Woman.* Aye! idleness! the rich folks  
never fail

To find some reason why the poor deserve  
Their miseries!—Is it idleness, I pray you,  
That brings the fever, or the ague fit?  
That makes the sick one's sickly appetite  
Turn at the dry bread and potato meal?  
Is it idleness that makes small wages fail  
For growing wants? Six years ago these bells  
Rung on my wedding day, and I was told  
What I might look for, but I did not heed  
Good counsel. I had lived in service, Sir;  
Knew never what it was to want a meal;  
Lay down without one thought to keep me  
sleepless

Or trouble me in sleep; had for a Sunday  
My linen gown, and when the pedlar came  
Could buy me a new ribbon. And my hus-  
band,—

A towardly young man, and well to do,—  
He had his silver buckles and his watch:  
There was not in the village one who look'd  
Sprucer on holidays. We married, Sir,  
And we had children, but as wants increased  
Wages did not. Silver buckles went,  
So went the watch! and when the holiday coat  
Was worn to work, no new one in its place.  
For me—you see my rags! but I deserve them,  
For wilfully—like this new married pair,  
I went to my undoing.

*Traveller.* But the parish.  
*Woman.* Aye, it falls heavy there; and yet  
their pittance

Just serves to keep life in. A blessed prospect!  
To slave while there is strength, in age the  
Workhouse,

A parish shell at last, and the little bell  
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

*Traveller.* Is this your child?

*Woman.* Aye, Sir, and were he drest  
And clean'd, he'd be as fine a boy to look on  
As the Squire's young master. These thin rags  
of his

Let comfortably in the summer wind;  
But when the winter comes it pinches me  
To see the little wretch! I have three besides;  
And—God forgive me! but I often wish  
To see them in their coffins.—God reward you!  
God bless you for your charity!

*Traveller.* You have taught me  
To give sad meaning to the village bells!

There is a fearful truth in this; it is the  
image of the working man's condition in our  
great empire, where the rich are too rich, and  
the poor too poor. If we had room for the  
"Alderman's Funeral," we could then make  
our assertion good; the image which it gives  
of the insolence of the opulent would com-  
plete the double sitting of this nation for its  
picture—rags and riches—hunger and haugh-  
tiness. We wish some gifted poet would in-  
dict us a new song on the subject, and, avoid-  
ing flashy words and clap-trap sentiments,  
follow the simple style and fac-simile truth of  
these vigorous bits from the muse of Robert  
Southey.

From the United Service Journal.

### IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN.

In the month of December we repaired to  
English Harbour to refit. On this occasion I  
had an adventure which had well nigh proved  
a tragical one. Among the crew before the  
mast, was one Jonathan Williams, a stout  
athletic fellow, measuring about six feet two  
in height, with an outline and proportions  
evincing corresponding muscular powers.  
This man, shortly after the commissioning of  
E—, had, in spite of his plea of American  
citizenship, corroborated, as I believe, by a  
certificate of naturalization, been impressed  
from an English merchant ship. This was an  
occurrence by no means rare; especially as  
the similarity of language and national traits  
between individuals of the two nations, left  
no leading marks whereby to discriminate be-  
tween the two; moreover, these protections  
were easily counterfeited, and therefore little  
regarded. Indeed, the fact was notorious,  
that spurious documents, (an ordinary article  
of traffic among the crimps in the American  
sea-ports,) could at any time be procured by  
our seamen for a few dollars. A reasonable  
apology was thus offered for the frequent re-  
petition of an act which had no small share in  
exciting a hostile feeling against us in all  
parts of the Union, and which otherwise  
might certainly have been deemed indefensi-  
ble. In this instance, however, there were  
some collateral circumstances, which, with  
the consistency and energy so characteristic  
of truth displayed in his unceasing remon-  
strances against the injustice of his detention,  
afforded a strong presumption favourable to  
Williams' claims. Some months having  
elapsed, and the little attention paid to his  
case affording but a faint prospect of emanci-  
pation, he determined on desertion. Accord-  
ingly, seizing the opportunity while the vessel  
was alongside the wharf in English Harbour,  
he with two or three others effected their es-  
cape. The only channel by which they could  
finally leave the island being by the merchant  
ships in the harbour of St. John's, distant

about twelve miles, it was naturally conjectured that their flight lay in that direction, and with a view to intercept them I was sent round to that place. At the end of a week, spent in fruitless inquiries and vain attempts to trace them, I was on the eve of returning from my unsuccessful mission, when accident effected that which my endeavours had failed in. I had taken up my lodgings at a tavern in the town, kept by a French woman, among the numerous inmates of which, principally masters of ships, was a merchant, a resident of the place, with whom I had previously been acquainted. This man having occasion to visit a brig, of which he was the owner, and which was loading in the harbour, proposed to me to accompany him. It happened to be a boisterous day; but the wind being fair, and the vessel lying well up the harbour, a canoe manned by two negroes, which we hired, soon wafted us alongside. I had been but an instant on board when the principal object of my search, the fugitive Williams, little expecting such a visitor, unexpectedly popped his head up the fore-hatchway. The sudden appearance of some terrific spectre would not have caused a greater revulsion of feeling and consequent expression of countenance, than that which the sight of so unwelcome a visitor produced at this moment. The poor fellow, pale, paralysed, and dumb from the surprise, for a few moments uttered not a word. But gradually recovering his self-possession, he seemed quietly to resign himself to his fate, and without offering the smallest resistance, walked aft to the quarter-deck as desired. Here taking up a large tin pot lying by the side of a cask of what appeared from the colour of its contents to be water, he drew off a considerable quantity which he drank off. This turned out to be white rum—the effects of such a stimulant may be readily imagined. They were neither slow in their development nor disproportioned to the potency of their influence. Such a dose as he had imbibed was more than sufficient to screw the moral energies, already in a state of strong excitation, to a higher pitch than was necessary for a much greater enterprise than that which he suddenly conceived and as promptly executed. Having from his assumed quiet demeanour no suspicion of what he meditated, I had gone for a moment to the opposite side of the deck, and was looking in another direction, when turning round I found my prisoner had disappeared. Watching his opportunity, he had leaped into the canoe, clearing the gunwale at a bound. And when I looked over the side had already got clear of the vessel. I now beheld him in the attitude of menacing the two boatmen, who after a slight and ineffectual resistance, were retreating to the bow of the boat. It was a scene for the pencil. In his red woollen shirt, without a hat, his dark shaggy hair closely matted over his bronzed forehead, with a beard unshaven,

perhaps, from the moment of his quitting the E—, resolution, anxiety, hope, and fear, all blended in his agitated countenance,—there he stood, or rather stooped in the boat, a marine Goliath,—in one hand brandishing the formidable clasp knife usually suspended round the necks of seamen at the two sable boatmen, comparatively pigmies, and who had now fairly surrendered and were crouching with every sign of astonishment and pusillanimity in the bow of the canoe; while with the other he was endeavouring to retain the mast in its erect position, the sail having partly blown loose and luffed her broadside to. In this dilemma, no boat being alongside, I was for a moment at a loss what to do; however, having no time for deliberation, I sprang into a small punt lying under the counter, the only one belonging to the vessel, and followed by my friend the merchant, who, in defiance of the gale, readily undertook to render assistance, we shoved off from the vessel; and the canoe having been delayed by the causes already stated, we succeeded in getting up with her, just as Williams, having got her once more before the wind, was setting the sail, and she was acquiring rapid way. Unluckily, in my eagerness to board, I jumped into her stern; and my companion, whose motions were not sufficiently agile to follow or lay hold of the canoe, was left fairly in the lurch, and got adrift. Thus I remained solus to grapple with my formidable adversary, who now, wrought up to frenzy by the effects of the potation from the rum cask, and the probable frustration of his hopes, looked scarcely human. Having summoned him to submit, and pointed out to him the consequences of aggravating his crime by resistance, he once more drew forth his knife, and glaring wildly on me with eyes inflamed with liquor and excitement, he in a broken and sepulchral tone, thus addressed me. “Mr. —, I am a native American born; I am determined to have my liberty, whatever may be the consequences, and by G—, you had better not attempt to prevent me.” The only weapon I had about me was a small uniform dirk, four or five inches long, and made more for ornament than service. This I had drawn forth, and standing over him, was menacing him with it, when suddenly with one hand seizing my wrist, with the other he wrenched the weapon from me, and closing upon me got me down in the bottom of the boat. The brevity of this conflict, if any thing had before been wanting, effectually demonstrated the odds to which I was opposed. I was like an infant in his powerful grasp. In a moment I found myself transferred to the other element, with as much apparent ease as one might fling overboard a spaniel. Whatever might have been his motive, after a few seconds, during which I found myself retained under the sides of the boat, which by her heeling nearly level with the water I contrived to cling to, he sud-

denly relinquished his iron grasp, and I, like a drowned rat, crawled once more into the boat. For this, perhaps, I was indebted to the appearance of a large boat, manned by six or eight men, which, pulling up the harbour, and passing at the distance of half a cable length, was no sooner perceived by my adversary, than he jumped overboard and swam towards her; and I, without reflecting on the rashness of a further pursuit of such an adversary, threw myself after him, and with no small difficulty reached the pinnacle just after he had been taken on board. The crew naturally sympathising with him, evinced no great alacrity in picking me up, and but for a circumstance or two, I might have fared but badly: moreover, it was only by dint of the threat to make them responsible for the prisoner's evasion, that, after a considerable parley, they were prevailed on to put us on board the nearest merchant vessel. Here again I had to encounter the same difficulty. The master, under the plea of not being able to spare an only boat, absolutely refused to accede to my desire of being conveyed on board the Guachapin guard-ship, which was lying at some distance round a point in that part of the harbour called the Carcage. In this dilemma, an occurrence suddenly gave a new turn to the affair, and decided the skipper to comply with my wishes. All at once the prisoner, making a last desperate effort, sprang over the gunwale, and threw himself at the risk of his neck into the boat, and endeavoured to cut her adrift. It was almost ludicrous to observe the change which this sudden proceeding wrought in the tone and bearing of the skipper. He now flew into a violent rage, and showed himself ready, by any means in his power, to rid himself of so troublesome a guest. He was my prisoner, was accordingly secured, and finally lodged in safe custody on board the guard-vessel. In this almost mortal struggle, I found that I had received a wound in the hand, either by my own dirk or the knife of my adversary, which I had remained unconscious of until advertised by the blood which streamed from it.

This man, on his return to the ship, under circumstances that might have shaken the constancy of the firmest, displayed a fortitude and equanimity which astonished every one on board. This was more particularly shown on the following occasion. Being short of complement, the services of an able-bodied individual could not well be dispensed with, particularly in action. On getting to sea, therefore, it was proposed to liberate him at the hour of mustering to quarters. This would probably have led to his further enlargement, and in the end might have averted the fate which in the opinion of all awaited him under the aggravated circumstances of his case, and in the absence of sufficient proof of his naturalization as an American. This, however, he refused to accede to. On the *Museum*.—Vol. XX.

first occasion of his being brought on deck, he refused to take a share in any part of the duty; nor could the remonstrances of the officers, the heavy denunciations of vengeance, or the menaces of instant death from the captain, make him swerve from his resolution. The latter, wound up to the highest pitch of anger by such a pertinacious example of disobedience in the face of the whole ship's company, at length ordered his pistols to be brought, and threatened to blow his brains out for mutiny, if he continued any longer refractory: this, however, produced as little effect. While the captain was actually stamping with rage, and alternately threatening to hang or to shoot him, the prisoner with the most imperturbable coolness and self-possession addressed him thus: "Captain —, I am an American citizen; you have no right to detain me. I am in your power it is true, and you may shoot or do what else you please with me; but I am determined never more to touch a rope or do a stroke of duty in your ship." I have never seen an instance of greater determination than this man exhibited. Though fully alive to his critical situation, he remained firm and unshaken as a rock, till at length he was once more ordered below. Here, before the gun-room bulk-head, immediately under the main-hatchway ladder, he remained for several months in double irons. Our distance from head-quarters, constantly cruising, prevented an opportunity for his trial. This delay proved fortunate for W—. Time at length brought a termination to his sufferings. The promotion and appointment of the captain some months after to a frigate, caused a relaxation in his rigorous treatment, and finally led to his release and discharge from the service.

From the Quarterly Review.

#### THE CHOLERA.\*

THE work whose titles are prefixed to this article afford a complete account of one of the

\* 1. Papers relative to the Disease called Cholera Spasmodica in India, now prevailing in the North of Europe. Printed by Authority of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. London, 1831.

2. History of the Epidemic Spasmodic Cholera of Russia. By Bisset Hawkins, M. D. London, 1831.

3. Report of the Epidemic Cholera as it appeared in the Territories subjected to Fort St. George. Drawn up by order of Government, under the superintendence of the Medical Board. By William Seot, Surgeon and Secretary to the Board. Madras, 1824.

4. Bombay Reports.

5. Bengal Reports.

6. Die Asiatische Cholera in Russland, in den Jahren 1829-30, nach Russischen Quellen bearbeitet. Von Dr. J. R. Liechtenstadt. Berlin, 1831.

7. Rapport au Conseil superieur de Sante, sur le Cholera Morbus pestilentiell. Par Alex. Morcau No. 117.—2 C

most terrible pestilences which have ever desolated the earth. Among the Indian reports, that drawn up by Mr. Scot is by far the best. M. de Jönès has taken advantage of his situation as Member and Secretary of the Supreme Council of Health at Paris, to furnish us with a treatise, distinguished no less by the judicious selection of facts, than by the lucid order in which they are arranged. Dr. Bisset Hawkins has drawn up a valuable summary of the history of the disease, to which he has appended, with great accuracy and labour, the original documents on which the narrative is founded. Dr. Lichtenstädt has translated into German the Reports on Cholera, published by the Russian government, but, omitting to connect these with a narrative, has presented us with a book almost unintelligible to ordinary readers, and full of confusion to those who are obliged to dive into it for facts. Dr. Macmichael's valuable little pamphlet should be in every body's hands; it contains a neat historical exposure of the errors and follies which have ever attended the discussion of the question of contagion.

In the scenes we are about to describe, we have no desire to exaggerate the horrors of a picture already too fearful in itself; neither shall we, on the other hand, studiously avoid touching on those terrible and affecting circumstances which have arisen out of this dispensation of the Almighty. If the history of death and human anguish offers little to allay the alarm now oppressing the public, still an accurate, just, and complete account of the impending evil will limit the imagination to reality, and unburden the mind of all those vague and irrational fears which chain down its faculties, and leave it paralyzed and helpless in the moments of extremest danger.

We have witnessed in our days the birth of a new pestilence, which, in the short space of fourteen years, has desolated the fairest portions of the globe, and swept off at least FIFTY MILLIONS of our race. It has mastered every variety of climate, surmounted every natural barrier, conquered every people. It has not, like the simoom, blasted life, and then passed away; the cholera, like the small-pox or plague, takes root in the soil which it has once possessed. The circumstances under which the individual is attacked are no less appalling than the history of the progress and mortality of the disease. In one man, says an eye-witness, (p. 50, *Madras Report*), the prostration of strength was so great that he could hardly move a limb, though he had been but fifteen minutes before in perfect health and actively employed in his business of a gardener. "As an instance," says ano-

ther, "a Lascar in the service of an officer was seized in the act of packing up his rice, previous to going out to cut grass, close to his master's tent, and being unable to call for assistance, he was observed by another person at a distance from him, picking up small stones and pitching them towards him, for the purpose of attracting his notice. This man died in an hour." Great debility, extinction of the circulation, and sudden cooling of the body are the three striking characteristics of the Indian cholera; these, in the majority of cases, are accompanied by exhausting evacuations of a peculiar character, intense thirst, cold blue clammy skin, suffused filmy half-closed eyes, cramps of the limbs, extending to the muscles of respiration, and by an unimpaired intellect. It is no wonder that the approach of such a pestilence has struck the deepest terror into every community.

"It was in July and August, 1818," says Kennedy, "that the western coast of India was first visited by this awful scourge. Month after month, during the preceding year, fresh accounts reached us of its progress westwards; and the general alarm and horror were excited to the utmost, when every hope that the disease might terminate, with each change of season, was at last extinct, and its victims were observed to be already falling: then indeed the consternation which pervaded every class of society manifested itself without disguise, and without restraint.

"Those who enjoy the happiness to have escaped personal knowledge of the calamity of a residence in 'the city of the plague,' can with difficulty form an idea of the state of mind of its inhabitants: the first feeling of dismay, the reflux of levity, the agitation and bustle at the commencement, and the immediately following unconcern to all that is going on; the mild workings of charity—the cautious guarded intercourse with others, maintained by selfishness—the active energies, in short, of the good, and the heartless indifference of the bad, are all presented in their several extremes. . . . Among the European portion of the society, the precautionary arrangements were at times almost ludicrous. One had notes ready written, addressed to every medical officer within reach, announcing his being attacked; and these, placed on his desk, were to be forwarded by his servants the instant he should fancy that he felt, or they should see that he exhibited, the symptoms. Another would have a cauldron of water bubbling and boiling day and night, that he might ensure the advantage of an early recourse to the warm bath; others mulcted themselves of the savoury and stimulating portion of their diet, and shunned the good things of life; and others, with a real hydrophobia, abstained from thin potatoes, and argued that the constitution needed reinforcement: whilst all furnished themselves with medicines, and not a few kept constantly about their person a *quantum suff.* of poison after the old Roman fashion, only that in this case it was marked 'Cholera dose.' . . .

"Among the native population, superstition arrayed itself in its most disgusting and debas-

de Jönès, Membre et Rapporteur du Conseil. Paris. 1831.

8. Is the Cholera Spasmodica of India a Contagious Disease? The Question considered in a Letter addressed to Sir Henry Hallford, Bart. By W. Macmichael, M. D. London. 1831.



ing attributes; religious ceremonies, rather as magical incantations than in the spirit of devotion, were every where resorted to.

"In the cantonment at Seroor, forty miles north-east of Poonah, and the old head-quarters of the Bombay Dekkan division, the very outbreaking of the disease was accompanied with a singular circumstance of the above character. A female, declaring herself to be an Avatar of the fiend of pestilence, entered the bazaar or market street. She was almost naked; but her dishevelled hair, her whole body, and her scanty apparel, were daubed and clotted with the dingy red and ochry yellow powder of the Hindoo burial ceremonies. She was frantic with mania, real or assumed, or maddened by an intoxication partly mental, partly from excitement from drugs. In one hand she held a drawn sword, in the other an earthen vessel containing fire (the one probably a symbol of destruction, the other of the funeral pile). Before her proceeded a gang of musicians, pouring forth their discords from every harsh and clattering instrument of music appropriate to their religious processions. Behind her followed a long line of empty carts; no driver whom she encountered on the road daring to disobey her command to follow in her train. Thus accoutred and accompanied, her phrenzy seemed beyond all human control; and as she bounded along, she denounced certain destruction to all who did not immediately acknowledge her divinity; and, pointing to the empty carts which followed, proclaimed that they were brought to convey away the corpses of those who rashly persisted in infidelity. No ridicule, no jest, awaited this frantic visitant, but deep distress and general consternation. The outcry and clamour of alarm, were not long in reaching the officers on duty; and the goddess was instantly apprehended and confined, and her mob of followers dispersed. But unfortunately she was no sooner secured, than she herself was attacked by the disease; and being less cautiously observed when under its influence, she contrived to escape, and was never afterwards heard of. Whence she came, or whither she went, remained a mystery; and this detestable delusion had a serious effect on the feelings of the mob."

The origin of so terrible a malady is lost in obscurity. The Indian physicians have found records which would seem to attest its existence at very remote periods. But this is certain, that, before the month of August, 1817, it never attracted public attention as it has since done; and a succinct account of the progress of the malady, since 1817, in the Indian Peninsula, will suffice to conduct us to that point of the narrative which is of more immediate interest and more direct utility to our argument.

"In the month of August, 1817, (says Dr. Hawkins, p. 168,) at Jessore, about a hundred miles to the north-east of Calcutta, the pestilence arose; spreading from village to village, and destroying thousands of the inhabitants, it reached Calcutta early in September. It extended thence into Behar, depopulating many large cities, until the inhabitants fled to other

spots. Benares, Allahabad, Goruckpore, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Muttra, Meerat, and Bareilly, all suffered in succession; and it is remarkable, that it did not appear in these districts at the same time, but leaving one, it soon showed itself in another. At length it appeared in the grand army, first at Mundelalah, then in the Jubbulpore and Sauger districts.\* From thence it spread to Nagpore, and continued its course over the Deccan in a violent degree. At Hussingabad its ravages were terrible for several days; and taking its course all along the banks of the Nerbuddah, it reached Tannah. Visiting the noted cities of Aurungabad and Ahmednugger, it spread to Poonah; from thence to Panwell, in the direction of the coast, where it extended to the north and south, reaching Salsette, and arrived at Bombay in the second week of September,

\* It appeared in the centre division of the field-army in the middle of November, and finally withdrew in the first days of December, having destroyed within twelve days, by the lowest statement, three thousand men out of ten thousand. Some have estimated the loss at five thousand—others even at eight thousand. The following is from the Bengal report:—

"After creeping about in its wonted insidious manner for several days among the camp-followers, it, as it were, in an instant gained fresh vigour, and at once burst forth with irresistible violence in every direction. Old and young, Europeans and natives, fighting men and camp-followers, were alike subject to its visitations, and all equally sank in a few hours under its grasp. From the 14th to the 22d the mortality had become so great as to depress the stoutest spirits. The sick were already so numerous, and still pouring in from every quarter so quickly, that the medical men, although day and night at their post, were no longer able to administer to their necessities. The whole camp then put on the appearance of an hospital. The noise and bustle almost inseparable from the intercourse of large bodies of people had nearly subsided; nothing was to be seen but individuals anxiously hurrying from one division of the camp to another, to inquire after the fate of their dead or dying companions, and melancholy groups of natives bearing the biers of their departed relatives to the river. At length even this consolation was denied them; for the mortality became so great, that there were neither time nor hands to carry off the bodies, which were then thrown into the neighbouring ravine, or hastily committed to the earth on the spot on which they had expired, and even round the officers' tents. All business had given way to solicitude for the suffering. Not a smile could be discerned, not a sound heard, except the groans of the dying and the wailing over the dead. Throughout the night especially, a gloomy silence, interrupted only by the well-known dreadful sounds of poor wretches labouring under the distinguishing symptoms of the disease, universally prevailed. Many of the sick died before reaching the hospital; and even their comrades, whilst bearing them from the outposts to medical aid, sank themselves, suddenly seized by the disorder. The natives, thinking their only safety lay in flight, had now begun to desert in great numbers; and the highways and fields for many miles round were strewn with the bodies of those who had left the camp with the disease upon them, and speedily sank under its exhausting effects."

1818, one year after its first appearance at Calcutta.

"While this was passing in the east of the peninsula, the epidemic was making the like progress to the south, progressively spreading along the whole Coromandel coast. It arrived at Madras in October, 1818."

After the cholera had thus ravaged the peninsula of India to its utmost verge of Cape Comorin, it attacked the island of Ceylon, in the month of January, 1819. "Its progress along the coast of Coromandel," says Deputy-Inspector Farrell, "excited apprehensions in Ceylon; and it must be allowed that the first alarm raised by its appearance in this country was in the province of Jaffna, which lies opposite the places on the continent of India, where it was committing great ravages at the time. Very shortly after we heard of its appearance at Jaffna, a well-marked case of it occurred at Colombo, in a soldier of the 83d regiment, and it soon after manifested itself in different parts of the island."—*Madras Government Gazette Feb. 1, 1821.*

The circumstances under which the disease appeared in the isles of France and Bourbon are curious, and demand a strict investigation. The *Topaze* frigate left Ceylon for Port Louis in the Mauritius, where she arrived on the 29th October, 1819. During the voyage the cholera broke out among her crew, of whom many died. At the time of her arrival, there were no examples of the disease\* on board; nevertheless, three weeks after the convalescent were landed, the cholera attacked the inhabitants of Port Louis. "Its virulence" (says M. de Jonnés) "was such, that healthy and robust persons were seized in the streets with convulsive cholera, and fell dead almost at the instant of attack." The mortality is stated by Mr. Combleholme, an eye-witness, as amounting to 20,000 in the course of six weeks, or nearly one-fourth of the population. Sir Robert Farquhar, the governor, however stated it in Parliament as only 7000, or nearly one-twelfth.†

\* "I have the surgeon of the frigate's authority, as well as personal observation, in stating, that not one of those patients laboured under symptoms of cholera at the time of disembarkation; but it should not be concealed, that a medical officer, who had gone on board the same forenoon, saw one man affected with severe vomiting and spasms." Extracted from a Report to the Army Medical Board, by John Kinnis, M. D., dated from Port Louis, 31st March, 1820.

† M. de Jonnés, p. 130 and 248.—There are three considerations which may possibly be urged in favour of those who deny that the cholera was introduced into the Isle of France by the *Topaze*. The first is, that there was no case of cholera on board the frigate at the time of her arrival. The second is, that three weeks elapsed between the arrival of the vessel and the appearance of the malady. The third is, that the crew of the *Topaze* remained free from the disease, though they had unreserved communication with the shore, and with the ships in the harbour, where cholera was raging.

Such are the circumstances under which the cholera appeared at the Mauritius. They

As to the first, it is evident, that in the case of the *Topaze*, cholera must have been communicated by the medium of some inanimate substance, to which the morbid exhalations of the sick had adhered. Are we to believe, that a ship, in which so many had died, was incapable of retaining the virus in it, either in the vestments of the dead, the substances with which the sick had been in contact, or the places in which they had breathed their last? Can it be proved that no slave or servant was exposed to the action of a poison thus preserved? The fact stands fairly and clearly out, that an infected ship did arrive at a healthy port, and communicated with it, and that shortly after such communication, the identical malady which had existed in the vessel, broke out for the first time among the inhabitants of the port town. It is in vain to urge, that many who went on board the frigate escaped infection. Many always escape every epidemic; and were this not so ordered, the world would long ere this have been depopulated by small-pox and other pestilences. The second objection amounts to this—that three weeks having elapsed between the arrival of the *Topaze* and the appearance of the cholera in Port Louis, the two events ought not to be regarded as cause and effect. This confident assertion relies on a supposed accuracy of knowledge, which we possess neither with regard to the laws of cholera, nor those of any other contagious malady. It supposes, 1. that persons who went on board the frigate on her arrival, were immediately exposed to the influence of the morbid poison; 2. that they stayed sufficiently long within its sphere of action to have made it impossible for them to have escaped infection; 3. that the disease could not lie latent in such persons for so long a period as three weeks. In refutation of this last point, we shall be enabled, in our narrative of the progress of cholera in Russia, to bring forward three instances, in two of which it is proved that the cholera did not break out in the individuals till more than a fortnight had elapsed from the time they had been exposed to contagion; and in the third, it will be shown that individuals carried the seeds of the malady about with them for twenty-five days, and communicated the disease to others.\* In the interim we shall endeavour to prove, from the analogy of small-pox, that many circumstances may occur to account for the delay in the case of the *Topaze*. In the first place, we find, in cases of inoculation in which we know the exact moment when the individuals have been sufficiently exposed to the action of the small-pox poison, that a certain number do not become infected at all; that others exhibit symptoms of the disease in six days, and others not till the fourteenth or fifteenth. This was the result of the experience of one of the most extensive inoculators of the last century, Baron Dimsdale. When the small-pox is caught casually, by inhalation or some other means, the period which elapses between exposure to the malady and its appearance is found to be still longer, and to vary from eighteen to twenty-five days. Dr. Patrick Russell, whose situation of physician to the British factory at Aleppo gave him opportunities of collecting the valuable materials which he has embodied in an admirable

\* Two persons left Orenburg, at which city cholera was prevalent, and arrived at Uralask, in which it did not exist. They performed a quarantine of fourteen days at this last place; after which, it would appear, from Sokoloff's report, they became the victims of the malady—*Lichtenstadt*, p. 137.

are strongly contrasted with those under which this malady was introduced into the neighbour-

ble treatise on the plague, says, p. 303, "From what I observed at Aleppo, I was inclined to think the infection (viz. the plague) rarely lies latent beyond ten days, but wider experience is necessary to determine a matter of so much importance." From a consideration of these and similar facts, it is acknowledged that the constitution of a patient modifies the action of a poison, and that, in those examples in which we know the exact moment at which the person became infected, it is impossible to tell, except generally, when he will exhibit the characteristics of the peculiar disease. If there is so much uncertainty when we possess one fixed point to start from, how much more complicated and uncertain does the investigation become when we have no accurate data to guide us; when we neither know the constitutions of those supposed to have been exposed to a contagious malady, nor the precise time when they imbibed the poison!

The circumstances which hinder or delay the communication of a contagious malady are very various, and often inappreciable; so that what appears to be sufficient exposure, turns out to be the reverse. A striking illustration of this is furnished by Dr. Haygarth. Being desirous to ascertain the period at which small-pox appeared after the exposure of a patient to the action of its poison, he collected thirty-seven cases which occurred when this disease was epidemical at Chester, in the year 1774. "The individuals affected were selected," he says, "from the children of the poorest families, among whom the intercourse was very intimate, living in the same room, and generally lying in the same bed, and not kept at a distance by any fear either of their parents or themselves." Whenever the small-pox attacked one of a family, he noted the time of its appearance in the rest, and found that, out of these thirty-seven cases, some of the individuals were attacked as early as the third, seventh, and eighth days; four were seized on the eleventh; two on the twelfth; six on the fifteenth; and seven on the eighteenth; one patient was not attacked till the twenty-first day, two till the twenty-second, and one till the twenty-third. In these last four examples of close intimacy, and apparently sufficient exposure, the Doctor supposes the children not to have become infected till the seventh, eighth, and ninth days; that they then received the contagion which lay latent for the usual term, in this malady, of twelve days, before the eruptive fever commenced. Let the circumstances under which these children were exposed to a disease confessedly far more infectious than cholera, be compared with those which accompanied the introduction of this latter malady into the Mauritius, and the objection as to length of time will cease to exist. If children can be exposed constantly, day and night, to the full effects of small-pox at its acme of virulence, and yet escape for eight or nine days, is there any improbability in supposing that the casual visitors of the *Topaze* might have escaped the contamination for a similar period of a poison which was possibly concealed a part of this time in some obscure corner of a trunk or bale of goods, or which gave out its pernicious exhalation in a part of the vessel to which they rarely descended? Allowing, then, eight or ten days to elapse before any one became infected, and a week before the symptoms declared themselves, the difficulty founded on the interval of twenty days between the arrival of the *Topaze*, and the appearance of cholera in Port Louis, vanishes.

The third objection, founded on the immunity of

ing isle of Bourbon. Baron Milius, the French governor of this colony, established the strictest quarantine regulations immediately on hearing the fate of the Isle of France. In spite of these precautions, we have the authority of the *Madras Gazette*, June 8, 1820, and the correspondence of the governor, Milius, himself, for stating that a smuggling vessel, named the *Pic-Var*, which sailed on the 7th of January from the Isle of France, landed a cargo of slaves near the town of St. Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon. On the 14th of the same month, eight slaves perished in that town. This was a signal for the inhabitants to quit the spot. The governor instantly established a lazaret for the reception of the sick, and a double military cordon to prevent communication with the interior of the country. The result of these precautions was, that two hundred and fifty-six individuals only were attacked, one hundred and seventy-eight of whom died. It is impossible not to be struck by the contrast when we compare the mortality in the English with that in the French colony, placed under precisely the same circumstances in all things save the wisdom and energy of its authorities. The two islands are within forty leagues of each other, enjoying the same climate and possessing nearly the same kind of population; yet we find that in the Mauritius, one in four, according to general belief, or one in twelve,

the crew of the *Topaze* during the whole time the epidemic was raging around them, is easily answered. In the first place, they who are willing to believe that the cholera was not communicated by contagion, but depended for its cause on some general atmospheric change, must account for the escape of those on board the frigate who were day and night in the same air, which, on their hypothesis, was infecting the people on shore, and those on board the rest of the ships in the harbour. But not to stop at this point. It is a constant phenomenon of all contagious epidemics, that the malady only rages for a time in one place, and that they who have lived through the term of its visitation, may afterwards have communication with infected persons or places without much risk. When the same army, which, under the Marquis of Hastings, had a little before been so dreadfully ravaged by cholera, was once again subjected to its influence, it was observed that the malady was principally confined to the fresh levies—those who had witnessed the first epidemic escaping.—(*Bengal Report*.) In the history of the plague, no observation is commoner than the one, that after it has ceased to affect the inhabitants of a city, it seizes on the strangers who come into it from the country, so that they who have been exposed to the influence of a contagious malady, possess or acquire a privilege of immunity which is denied to those who have not. The sailors of the frigate come under the former predicament—the ill-fated inhabitants of Port Louis under the latter—or the *Topaze*, with its crew may be looked on as a village in which the cholera had swept of all who were peculiarly susceptible of the malady, and under this view we are only witnessing, on the ocean, what regard to this ship, that which was abundantly evident among the hamlets of Hindostan.

according to Sir Robert Farquhar, of the whole population perished; while, in the Isle of Bourbon, only one in fifteen hundred died.

A few months after the malady had established itself in the delta of the Ganges, it spread along the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, and entered Arracan in 1819. From thence it extended by a gradual progression into the peninsula of Malacca. In 1820, the kingdom of Siam was invaded by the malady, which destroyed forty thousand individuals at Bangkok, its capital. The Burmese war introduced our troops and the cholera into the Burman empire in 1823. The proximity of China to the countries of Siam, Cochin China, and Cambodia, soon afforded an inlet into this immense empire. Canton was attacked in the autumn of 1820, since which period the cholera has established itself in these extensive territories, and appears to be as little likely to quit them as to leave our own Indian possessions. In 1823, the mortality of Nankin and Peking was such, that the public treasury was obliged to furnish funds to bury the dead. In 1825, the Russian merchants attributed the diminution of trade at Kiachta, the Russo-Chinese mart, to the ravages of the cholera in China. A letter from the Russian Director of Customs at Kiachta bearing date the 27th of April, 1827, states that the disease had passed the Great Chinese Wall, and had attacked the inhabitants of the town of Cocu-Chotin, situated on the Great Desert of Cobi.

In July, 1821, the town of Muscat, situated at the eastern extremity of Arabia, nearly opposite to Bombay, was attacked by cholera. The mortality caused by the distemper was estimated at ten thousand individuals, and the bodies of the dead were towed far out to sea, and sunk. M. de Jonnés states this fact as having been witnessed by one of our vessels, the *Kent*. We do not know the exact circumstances under which the disease reached this Arabian town: but

"Mr. Hendy states, that as early as 1818, the commercial relations, so newly subsisting between Bombay and the ports of the Persian Gulf, amounted to seven thousand tons, which supposes one hundred or one hundred and twenty ships, employing one thousand hands. Besides these, there were seven hundred and thirty country ships, which, belonging to the various ports of the western coasts of India, often touched at Muscat in their voyages to more distant lands."—*Jonnès*, p. 255.

There can be little doubt, then, that opportunities of communication between the infected towns of India and Muscat existed in such abundance, that the cholera might easily cross the three hundred leagues which separate this point of Arabia from Bombay. In the month of August the malady had attacked other towns on the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf, and especially the island of Bahrein, where a large concourse of people assemble for the pearl fishery. The Liverpool

was witness to the mortality of the Arabs in this part of the Arabian peninsula. The crew of the vessel was attacked, so that three officers, several sailors, and the surgeon, perished.—*M. de Jonnés*, p. 258.

In the month of March, 1821, cholera raged in Bombay; before June of the same year, it appeared in our garrison in the island of Kishmé, as well as in the island of Ormuz. Immediately opposite to the last spot, the Persian port of Bender Abouschir, "known also by the names of Gambroon, Kosrom, and Buschir" (p. 256, M. de Jonnés) is situated. It is the principal market for the merchandise of Persia on the one hand, and British India on the other. Here the disease appeared in the middle of July, 1821, and destroyed one-sixth of the inhabitants of the town. Having obtained a footing in the Persian territory, it extended to Shiraz, and, following *uniformly* the great thoroughfares, attacked, in succession, Yezd, Ispahan, and Tabreez—from whence the malady was propagated into Armenia.

When the cholera had once penetrated into the Persian Gulf, we saw that it immediately established itself on the principal coast towns of Arabia on one side, and Persia on the other. Bassora, which is situated at the head of this gulf, on the river Euphrates, was attacked nearly at the same time as Bender-Abouschir, Muscat, and Bahrein. Bassora, containing about 60,000 inhabitants, is the great market for Asiatic produce destined for the Ottoman empire. The disease lasted fourteen days in this city, in which time it carried off from 15,000 to 18,000 persons, or nearly one-fourth of the inhabitants. From Bassora it was carried, by the boats navigating the Tigris, as far as Bagdad, and there it destroyed one-third of the population.

From Bagdad the cholera ascended the Euphrates as far as the town of Annah, on the borders of the desert which separates Syria and Arabia. But apparently, as if this natural obstacle offered too great difficulties to its march over it with the caravans which cross it on their route into Syria, the disease died away at the approach of the winter of 1821. In the spring of 1822, it broke out suddenly in the neighbourhood of the Tigris and Euphrates, and now threatened the Syrian territories from another quarter. Avoiding the desert, the malady accompanied the caravans which traverse Merdine, Mosul, Diarbekir, Orfa, Bir, and Antab; and having crossed the Syrian frontier in this direction, it reached Aleppo in the beginning of November, having attacked Mosul in the July previous. We have the authority of the French Consul for asserting, that the irruption of the malady was coincident with the arrival of the caravans in all these towns.

In seven months the cholera had extended its ravages from Caramania to Judæa, over a space of not less than a hundred leagues; and, once established on the shores of the



Mediterranean, every facility to its immediate transmission into European ports appeared to be offered; nevertheless, Europe was destined to be invaded from a point which, of all others, combined the greatest number of obstacles to the progress of the disease. The town of Astrachan, situated at the embouchure of the Volga into the Caspian, was attacked in July, 1830. A brig had just arrived from the infected port of Bakoo, and eight of her crew died on the voyage. Once in possession of this point, the disease found a ready inlet to the principal towns of the Russian empire, afforded by the navigation of the Volga, Don, and Dnepr, on the banks of which they are, for the most part, situated. It will not be necessary to follow the progress of this malady farther, or to remark that the governments of Kief, Pultova, Podolia, Volhynia, Grodno, and Wilna were attacked by it in the spring of 1831, as the Russian forces, drawn from the infected country of the Ukraine, marched through them to Poland. The public prints have furnished ample details of the ravages of the cholera in this ill-fated country. We shall conclude this narrative, with a translation of a letter written by a clergyman, who witnessed the disease in Saratoff:—

"Scarcely had we heard of the breaking out of cholera in Astrachan, than the news came to us like lightning, that it was coursing the Volga, and that it was severe, and had already reached Zaretzin. Without a dread of the presence of the angel of death, the Vice-Governor, the Medical Inspector, and the Government, as well as the Hospital Surgeon, at once went into the infected places of this province. On the evening of the 6th of August, we heard that three persons had been seized with cholera who had left Astrachan, and were carried to our hospital. On the 7th, others were reported to have been carried off by this malady with such frightful rapidity, as to have impressed all minds with deep consternation, especially those who dwelt in the second division of the town. The disease soon appeared in the third division, and seized so many, that the hospital could no longer contain the sick, and killed so rapidly, that they scarcely survived six hours. The evil came so suddenly on us, that we had no time for taking precautions; our governor and our surgeons were gone to meet it afar off, in order to preserve our city, but it was already among us before any regulations could be made, or any means of opposing it could be devised. It could scarcely be reckoned an epidemic, depending on some change in the atmosphere, for many places were left untouched in our neighbourhood, while in Saratoff there was scarcely a family who had not to lament the loss of some of its members. All the poor who were attacked were instantly brought to the hospital, where there was neither room nor efficient aid, since the surgeons were absent. I myself saw the patients bled, and dosed with calomel, and rubbed with all sorts of unguents, yet all died who were attacked by the malady in the height of its virulence.

"In the very commencement of the epidemic,

all our four surgeons were seized with it; two died on their journey to Zaretzin, and one here. From this moment fear and anguish took possession of the public mind. They who could flee from the city, fled; and, as the malady was not considered contagious, servants, labourers, Tartars, and Russians, were permitted to rush into the country. My congregation, which consisted of five hundred and fifty individuals, was reduced to one hundred and fifty. Many of the fugitives died on the road, and spread the malady whithersoever they went.

"From the tenth of August the malady increased in virulence; the daily mortality of four rose to five, twelve, twenty, eighty, one hundred and twenty, two hundred, and one day, to two hundred and sixty, and decreased in the same gradual mode. Up to the 30th of August, 2170 persons died. While all around was infected, Sarepta\*, in which the quarantine regulations were most strict, escaped, and yet this disease is not called contagious!

"Up to the 11th August, none of my congregation had been attacked. On the 10th August, the Sunday after Trinity, I preached on the text,—*And he looked on the city and wept;* and we wept too, in the midst of our desolation and anguish, for our children and ourselves. I comforted my flock, and exhorted them to trust in their God, as I read to them from the ninety-first Psalm,—*He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence; thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.* I thus endeavoured to drive off dejection, and to substitute resignation: many were strengthened. I felt for hours the peril, but I felt no less the sanctity of my duties; and my whole soul prayed within me as I sighed, *'Preserve me, O Lord, for my flock's sake, and for mine own. Without murmur do I offer up my life for thy service. Help me, O Lord! and strengthen me.'* On the 11th August, I was called at noon to our old sexton, who was suffering from vomiting and frightful spasms. I encouraged him, desired him to be bled, and to take calomel: he is still alive. Immediately after, I was sent for to a young pregnant woman. I did all that my duties enjoined, but she died. Others soon followed her—all dying in twelve to twenty-four hours. They had the usual symptoms, with dreadful cramps. The hands and feet were cold and blue, cold sweat flowed in streams, and the pressure of death was felt on their chests. The thirst was intolerable, and caused insufferable agony in the mouth and throat. 13th August.—I was called to four persons, who all but one took the sacrament and died. Some of these I visited at night, and as I passed through the poorer streets I could scarcely place my foot without being made aware I was near a cholera patient. It was with great effort I could master my nature sufficiently to enter into these abodes of

\* This is a colony of Moravians.

misery. I found the wife lying on straw, and the husband on hay, near her, both affected. I felt sick as I held the sacramental vessels in my hands, and found myself in the midst of death and pestilence. Latterly, I became more hardened and courageous. 14th.—To-day, I blessed four corpses in their houses, and having time, I accompanied them to their graves. As we journeyed we were met by sixty funerals. 15th August.—Last night I was called to many sick, all of whom died in less than twenty-four hours. At six this evening I saw Mr. v. H—, who was, to all appearance, in health. At ten he was attacked; surgeons were sent for, but none could be found, for all were ill. At length a medical pupil came, who did not think it necessary to bleed him. The patient became colder and colder. At four in the morning, I administered to him the sacrament for the dying. At nine I visited him again: he was calm, cheerful, and resigned, and pressed me feebly, yet affectionately, with his ice-cold hands. At eleven o'clock he was a corpse. On the seventeenth, many begged me to administer the sacrament in the church. I did so, and hundreds came and were comforted. One who could not be present in the morning, as his children were attacked with the disease, came to me in the evening, feeling that he was infected. The malady broke out in him at the very moment I began to administer the sacrament, and caused the deepest trouble of conscience. It was long before I could succeed in calming him.\*

If the detail we have given be perused with common attention, the reader cannot but be impressed with a conviction as deep as that felt by ourselves, that the disease has been propagated by contagion. It is of such paramount importance, however, to decide rightly on this question, that nothing must be thought superfluous, nothing troublesome, by which the facts can be brought clearly before us. In attempting to accomplish this, it will be necessary to disentangle the argument from the mass of historical detail, in which it is mixed, and present it simple and naked to the reader, so that he may view it from every side, and try it by every test.

We shall arrange the evidence on this subject into various classes, according to the nature of the facts, and to their general bearing on the question at large. The first class of evidence may be looked on as totally independent of human opinion, as resting solely on those facts concerning the rise and progress of the malady which are admitted by every one.

First, the cholera in its progress has always been traced along the great thoroughfares of a country, attacking places in *succession*. In the presidency of Bengal, it coursed along the banks of the Ganges for four hundred leagues;—it attacked all the towns situated on the Jumna; and from Allahabad, at the confluence of these two rivers, it attacked the districts watered by the tributaries of these streams. It followed the course of the Bourampootra, the Gogra, Chamboul, Betiva, and

the Sind;—it “affected,” to use the language of the Bengal Report, “certain districts, and appeared along the principal high roads of the province.” In the presidency of Madras, it travelled along the great thoroughfares, and successively attacked the principal towns through which these pass. On the eastern side of the peninsula, the malady traversed the towns situated on the coast road from Aska to Palnacottah, progressing from one to another, as testified by the Madras Report, with wonderful regularity, both as to time and distance. From Nagpoor, as a central point, the cholera was propagated from town to town, till, crossing a defile, and an arm of the sea, it was transported from Panwell to the island of Bombay. When the distemper reached Jaulna, three great roads lay open to it: one leading to Bombay, along which we have just traced its progress, a second running down the centre of the peninsula, and a third leading to the east coast. A single glance at the map published with the Madras Report shows that the principal towns situated on these two last thoroughfares became successively attacked. If it be considered, then, how many towns and villages the disease did not attack in a country like India, teeming with population, the almost exclusive selection of those on the high roads cannot be looked on as accidental. But to proceed. In the continent of Eastern Asia, the cholera also followed the great media of communication between mankind. The disease coursed along the banks of the Irawaddy into the interior of the Burmese empire. The Meinam served to introduce this scourge into the pure and salubrious regions of Siam—the Cambodia into Cochinchina. In Persia the malady followed the Caravan road, beginning at a sea-port mart for Indian goods, and attacking successively Schiraz, Isphahan, Tabriz, and Tiflis;—from Tiflis, it traversed the Caucasus, by the only pass which leads to the Russian province of Astracan.\* On the coast

\* In case this statement should ever again be questioned, we subjoin the detailed proof as given by Dr. Lichtenstadt from the Russian Gazettes.

“From Teheran the disease spread over the whole province of Mazanderan; thus obtaining possession of the southern coast of the Caspian. There were now three thoroughfares opened to the extension of the cholera into the Russian province of Astracan. Either the malady might be propagated by means of the maritime communication offered by the navigation of the Caspian, or it might be communicated along the inland thoroughfares. Of these there are but two, which lead from Georgia to the government of Caucasus. One of these keeps close by the shores of the Caspian, passing through all the coast towns from Bakoo to Kiaslar, and from thence to Astracan. The other, not a coast road, traverses Tabriz, Erivan, and Tiflis; here it is met by the roads which follow the course of the river Khour. Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, is, therefore, the point at which the few great thoroughfares of Persia meet. From Tiflis, there is but a single route which leads through Tebet and Annanour to the foot of the only pass which traverses

of the Caspian each port was successively attacked, and where there was but one road, again it followed that road. In Asia Minor, the malady, which began at Bassorah (another mart of Indian goods), travelled along the banks of the Euphrates to Annah—a town situated on the borders of the Syrian desert. Apparently not being able to overcome this natural obstacle to its progress, it quitted the caravans which enter Syria in this direction, to follow, in the next spring, those which reach Aleppo by traversing Mosul, Diarbekir, Orfa, and Bir: in each of which the French Consul says the breaking out of the cholera was coincident with the arrival of the caravan. From Aleppo, the disease radiated in three directions—along the coast of the Mediterranean downwards towards St. Jean d'Acre, upwards to Adana, and inland through the towns of Famia, Hems, and Damascus. These latter towns are the resting-places of the caravans; the others are on the coast road. In Russia the cholera began at Astrachan, which is situated on the Volga, a river which traverses the largest towns of the empire, serving as a great medium of intercommunication between them. These towns suffered successively. Near one of these, Zaritzin, three great roads branch off, one along the Volga, leading to the northern provinces, another to the southern, and a third to the central portions of the empire. The disease took these three roads to devastate the north, south, and centre of Russia simultaneously.

Are we to believe that the cholera has the predilection of an alderman for easy travelling, or the *empressement* of a courier for rapid movement, that it selects the best roads for its dreadful invasion? By what species of attraction

the Caucasus. This pass, known by the name of the gates of the Caucasus, has the small town of Koby on the Georgian side, and the town of Mozdok on the Russian side of this chain of mountains. The official documents now published prove indubitably this important point, namely, that the disease spread from Georgia into Astracan by the only three means of communication existing between the two places. From Tcheran the cholera extended, as we have already observed, over the province of Mazanderan along the shores of the Caspian. In the spring of 1830 it attacked the towns of Amol and Keshid, and once more ravaged Tabriz. In the middle of June the disease first broke out in the province of Shirvan and Salijani, and from thence it gradually spread, says the Petersburg Gazette, over the province of Bakoo and Cuba, the Chanat-Talyscha, Derbent, the province of Schieha, and the circle of Elizabetopol. From Elizabetopol the malady spread along the banks of the Khour, and appeared in the neighbourhood of Tiflis on the 27th July. Between the 31st July, and the 6th August, two hundred and fifty-eight persons perished of cholera in this capital. From Tiflis the malady spread to the little villages at the foot of the Caucasus; to Tchét, Kaïschour, Koby, Kasbeg, on the direct road to the gates of the Caucasus; and touching all the intermediate points, it appeared at Mozdok, Zerdzin, and Kizlar, on the other side of this range of mountains."

are its supposed and fanciful causes, electricity, "poisonous exhalations from the earth," an infected stratum of air, determined in favour of a high road, to the exclusion of a neighbouring cross road? By what cause are these natural agents led to prefer the convenience of a defile to the rugged ascent and descent of a mountainous chain? Is there any peculiar attraction in the opportunities afforded by the easy conveyance of a caravan, a boat, or a ship, that the cholera always appears to travel, not only in their track, but with them, resting where these rest, visiting where these visit?

The second remarkable fact noticed in the progress of cholera is, that it does not attack a large space of territory of a new country at once, but gradually; the first point of attack being invariably on a frontier or a coast.

The disease was communicated to Ceylon from the opposite point of the peninsula; the two places at which it first appeared nearly simultaneously, were Jaffnapatam and Colombo, both on the coast, and in constant communication with the continent. Between these two spots, including a range of at least two hundred and fifty miles of interior territory, we have the authority of Deputy Inspector Farrell, that no case of cholera could, on sufficient inquiry, be found. From these places it spread into the interior, and ultimately attacked Candy, the capital. In the island of Sumatra, the malady first appeared at Acheen. In Java, Batavia, and the other coast-towns were first visited. A glance at the maps published by Jonnès and Hawkins will show, that the ports of the various islands of the Indian ocean were the places at which the malady began. In the Isles of France and of Bourbon the cholera broke out in Port Louis, and Port St. Denis. In the Persian Gulf the places first attacked were Muscat, Bender Abouschir, the Isle of Bahrein, and Bassorah, all situated on the coast, or having direct communication with it by means of navigable rivers. From these points the disease spread into Persia and Syria. In Russia, the spots first attacked were Astracan and Orenburg, the one a coast, the other a frontier town, and both great marts for Asiatic produce.

A third fact in the progress of cholera is, indeed, that whenever it invades a new country, it begins in a great commercial mart. There seems to be no exception to this law, except where the disease has been imported by invading armies. How are we to account for this selection on the principle of non-contagion? If the disease were transported by the winds, it is true that the coasts and frontiers of a country would be attacked before the interior, but then the places so visited would be numerous; we should expect, for instance, that not only Astracan but the various villages near it on the Caspian shores would have been simultaneously ravaged. Neither can it be urged that the density of the

population was the cause, for nothing can be more unequal than the population of the various coast and frontier towns attacked by cholera. Compare the population of the little islands of Amboina, Penang, and Ormuz, with that of Canton, Astracan, and Orenburg, and which of them is to be taken as the measure of an unwholesomely dense population? Many of the coast and frontier towns, which, not being great commercial marts, escaped, had a more dense population than others in the same countries which were attacked.

A fourth fact to be observed is, that the rapidity of the propagation of the disease appears to have been proportional to the distances and to the means of communication. The closest and most rapid communication exists most unequivocally where large masses of people are gathered together for the celebration of some festival or religious rite; in these the mortality has invariably been frightfully rapid and extensive. The instances of this in the Indian Reports are very numerous. Armies present examples of inter-communication which may rank the next: the discipline of the camp imposes many restraints on the promiscuous and constant inter-communication which exists in a mere crowd; nevertheless, the mortality of armies attacked by cholera, both as to intensity and rapidity, has been such as to decide the fate of a campaign in a day. The Marquis of Hastings stated officially, that had the disease continued longer in the army under his personal command, the result of the important manœuvres, in which he was then engaged might have been very different.\* The Persian army, after being attacked by the disease, was forced to retreat, and to make peace with the Turks. That this mortality is to be attributed mainly, if not solely, to inter-communication, will be apparent if we consider the state of our troops in India: they were young, healthy men, provided with excellent food, fit clothing, and proper shelter, encamped, as it would appear from the narrative, and not as yet exposed to inordinate fatigue: their discipline enforced habits of care and cleanliness. In all these essentials an army has a decided advantage over the lower orders of a town, yet the mortality may always be stated to be more intense in the same time among troops than among towns-people.

The circumstances being the same, the mortality is the greatest in the most populous and commercial towns, and in these the disease breaks out oftenest. The partial irruptions of cholera in the principal towns of the presidency of Bengal amount to two hundred in fourteen years, namely, from 1817 to 1830; in that of Madras the number is one hundred and seventy-eight in the same period; in the presidency of Bombay it amounts to fifty-five, thus making a total of four hundred and thirty-three visitations of the cholera in the cities of

Indostan in fourteen years. During this short period, Calcutta has been attacked fourteen times, or once every year, Madras nine times, Bombay twelve times. After the capitals, the largest and most commercial towns suffer next, as Benares, Dacca, Dinapore, &c.\*

Every thing which facilitates intercourse, facilitates the progress of the malady. Thus its progress is more rapid along a sea-coast than over land. On the 15th of June, 1830, the cholera was at Bakoo; on the 26th of July, 1830, it had reached Gourieff, touching all the intermediate coast-towns of the Caspian, and traversing more than two hundred leagues.

Whenever a rapid and navigable river has allowed the disease to be carried by means of its tributaries in various directions, and over a large extent of country, the progress of the malady has been as rapid as the flow of its waters, and as extensive as the countries which they fertilize.

The cholera attacked Astracan on the 20th of July; it ascended the Volga to Twer, a distance of five hundred and fifty leagues, in a little more than two months. Its progress was equally rapid at the very same time along the Don to Woronetz; and no less so on the banks of the Dneiper; so that in six months the disease had traversed Russia from the Caucasian provinces to the governments of Twer and Yarastaf, a distance of seven hundred leagues.

Let this rate of progression of cholera in a civilized country, where the means of communication are constant and easy, be compared with that in a less civilized region, and the truth of our assertion will be made still more manifest. Thus while the malady took but six months to traverse seven hundred leagues in Russia, it took one year to journey three hundred leagues from the north to the south of Persia. In our Indian possessions, which may be said to approach nearer to the standard of European civilization than Persia, the rate of propagation of the disease was increased. The cholera traversed the peninsula, east to west from the Bay of Bengal to the Bay of Cambay, a distance of four hundred and fifty leagues in less than a year; from north to south, three hundred leagues in nine months. It took less than two years to travel from the Persian Gulf to the shores of the Mediterranean. Surely we may ask if the means by which the cholera is propagated be not strangely analogous to those by which the various societies of mankind inter-communicate? Like man it travels along the high roads from town to town, gradually, and attacks the most populous and commercial first. In its visits to an uninfected country, it selects the principal port or frontier town, and from thence takes the most frequented thoroughfares to reach the largest cities. If the means of communication be

\* Vide the List of Places attacked, chronologically arranged by M. de Jonnea, and reprinted by Dr. B. Hawkins.

\* Jamieson's Bengal Report.



rapid, the progress of the disease is rapid; if they be slow, the malady lingers in its march; if the distance be great, the time taken to travel is proportionably so.

Finally, we must impress on the reader, that the very capriciousness exhibited in the progress of the disease is easily accounted for on the supposition that it is communicated by human intercourse, but remains inexplicable, if the cause of the propagation of cholera be looked for in the uniform action of physical agents and laws. It was remarked in the epidemic of Orenburg, as it had been often before in India, that the disease did not always attack the places nearest to an infected town, but sometimes ranged from one town to another, passing over the intermediate points. Sometimes it made a circle, and, after attacking a number of villages in a district, returned to those which had hoped to have escaped the scourge. If we believe the disease to have been propagated by contagion, we can readily account for these facts. The persons who quit an infected spot travel in one direction rather than another, or they remain not at the nearest, but possibly journey on to a distant village. The communication between the infected town and the nearest spot to it, may be less strict than between it and some more distant village. If, in addition to these things, we take into consideration the action of other circumstances on the population of a district, such as the healthy situation of a particular town, the cleanliness, or the want of it in the several villages, the affluence or poverty of the inhabitants at different places, we shall have abundant causes which determine the propagation of cholera from an uniform into an eccentric course.

This eccentricity, however, is always confined to a district and to the commencement of the disease in it. The progress of the malady is singularly uniform over large spaces of territory; it never jumps over a kingdom; but as certainly as it attains its frontier, so surely it reaches its centre. As the communication between the infected town and the rest of the places in its vicinity or district may fairly be assumed as more intimate than between it and more distant parts of the empire or kingdom—so we invariably find, as the Indian reports testify, that the whole of the district which has once been attacked is ravaged *before* the disease appears in the nearest healthy district. If we look on the map of the progress of cholera in India, (affixed to the Madras Report,) we shall see that, however eccentric that may have been over small portions of territory, it is remarkably uniform over larger ones. Thus the places attacked in the months of May, June, and August, are all contiguous, and are comprehended between the 21st and 16th parallels of latitude; those attacked in August, September, October, and November, are included between the 12th and the 16th. The rest of the peninsula in-

cluded between the 8th and 12th, was subjected to the malady in the consecutive months of November, December, and January. There are no skips or omissions in the general progress. It stalks from district to district, and from kingdom to kingdom, with such uniformity, that its approaches may be, and have been, predicted.

In this feature of the uniformity of the progress of cholera, when we trace it over large spaces, and its eccentricity over smaller ones, we recognise, with equal distinctness, the action of circumstances which influence human intercourse. In a country like India, filled with trading towns, where the benefits of civilization are generally diffused, the commercial movement is uniform; there is an average voyage for water-transport; there is an average daily journey for the horse or bullock. The necessities of commerce, and the means by which it is carried on, are favourable to uniformity of movement *over large spaces in all countries*, although the particular rate of progress may vary in each. The case, however, is different with regard to a small district; here they who wish to avoid an infected town, remove from it how and when they like, and journey as fast or as slowly as it suits their convenience. The progress of the malady over large tracts of territory is like that of the *traveller*, or *courier*, who is obliged to use the modes of transport provided by the customs, habits, and government of the country through which he passes; while the propagation of cholera in a *district* follows the movements of *residents* whose wills are unfettered, and whose modes of transport are ever at hand.

The facts which we shall select for our second class, form the basis of the direct evidence of contagiousness. These facts may be arranged into three orders; the first of which prove the proposition *positively*, as when the disease is shown to have been propagated by the known and immediate intercourse of the uninfected with the infected. The second order proves the same, *negatively*, as when it is shown that they who avoid intercourse with the sick escape the malady, although living under the same general circumstances of climate, soil, food, &c. The third are the facts of coincidence,—as when the cholera breaks out in a healthy spot, after the arrival, from infected places, of individuals who do not themselves labour under the malady. On this last order of facts, the evidence in favour of infection by merchandise, or any inanimate substance, mainly depends. To begin, we quote a few passages from the Indian Reports:—

“It appeared at Gooty, where no case had been observed for six months before, immediately after the arrival of the first battalion, 16th regiment, in which it prevailed with great mortality. It is remarkable that the same formidable type of the disease, which prevailed in the marching corps, was communicated to the corps

at Gooty. It also spread on that occasion to the adjacent villages. It appeared in a detachment of artillery, previously perfectly healthy, upon their encamping on the ground which had been immediately before vacated by the 1st battalion, 8th regiment N. I., in which corps the disease prevailed; the bodies of several persons who had died of cholera remained exposed on the ground when it was taken up by the artillery. The sixth regiment of cavalry having left Ellnore, where cholera did not exist, arrived at a place where it prevailed; and a squadron of the regiment having been necessitated, from the loss of their tents, to take possession of an old pagoda in the village for shelter, cholera broke out in the corps at that place, and this squadron furnished almost every case of it.

The prisoners in a jail inclosed with a high wall escaped cholera, while it prevailed all around them. When cholera is once established in a marching regiment, it continues its course in spite of change of position, food, or other circumstances. Its approach to a town has been traced from village to village, and its first appearance in the town has been in that quarter which was nearest the track of its progress.

When cholera appeared in the 34th regiment, on the route from Bellary to Bangalore, all the villages which they passed suffered from it immediately afterwards; and a native soldier travelling from Bangalore to Nundiroog, at neither of which stations cholera had appeared, passing through the camp of the 34th regiment while the disease prevailed, was attacked by it, and died shortly after reaching Nundiroog.

"A detachment of Europeans, in which cholera was prevalent, arrived at Hydrabad in May, 1819, and were encamped about two hundred yards in front of the quarters occupied by the artillery. The disease did not at this time exist in the cantonments; but in three or four days afterwards it appeared in the artillery."

"The detachment who had marched from Madras were attacked with cholera at the river Kistnah; it continued to infest them on the route to Secundrabad. The villages on the road were at this time free of the disease; but a medical officer, who travelled on the same road from Kistnah to Secundrabad, about two weeks afterwards, found it prevailing in every village. The inhabitants asserted that it had commenced after the passage of the detachment."—*Madras Report*, p. 8.

"The disease prevailed in Nagpoor during the month of May; and upon hearing of the march of Captain Doveton with a detachment, some of which were afflicted by the cholera morbus, it was generally apprehended that the disease might be brought hither with it. The detachment arrived towards the end of June; the cholera appeared here on the 3d of July."

"The Russell brigade arrived here on the 4th, and left this on the 5th, without a symptom of the disease, which broke out with great mortality among them a few days after; and Messrs. Palmer arrived here on the 4th, and marched on the 6th, without sickness. Before they arrived at Aurungabad, many of their party were taken ill, and the disease was introduced into Aurungabad shortly after their ar-

ival."—*Report of Assistant-Surgeon J. Kellie, Jaulnah, 7th July, 1818.*

"During a march performed some months since, at a time when no cholera was prevailing, an ordinary havildar was suddenly affected. Being anxious for his recovery, I remained in the hospital for several hours, watching the progress of his disease; I felt a little nausea at the moment of quitting the tent, but attributed it to the peculiar fetor which evolved from the evacuations. On the following morning I was attacked with cholera, which had nearly proved fatal. No other case occurred. In the same detachment, a short time previously, it happened that a woman, who was very anxious for the safety of her child, slept in the hospital tent, in which several cholera cases were present. In the morning, she was attacked with cholera, and died. Besides this woman, three orderlies, attendant on the sick, slept within the hospital, and in the morning one of these was attacked. Thus it will be seen that four individuals sleep in an hospital containing the infection of cholera, and that two are, on the following morning, attacked with the disease, being one-half of the whole exposed to it; whereas, from the whole camp, consisting probably of 1500 or 1600, not five cases had occurred."—*Assistant Surgeon E. Chapman, 1821, p. 189.*

The number of similar examples contained in the three reports of Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, is very great. Moreau de Jonnés says he has reckoned up from them more than eighty instances of importation of cholera from one place to another by corps of troops on their march. We have not taken the same trouble: but we can safely assert it to be almost impossible to open these books at any part without falling on instances which prove the contagious nature of cholera. Staff-surgeon Salomoff gives the following particulars of the origin and progress of the malady in Astracan, and its neighbourhood:

"The cholera first showed itself on board a ship of war, on the 3d July, 1830, which had come from the infected port of Bakoo. Every thing remained quiet in Astracan till the 20th of July,—the disease was confined to the Seid-toff quarantine place,—but on that fatal day three men were attacked by cholera in Astracan, and the malady soon spread in the city. On the 27th it reached the suburbs, and passing from thence into the nearest villages, it extended at length over the province."—*Lichtenstadt*, p. 180.

"The villages nearest Astracan were first attacked. On the 7th, Baschmakow, Kulakowsk, Osüpnabagrow, Tripotaski, which are only three or four wersts distant from the city, and in constant communication with it, and to which, in the panic, many fled from Astracan, first suffered. In a few days after, places situated a little further became infected. This was the case with the village of Tscherepacha, in which the first person seized with cholera was a labourer, who, with some others, had come hither from Astracan. On the 29th, the malady reached the Cossack stations, and the town of Enotawesk, on the high road to Moscow. It was carried by fugitives, who were

taken ill on the way, and infected all the healthy places through which they passed. In Enotawesk, the malady appeared simultaneously with the arrival of a sick serf from Astracan.

"On the 29th July, a bark, of which one of the crew was attacked by cholera, came to Tchernoi-yar. On the 8th of August, the disease showed itself in the city, and was communicated to their neighbours the Kirghese, and to the nearest places, as Solodnick, Kowsko, and Wasowka. In one of these the first patient was a soldier, who, having contracted the infection at Zareztin, was seized on his return to that place, whence he had been taking some prisoners. On the 25th of July, the disease began at Krasnoi-yar, thirty wersts from Astracan. A soldier and a young girl, who had both just come from the last city, being the two first people attacked.

"On the 3d August it got into the possessions of M. Necrassan, situated fifteen wersts from Krasnoi-yar, and the Algarin hills, which are in the vicinity of the city, and ultimately it stole along the Cossack cordon on the Caspian line, which has constant communication with the city. Makowsky and Schitinski, places which lie near the mouths of the Volga, between Astracan and the Caspian, are inhabited by fishermen, who were in the capital of the province when the disease broke out there. Being terrified, they fled home, but not soon enough to escape infection. Some fell victims to the cholera on their way, while others first reached their homes before they sickened. They spread the disease among the rest of the community.

"On the 1st of August, an Armenian, who had recovered from the cholera, slept at the house of a poor salt-labourer, at Bazinsk; the man was seized the next day, and died of the malady. Many farms and gardens escaped infection by cutting off all communication with Astracan; this was also the case with the villages which had adopted similar precautions; as those, for example, belonging to the lordships of Smirnof, Beketoff, and Prince Dolgorucki, Sarepta, a town distant twenty-five wersts from Zareztin, and some others. In Astracan especially, whole households were infected by one sick individual. I have known families who have lost five and six of their members by cholera. The often repeated assertion, that they who attended the sick remain exempt is not true, for which of these escaped? Three physicians had the disease fully developed, the others only some precursory symptoms, which they remedied by bleeding. The inspection of the dead bodies proves nothing, for only two were opened. I was present when the first of these was dissected, and no surgeon had any thing to do with the operation, but the pupil who examined the body was himself attacked. Very many of the hospital attendants died of cholera; few wholly escaped, and not a single nurse."—*Ibid.*

The following is the report of an eminent British medical officer:—

"St. Petersburg, July 15th, 1831.

"In my first communication to the government, after stating my entire conviction of the

perfect identity of the disease now prevailing here with the true Indian cholera, I noticed that the vomiting of fluid and retching were not so incessant as in India, neither were the evacuations from the bowels so copious or so frequent. Further observation of the disease has confirmed the truth of what I then remarked; and even where the vomiting and purging exist at the commencement, they much sooner cease, or are more easily checked.

"But the disease appears in this country to be further modified, and to present a new *feature to me* in the nature of the fever which, in the second stage, succeeds to the first, the state of collapse, and what appears to be fully as dangerous, if not more so, than the cold stage. Persons attacked with the cholera in India were generally convalescent in a very short time, and restored to health in a most surprising manner, without passing through any intermediate state of fever; and when the reaction was followed by a feverish state, it generally partook of the character and type of the common bilious fever of the country, and was rarely, except in some circumstances and constitutions, attended by cerebral, abdominal, or other congestions, but yielded readily, on the removal of acrid, vitiated bilious accumulations in the bowels, by means of purgatives, &c. Here, however, the cases of recovery from the first (the cold or collapsed) stage of the cholera are few, and so soon almost as the reaction takes place, they fall into a state of fever, partaking very much of the typhoid character, which is indicated by a dry, brown, foul tongue, suffusion of the countenance and eyes, stupor, low and languid pulse, &c. &c.; and many, I should even say *more*, from what we have observed, are carried off in this stage than in the first or primary attack of the disease. In comparison with the other classes of society, the proportion of medical men and attendants on the sick who have been taken ill during the present epidemic here is infinitely greater than in India, and forms another important feature of difference. Out of two hundred and sixty-four medical men in St. Petersburg, twenty-five have been seized, and nine have died of cholera, since the breaking out of the epidemic, and four others have died at Cronstadt out of the small number residing there. Though we have not yet obtained official returns of the number, we are satisfied, from the statements we have personally received in the numerous hospitals we have visited, that the proportionate number of attendants, of all descriptions, on the sick, who have been taken ill with the cholera, is fully greater than that of the medical men.

"What I have just stated, with other startling facts we have learnt here, with regard to the introduction of cholera in different parts of Russia, and its exclusion by precautionary measures, have necessarily a *good deal shaken my belief* as to the disease not being communicable by persons or effects. It seems *tolerably well ascertained* that the cholera has not broken out spontaneously in any place without communication by persons or effects coming from infected places. But it is somewhat singular and unaccountable that the disease has appeared in situations where the persons arriving did

not themselves labour under the disease at the time of their arrival.

"I shall here quote one of the best authenticated instances of the above, as it is also further important in showing the length of time during which the disease may remain in the human constitution without declaring itself. About the month of November last year, when the epidemic cholera was on the decline at Casan, and when the prisoners were assembling from different parts of the empire, to be transported to Siberia, a party of them were despatched from Casan to Perm, which they reached in about *twenty-five days*. They were all healthy at the time of their setting out; no casualties occurred on the road; the cholera was not prevalent in any part of the country through which they passed; and when they arrived at Perm, the principal town of the district or government of that name, the disease was unknown *there*, never having reached it. They were conveyed to the jail out of the town by a *détour*, so that they might not pass through it at all. A few days after their arrival the cholera broke out among them, and spread to the other prisoners in the jail; and about fifteen died in all. The only two other persons who were taken ill were two soldiers, one of whom was sentry at the prison-gate, and the other had accompanied the funeral of some of the deceased to the place of interment. In consequence of the precautions taken by the governor of the town and district, the cholera never appeared beyond the prison, and the town remained free from the disease.

"At a consultation of forty of the most respectable physicians of this city, thirty-eight came to the conclusion, after mature deliberation of the documents laid before them, that the disease was infectious, and only two were of an opposite opinion.

"Public opinion here, as elsewhere, however, continues much divided as to the communicable or infectious nature of the disease; and it is extremely difficult to get at the truth of the facts which bear directly on the point, as they are often denied, frequently contradicted, and explained away. But we had the following from the mouth of a highly respectable officer, in the presence of Dr. Rehman, the principal civil physician in the empire, one of the ablest, clearest, and most intelligent medical men we have yet met with. In a village of the government of Pensa, where this medical officer was sent, in consequence of the breaking out of the cholera, to trace its origin, and to afford medical aid, he learnt the following circumstances, which are attested by all the village authorities, and of which we are promised an authentic copy, signed by himself:—The son of a villager, who was coachman to a nobleman at fifty wersts distance, died of cholera. The father went to the place to collect the effects of the son, and brought home with him his clothes, which he put on and wore a day or two after his arrival at his native village: he was shortly thereafter seized with cholera, and died of it. Three women, who had watched him in sickness, and washed his body after death, were also seized, and died of the disease. The doctor arrived in time to see the fourth case, and finding that it spread

on that side of the village, he had the common street barricaded on the side where the disease had not reached, and interdicted all communication of the two sides of the village, even for the purpose of going to church. *In that side in which the disease first broke out, upwards of one hundred cases of cholera occurred, of whom forty-five died; but the disease did not appear on the other side of the barricade.*"

This last instance brings us naturally to our second division of facts; and the number of those which prove the contagiousness of cholera *negatively*, is also ample. We select the following:—

"In November, 1822, when the cholera prevailed at Aleppo, M. de Lesseps, the French consul, invited all the resident Franks to accompany him to his country house, which was situated in the vicinity of the town. They took refuge in a garden, which was surrounded by a high wall and a ditch. Two doors only were kept open, the one serving for ingress, the other for going out. The number of individuals thus congregated consisted of about two hundred Franks and some natives. Notwithstanding the variety of constitutions, habits, and manners of this little colony, not one was attacked by a malady which was raging all around them.

"M. Guys, the French consul at Lattaquia, shut himself up, with all the Europeans, when the cholera was decimating the inhabitants of the town. Like M. de Lesseps, he continued in his asylum during the whole period of the irruption of the disease, permitting nothing to enter without submitting first to the quarantine precautions adopted in the case of the plague: they all escaped. This experiment was tried in several other towns in the Mediterranean, and with the like success.

"When the cholera was ravaging the Mauritius, M. de Chozal shut himself up in his house, and subjected all the inmates to the strictest quarantine regulations. He and his household were left untouched.

"While the malady was destroying 15,000 inhabitants in the town of Manilla in the space of fourteen days, the captains of the different vessels riding in the harbour, having interdicted their crews from intercourse with the shore, preserved them in health. The governor of a small town, Cavità, situated in the bay, preserved the inhabitants by similar precautions."—*M. de Jona's*, p. 150.

"Many gardens and farms escaped the disease by cutting off all communication with Astracan; this was also the case with all the villages which had adopted similar precautions: as, for example, those on the estates of Smianow, Beketow, and Prince Dolgorucki."—*Satanoff*.

"While the cholera was devastating the towns on the banks of the Volga, Sarepta, one of these, shut its gates, interdicted all intercourse with the infected places, and escaped the disease."—*Ibid*.

"In Persia, when the malady was attacking the large towns on the high roads, the caravans were forbidden to pass through Teheran, the residence of the Shah. The measure was adopted on the recommendation of Dr. Marti-



nengo. This capital remained free from 1821 to 1829, after which it was attacked, owing to a neglect of the means which had hitherto preserved it.—*Jonnés*.

"When the disease was threatening to enter into Egypt through Syria, the pasha applied to the Supreme Board of Health of Paris for directions, by which the fatal junction of the Indian cholera with the plague might be prevented in the valley of the Nile. They transmitted the necessary rules, which were strictly enforced by his highness. To this day Egypt has remained uninfected by cholera."—*Ibid*.

"The Cape of Good Hope," says Dr. B. Hawkins, "has escaped for no better reason than we can discover, than through the very rigid system of quarantine which was formed by the Dutch, and on the strict maintenance of which they stipulated in their articles of capitulation."—p. 155.

The same author states, "that at Caramala Gubeewa, some Russian peasants, living together, scarcely one hundred yards from the village, shut up their hamlet on the first report of the disease having appeared in their vicinity, and by establishing a strict quarantine during the prevalence of the epidemic, remained in health. The large establishment composing the Academy of Military Cadets at Moscow was preserved, by a similar plan, from a scourge which was so active on all sides."—p. 115.

"The crews of vessels, and the troops on board, have never experienced an attack of cholera till they had communication with the shore."—*Madras Report*, p. 44.

The number of the *facts of coincidence*, constituting our third order, is not less overwhelming.

Soon after the cholera had reached the extremity of the peninsula of India, it appeared in Ceylon in two places, between which and the main land there was constant commercial intercourse. Immediately after Malacca was infected, the island of Sumatra, which is separated from the main land by a narrow strait, was attacked. Penang and Singapore, islands in the channel, were all simultaneously attacked. In none of these examples does it appear that the malady was communicated by infected individuals, who landed. All that we know is, that the disease did not break out in these islands until it had previously ravaged a neighbouring territory with which there was constant commercial intercourse. Bangkok, the capital of Siam, became infected in 1820, coincident with the arrival of British vessels from India, which conveyed their goods up the river to the town. At Java the disease appeared on the arrival of the trading junks coming from Samarang. At Manilla, the malady appeared after the arrival of vessels from infected places. The Moluccas suffered after Dutch vessels coming from Calcutta had touched. We know that Bombay, and the western coast of India, were infected in 1821; that vessels from the various ports in it touch-

ed at the islands of Ormuz, Kishmé, at Bender Abouschir, Muscat, and Bassora, and we also know, that at all those places in the Persian Gulf the cholera broke out in 1821. Further, we know that caravans, which received Indian goods, at the above ports, travelled through Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, and Syria; and that cholera followed their various tracts, and appeared immediately after their arrival in the places where they rested. The case of Port Louis has been detailed in a preceding part of our paper. Sebastopol and Odessa became infected shortly after the arrival of Russian ships of war, which had touched at Kerti and other infected ports. As the Russian armies marched into Poland from the infected governments of Koursk and Cherkoff, the towns on their route became successively affected. Kief, Braslaf, Kamenetz, Zastaf, Lutz, were attacked; the malady thence penetrated into Poland by Lublin, and reached Warsaw. The Polish government state, in their circular, Jan. 1. 1831, "that whenever the two armies met, cholera was sure to attack the Polish troops. This was the case immediately after the battle of Ostrolenka."

We might select numerous other examples of similar coincidences; but these are sufficient for our purpose. The species of evidence they afford is of a very high kind, and its nature should be thoroughly understood. In some of the examples quoted we are enabled to trace, with greater or less probability, the infection of a healthy place to direct communication with the sick. But in the majority of instances it is probable that the cholera was propagated by goods or inanimate substances; in some it certainly was so, as in the case of the Topaze frigate. Where the disease followed the track of the various caravans there is no mention made that the distemper existed in these immense travelling communities. Had it been so, it could not have been concealed from European consuls, so that the coincidence of the irruption of the malady and the arrival of the caravan, must be accounted for on the only hypothesis left, namely, that cholera was propagated by the goods which were transported from infected places. Among the instances cited by the Polish government, the fact of cholera breaking out among their troops after a pitched battle with the Russians is stated as certain, but no explanation is given of the phenomenon. It is evident that as the sick could not have been engaged, the malady must have been communicated to the Poles either by prisoners or the spoils of the dead, or by the occupation of places in which the sick had been.

Marvellous as it may appear that the apparently healthy should be the means of diffusing a poison from the effects of which they themselves are exempt, nevertheless the fact is established with regard to most highly conta-

gious maladies.\* Russell asserts that the plague may be conveyed from town to town, not far distant, in this manner. "The proveditores employed by families shut up, frequently convey the plague into their houses some time before they themselves are taken ill. A person employed by me to bring intelligence, and occasionally to visit infected houses, communicated the plague to his wife, but remained himself well all the time."† In these, and similar examples, it is probable the virus adhered to the clothes of those who had been with the infected. When such articles are exposed to thorough ventilation the danger soon ceases; but when the infectious miasmata happened to adhere to substances not exposed to ventilation, or to merchandise which is soon closely packed up, they retain their vigour unimpaired for a long while.

The Medical Board of Moscow asserted that "cholera was not propagated by means of merchandise," and, acting on their opinions, "had the audacity," we use M. de Jonnès' words, "to recommend the merchandise contained in Moscow not to be purified, lest these articles should be injured, and even the houses of a city not to be fumigated in which the cholera had raged for months, and destroyed 10,000 individuals." Whether the extension of this horrible scourge into Petersburg was a consequence of this precious measure, it is not in our power, for want of the necessary documents, to determine. But it is well known that while there was a triple cordon to prevent the ingress of persons from infected places into that city, there was no hindrance to that of goods.

The propagation of cholera by means of goods, it is needless to say, does not admit of mathematical demonstration, nor does it rest solely or strictly on the evidence of our senses; none of these inform us how the miserable subjects of this malady become infected: we are positively ignorant whether the poison is visible, like the matter of the small-pox or the plague; whether it lurks in the blood, or is breathed from the lungs, or is exhaled from the general surface of the sick. None of our senses show us how miasmata pass from the infected to the healthy, nor do they afford us the least clue as to the primary seat of the malady. All that they do inform us is, that

a great proportion of those who communicate with the sick take the malady. The appeal to our senses by means of inoculation, if it succeeded, would be conclusive; but if it did not, would afford no proof that the cholera is not contagious, since many of our most notoriously contagious fevers and epidemics cannot be propagated by inoculation. If all these difficulties exist as to the question of the contagiousness of cholera, when considered with regard to persons, and if there the evidence in favour of it amounts to little more than reiterated coincidences under varying circumstances,—it is rational to expect other and better evidence, when the question becomes more complicated as considered with regard to goods? Do we expect to trace the morbid matter over seas, deserts, rivers, and mountains, when we cannot follow it from the sick man to his attendant? We demand no more refinement of reasoning in those to whom we commit our lives, than they would exert for themselves in any case of impending danger. We entreat them not to be misled by subtleties, nor to seek impossibilities; but let them, with a prudent abstinence from vain speculation, look to the broad facts of the case, and we humbly and sincerely believe, they will find the evidence for the propagation of cholera by means of inanimate substances to be as complete as the nature of the subject admits. The simple fact of the persevering recurrence of this disease in those places which have once experienced its ravages, affords the strongest grounds for believing that its germs are capable of being preserved in inanimate substances.

We might here drop the discussion; but a sincere respect for the opinions of men of undoubted talent, who maintain a contrary belief, makes it incumbent on us to examine the opposite side of the question. We shall show, as briefly as possible, first, that the causes assigned by the anti-contagionists for cholera are totally inadequate to explain it; and, secondly, that the specific objections urged against the contagious nature of cholera apply to diseases confessedly contagious, as small-pox. The following condensed summary from the Madras Report, and from M. de Jonnès' work, will prove that neither pestilential vapours, nor miasms transported on the winds, nor excess of heat, nor humidity, nor excess or deficiency of electricity, nor, in short, any of those known physical agents which constitute the power of climate, will account for the propagation of cholera over the globe.

1. *Heat*.—The temperature of the countries under the tropics, in which it first appeared, is nearly equally intense in all years; nevertheless the malady has not existed in such countries from time immemorial. European and native armies have been exposed to every variation of climate in India, without meeting with the disastrous malady which nearly de-

\* A remarkable instance of a similar event is related by Camden, *Annal. Reg. Elizab.*: "The Black Assize at Oxford, held in the castle there, in the year 1577, will never be forgot, at which the judges, gentry, and almost all that were present, to the number of three hundred, were killed by a poisonous steam, thought by some to have broke forth from the earth, but by a noble and great philosopher (Lord Bacon) more justly supposed to have been brought by the prisoners out of the gaol into court, it being observed that they alone were not injured."—*Vide Short Discourse on Pestilential Contagion*, by R. Mead, 3d. ed. 1720.

† Russell on Plague, p. 299.

stroyed the forces under the Marquis of Hastings. Cholera reached places which, from their great elevation, might be said to be removed out of the sphere of a tropical climate. It attacked Catmandou, at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, situated eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. It overspread the villages on the table-land of Malwah, three thousand feet above the sea; Kandi, in Ceylon, upwards of two thousand feet; Erzeroum, in Armenia, seven thousand feet, or the elevation of the Hospice of Mount St. Gothard. In Russia, the malady spread as winter advanced, and attacked Moscow at the end of November, when the thermometer was  $16^{\circ}$  below zero, the rivers frozen, and the country covered with snow; the number of deaths in that city being sixty out of one hundred and eighteen daily seized. Heat, however, appears to favour the propagation of cholera. It arose in the torrid zone. It is most deadly in the hot season. It ceases in India, Persia, and Syria, at the approach of winter, and recommences in spring. The conjecture of Moreau de Jonnés, that the spread of cholera, in spite of the severities of a Russian winter, was favoured by the stoves, is not improbable. Clarke mentions in his *Travels*, that the artificial heat of the stoves in Russia often causes asphyxia, and adds, that numbers are buried alive in this state owing to the ignorance of the Russian practitioners.

2. *Humidity*.—It is not the effect of humidity, arising from the evaporation of marshes, rivers, lakes, or seas; although the fact that it first showed itself in the delta of the Ganges might favour that hypothesis. There appears to be no connexion between the malady and the hygrometrical state of the atmosphere; for it has ravaged with equal intensity under the equator, where the quantity of rain is eighty inches, and under  $60^{\circ}$  of latitude, where it is one-fourth less, viz. eighteen inches. It has appeared in Asia, under the tropics, where the annual evaporation is seventy inches, and in Russia, where it is only twenty. It has attacked, with equal intensity, Muscat, situated in the neighbourhood of immense deserts, and entirely deprived of water, except such as is procured from deep wells, and the towns in the alluvial delta of the Ganges. In short, it does not appear to depend on the neighbourhood of lakes, rivers, and marshes, since it has attacked places two hundred leagues from the sea-shore, as Catmandou, and has overrun countries in which there are neither rivers, rivulets, marshes, stagnant waters, nor forests, as the peninsula of Arabia.

3. *Vapour*.—Cholera is not caused by a vapour, or an infected portion of the atmosphere, carried along with the winds. Certain winds, at certain seasons, blowing over the Pontine marshes, and carrying a deleterious principle with them, might have suggested this hypothesis. The Arabians and Syrians,

seeing the healthy and strong suddenly fall down as if struck by the samiel, or desert wind, thought cholera depended on a pestilential wind also. If the propagation of the cholera was owing to the diffusion of some deleterious principle by means of currents of air, that principle would be diffused with rapidity, and in the direction of the wind which transported it, and large masses of people would be almost simultaneously attacked, and the population of villages, towns, and districts, would suffer indiscriminately. But the history of the malady proves that it advances, step by step, slowly. It took a year to traverse the peninsula of India; three to pass the Persian Gulf; three to reach the Mediterranean and Caspian Seas.

If it depended for its translation from place to place on the wind, it would not proceed against the wind, and yet the cholera was proceeding in opposite directions at the same time. It departed from the delta of the Ganges, south-east to the Moluccas, and south-west to the Mauritius—to China in the east, and the shores of the Caspian on the west. Such an extended stratum of infected air must speedily have enveloped the whole globe; nevertheless, when Aleppo, Antioch, and the other towns on the Mediterranean were attacked, the island of Cyprus, only thirty leagues off, escaped. The malady has proceeded in the face of the monsoons.

4. *Electricity*.—Some alteration in the excess or deficiency of this powerful physical agent has also been put forth, as the probable cause of the malady. If this hypothesis were well founded, some connexion would have been found between the malady and the laws which regulate the distribution of the electric fluid, according to seasons, latitudes and elevations. But cholera has appeared in July as well as December—in the equator and near the north pole—at the level of the ocean, and on elevated mountains. The well known inequalities and irregularities of the cholera in certain districts, towns, encampments, and even houses, appear not less unfavourable to this theory. It can scarcely be presumed that so general a poison of the atmosphere should ever, or at least so often, exert such *partiality* of influence.

The disease has raged under every sensible condition of the weather; and, in fact, a great number of the attacks have taken place when the sky was clear and serene, and where every appearance indicated an undisturbed state of the electric fluid. If, finally, a deficiency of electricity be the true and sole proximate cause of cholera, it seems objectionable to limit its influence to epidemic attacks; for each individual case, whether sporadic or epidemic, must be equally the effect of this proximate cause. Sporadic cases have, however, been too numerous and too uniform in their occurrence for some years past, to warrant the conclusion that they are connected with

any particular state of the electricity of the atmosphere.

5. *Influence of the Atmosphere.*—"By a reference," says Scott, "to the meteorological tables, it will be seen that the mean altitudes of the barometer and thermometer never differ, in a degree at all important, one year with another, from 1815 to 1821. In 1817 the disease did not appear. In 1818 it appeared in the most northern parts. In some places the weather was then wet; in others dry. In some the usual periodical rains were prevailing. It progressed in all situations; and it had not extended to the southernmost points till 1819, when the irregularities of the preceding seasons might be concluded to have lost their effects. After the seasons have been restored to their wonted regulations, and, more latterly, after a completely opposite state to that of 1818 has prevailed, to wit, a season of unwonted drought, owing to the failure of the rains of the north-east monsoon, cholera has still unhappily continued to prevail; sporadically in all parts, and, in the instances of many marching troops, epidemically, and with much severity and mortality. If the irregularity of the seasons in 1817 and 1818, therefore, have given rise to cholera, we apprehend it can only be in an indirect, and, to us, unknown manner; and its continuance, after having once originated epidemically, appears to be unconnected in the main with any sensible state of the weather."

6. *Want of Cleanliness*—has been said to have given rise to cholera, from its being observed to be most fatal amongst the lower orders of people. There is no doubt that filth favours both the intensity and the propagation of the malady, but it cannot be looked on as originating it. The cholera began in a country where the climate renders frequent ablution a pleasure, while religion enjoins it as a duty; and it has attacked the palaces of princes, and an English camp, which may vie with these in cleanliness, equally with the filthiest habitations of the Tartar or the Polish Jew.

7. *Crowded Population.*—The Indian cities do not contain so dense a population as the European ones. The former cover larger spaces in proportion to the number of their inhabitants than the latter; each family has a separate residence, and the number of gardens is equal to the houses. The malady has not spared thinly inhabited countries; it has spread equally on the Caucasus, where there are but eight individuals to the square league, and in Hindostan where there are one thousand two hundred. In India, Russia, and Persia, of cities under precisely the same circumstances of climate, laws, population and customs, some have been attacked, while others have remained exempt. Damascus and Jerusalem escaped in 1822, while Antioch and Aleppo were ravaged. Sarepta continued uninfected, while the rest of the towns on the Wolga suffered.

8. *Food.*—It is scarcely necessary to notice this topic—different nations, living on various

kinds of food, have been equally attacked: the rich, who know not want, and the poor, who know not plenty, are equally the victims of cholera.

9. *Sol-Lunar Influence.*—Scott has taken great pains to show that Mr. Orton's speculations on this head are worthless. By a curious diagram which he has constructed, he contrives to arrange nearly eight thousand hospital cases of cholera, and one hundred and twenty epidemic attacks of that disease in different stations, so that each day in a lunar month has its mortality marked opposite to it. The bare inspection of the diagram shows that cholera is not affected by sol-lunar influence, either in individual cases or in epidemic attacks.

While we are endeavouring to prove that none of the foregoing causes originate cholera, we by no means contend that they do not influence the march of the disease; on the contrary, the whole of our narrative abounds in facts which assert their power. We simply mean to affirm, that as the action of heat, electricity, climate, &c. is general, so it will never explain the facts which indicate the partial prevalence of the cholera—in a town to the exclusion of a suburb, in a suburb to the exclusion of a street,—in a street to the exclusion of a house.

Surely this ought to be sufficient. But no—the same objections which were made in the time of Justinian, when a pestilence depopulated the earth, have been repeated and refuted, whenever mankind were the victims of a similar calamity. "The fellow-citizens of Procopius," says Gibbon, cap. 43, "were satisfied by short and partial experience, that the infection could not be gained by the closest conversation." "Mead proves (he adds in a note) that the plague was contagious, from Thucydides, Lucretius, Aristotle, Galen, and common experience, and he refutes the contrary opinion of the French physicians who visited Marseilles in the year 1720; yet these were the recent and enlightened spectators of a plague which, in a few months, swept away fifty thousand inhabitants of a city that, in the present hour of prosperity, contains no more than ninety thousand souls." Our *recent and enlightened* spectators are re-echoing, almost in the same terms used by their French brethren in 1720, the same absurdities, and exhibiting the same blindness—*e. g.*

"The habitudes of the disease (says Dr. Jamieson, the compiler of the Bengal Report) proved the cholera not to be contagious: it ran a regular course of increase, maturity, decay, and extinction. If the virus is capable of reproducing itself through the medium of effluvia, or secretions of individuals already affected, it must have gone on augmenting until it either had no longer subjects upon whom to exercise itself, or was counteracted by some means more powerful than itself. Such, at least, is the course commonly pursued by those



great scourges—the small-pox and plague.”—*Bengal Report*, p. 127.

Such is not the course pursued by the great scourges—plague and small-pox, nor, indeed, by any other contagious epidemic whatever. It is manifest, that if these had gone on augmenting in the way this author insists they should, mankind would have been swept from the earth long ago. On the contrary, it is impossible to open a book containing details of plague, small-pox, scarlet fever, or measles, without finding that there is a regular course of increase, maturity, and extinction traceable in each when epidemic. The plague of London, 1665, began in a family at Westminster, increased gradually, was apparently extinguished in winter, and revived the next spring. That of Marseilles at first broke out among a few porters, from whom the infection spread. The first seven chapters of Russell, which contain the history of different irruptions of the plague in different places, are full of facts, in direct contradiction to Dr. Jamieson's assertion. Sydenham, who saw the plague of 1665, and who lived before inoculation was practised, describes small-pox as at one time rarely appearing, or not at all; then beginning to show itself at the approach of the vernal equinox, spreading more and more every day, becoming epidemic about autumn, abating on the coming of winter, and returning again in the spring. The measles of 1670, says the same physician, began very early, that is, at the beginning of January, and, increasing daily, came to their height at March; afterwards they gradually decreased, and were extinguished in the following July.

Not only is there a similarity in the general course of cholera and that of the known contagious diseases, as small-pox and plague, but there is a most striking parallelism extending even into their details. There is the same capriciousness exhibited in the selection of their victims; they spread in one part of a town and not in another—commit the greatest ravages in one village, and neglect, or slightly visit, its immediate neighbour. “At some periods the small-pox and plague carry off hundreds: at others, children whom we inoculated,” says Dr. Odier, talking of small-pox, “have gone out every day, even after the eruption had broken out; they have been in the streets and public walks; they have communicated freely with other children susceptible of the infection, and not only the small-pox did not spread, but there did not occur, to my knowledge, any distinct instance of communication of the disease from one individual to another in the streets or promenades.” Captain Graunt, in his observations on the Bills of Mortality, notices the great irregularities or “sudden skips which the plague hath made, leaping, in one week, from one hundred and eighteen to nine hundred and twenty-seven, and back again from nine hundred and ninety-three to two hundred and fifty-eight,

and from thence again the very next week to eight hundred and fifty-two.”—*Vide Birch's Bills of Mortality from 1657 to 1758*. Russell has accumulated a variety of facts which prove that the plague is less contagious at one time than another, and that commerce with infected places may subsist without ill consequence in the absence of that state of air, which, in our absolute ignorance of the exact laws of contagious disease, we call pestilential or epidemic constitution of the atmosphere.

The following passage, describing an irruption of epidemic small-pox, in 1777, at Chester, combines all those circumstances of the progress of cholera which have been cried up as anomalous in the history of contagious diseases:—

“The small-pox (says Dr. Haygarth) was epidemical in Chester from May, 1777, till January, 1778, that is, for nine months, particularly for the last six, during which time I attentively marked its progress. 1. At the beginning, two or three families were seized, not immediate neighbours, but in the same quarter of the town. 2. Then the children of a neighbourhood, comprehending an entry, had the distemper, but it did not spread from them as a centre. 3. In no part of the town it has spread uniformly from a centre, farther than through an entry or a narrow lane, where all the children of a neighbourhood play together. 4. Afterwards, the poor children in several parts of the town were attacked, at a considerable distance,—in some places half a mile off each other. 5. Yet many portions of all the large streets were not infected in November; but so late as December and January, the distemper returned to attack many who had escaped when it was in their neighbourhood some months before. 6. In Hanbridge, a part of Chester only separated from the rest of the town by the river Dee, not more than about seven had been infected during the epidemic, though great numbers of children in this quarter are liable to the distemper. 7. In the middle of the city in one street, (King Street,) of twenty-four who never had passed through the distemper, only two, both in the same house, were attacked. 8. During the summer and autumn of 1777, while this epidemic was general in Chester, many of the surrounding villages, (as Christleton, Barrow, Tarvin, &c.) and some larger towns, (as Nantwich, Neston, &c.) were visited by the small-pox in one or more families, yet the distemper did not spread generally through any of these towns. As both the state of the air, and the variolous poison, were the same in these places as in Chester, why did it not equally infect their air as well as ours? 9. At Frodsham, the small-pox began in May, and gradually became more frequent, so as to be remarkably epidemical in one part for several months; yet nearly one-half of the town, on the 18th of November, 1777, still remained quite uninfected. On the contrary, at Upton, a small village two miles from Chester, of twenty-four children who had never been attacked by the distemper, all, except one, (who was also certainly exposed to the infection,) had it in less than two months. The reason of its speedy propagation I shall

give in the words of Mr. Edwards, surgeon, a very intelligent inhabitant of the place:—"The distemper has not been propagated by the air or contiguity of houses, but has increased in proportion to the communication which families had with each other: no care was taken to prevent the spreading, but, on the contrary, there seemed to be a general wish that all the children might have it." 10. It is universally allowed that the varolious infection attacks the children of the poor people first, and by far the most generally.\*

Here, then, we have an instance of increase, maturity and decay. The beginning and termination of the epidemic are stated; the fact of its breaking out in different places half a mile asunder is noticed. Like the cholera, it proceeds and returns to spots in which it *ought* to have raged, according to anti-contagionists, at first. A street in the middle of an infected city is scarcely touched. A river seems to put a stop to the virulence of the malady; while Chester is ravaged the neighbouring villages are but slightly visited. The same difficulties occur to Dr. Haygarth in 1777, with regard to small-pox, which have been noticed by the "enlightened spectators" of cholera in 1831. He, however, did not doubt the testimony of the positive facts of contagion, because there were some circumstances alongside of these which human ingenuity could not explain.

After the instances of exemption from infection which are contained in Haygarth's narrative of a disease, confessedly as deadly as the worst pestilences which have desolated the earth, it will scarcely be necessary to notice the main argument urged in favour of the non-contagious nature of cholera, namely, that numbers who frequent the sick escape entirely. "The negative proof," says Dr. Macmichael, in his ingenious pamphlet, "however numerous, ought not to be put in the scale against the positive instances of contagion."—p. 28. No, truly. What should we think of those who, having escaped the carnage of the battle of Waterloo, attributed their own immunity to the innocuousness of musquetry? We were in the midst of the fire, they might say, ran all the same risks as those who fell;—had bullets been dangerous, and the cause of death, why were we not killed? In every irruption of plague this species of reasoning has, however, been resorted to. The escape of M. Didier, and several medical men, during its prevalence in Marseilles, was looked on by them as proving that plague was not contagious; but a more curious step of this process of reasoning yet remains. "Had cholera been contagious, (we are told,) those who were in the most intimate converse with the sick must have caught it; but as they did not, therefore the disease is owing to some pestiferous alteration of the air."

We may fairly ask, by what miracle any escape from the action of a cause which is always in operation. Whether sleeping or waking, inclosed in houses, or exposed under the heavens, this poisonous atmosphere we know must be inhaled, by all persons within its range, at least twenty times in every minute. To reject the doctrine of contagion as difficult, in order to adopt the one just stated, appears to us very like straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel.

"When the Indian practitioners," says Dr. Macmichael, "saw a formidable disease spreading around them, they might have assumed, in the first instance, for greater security, that it was contagious. Had they instantly separated the sick from the healthy, and immediately endeavoured to ascertain all the facts connected with the intercourse that had taken place between those who were first taken ill, and those who appeared to catch the disorder from them, they would probably have discovered the mode by which cholera was propagated, and perhaps we might not now have to dread the approach of that fatal pestilence to our own shores. If, indeed, after all these prudent measures and anxious inquiries, it had turned out that no cure, no means of prevention which the mind of man could employ or suggest, were available, then indeed the desperate and desponding conclusion might at length have been adopted, that all human aid was vain."—p. 31.

Not a single precautionary step seems to have been taken, because not one could be deemed necessary by the medical officers of Bengal, "who concurred, without a dissentient voice, in declaring that cholera was not contagious."—(Bengal Report.) Whether it was possible to have arrested the malady at first, as surely in the immense territories of British India as in the Isle de Bourbon, we will not hazard an opinion; but that the mortality might have been diminished, we have no hesitation in affirming; and what a frightful picture does that mortality exhibit? Up to May, 1831, we know of six hundred and fifty-six eruptions of cholera in Asia and Europe. Of course, many of those in remote and barbarous quarters of the globe are not included here. M. de Jônès believes that this calculation is about one-half less than the true number. In the fourteen years in which the cholera has raged, one-sixth of the inhabitants of India have been carried off; one-third of those dwelling in the towns of Arabia; one-sixth of those of the same class in Persia; in Mesopotamia, one fourth; in Armenia, a fifth; in Syria, a tenth; in Russia, a twentieth of the population of the infected provinces, up to May,—and there the malady has since made fresh progress, and carried off more victims. In India, as the disease has existed the whole of the fourteen years, M. de Jônès calculates the mortality at two and a half millions annually, which would give a total of about thirty-six millions; in order, however, to understate,

\* "An Inquiry how to prevent the Small-pox." By John Haygarth, M. D. A New Edition, 1801. p. 93—97.

he reduces the number to eighteen millions for Indostan, and taking the mortality for the rest of the world, from China to Warsaw, to amount to about thirty-six millions, arrives at the conclusion, that fifty millions of our race have perished in fourteen years of a disease which, in 1817, existed only in a few spots of the presidency of Bengal.

We have stated our conviction, that this dreadful mortality has been occasioned by a poison imbibed by the healthy and generated by the sick, and that it has not been caused by some pernicious change in the atmosphere. Of the two hypotheses, if both were countenanced by an equal number of facts, still that of contagion should be preferred, not only on grounds of prudence, but on the score of humanity. What harm can come of taking up the contagious theory?—but if it were to be generally believed, in right earnest, that the ravages of the malady depend on the presence of a poisonous wind, whom could we expect to encounter the withering blasts of this worse than Simoom or Harmattan? There would be no safety nor refuge, and all the motives which lead us to discharge the sacred duties of humanity would languish and expire. Let us adhere to the safer, as well as more consolatory opinion, until it is *proved to be false*. Let those who are enabled, take the advice of Franklin, and leave an infected spot “as soon as they can, go as far as they can, and stay away as long as they can.” By this means fewer victims are offered for the ravages of the malady. Let those who cannot move, adopt the most rigid rules of quarantine in their houses until the epidemic ceases, and they will not be less safe than the French consuls were in Syria or the sagacious Moravians of Sarepta. In all other contagious diseases the poisonous exhalations extend to very small distances from the sick, so that medicines may be administered and the ordinary attentions bestowed with less danger than is supposed. The history of contagious epidemics proves, that a large volume of atmosphere is never tainted, and that the notion of a town or village being enveloped in pestilential vapours is a vulgar error. Dr. Russell is of opinion, that the morbid exhalations of plague patients do not taint the atmosphere at any great distance, and are soon rendered innocuous. We know that the distance at which small-pox exhalations are dangerous is very circumscribed. The three great disinfectants are cold, time, and ventilation. The first appears to have invariably mitigated plague, small-pox, and cholera; the germs of these maladies decay or undergo decomposition in time; and ventilation dilutes morbid exhalations as surely as water does hemlock.

These general observations apply very strictly to cholera. While the numerous cases of death from the infection prove the deadly nature of the morbid matter, the great number of exemptions under circumstances of close

intimacy with the infected, show either that it speedily becomes innocuous, or that it requires a concurrence of many things to produce its effects.\*

We have endeavoured to convey to the reader the impressions which the various documents on our table have left on ourselves;—we have neither sought to exaggerate the

\* We are enabled, through the kindness of a friend, (Dr. Somerville of Chelsea College,) to support our views by the following interesting extract of a letter from a very eminent physician of Berlin, Dr. Becker, dated September 29, 1831:—

“I am a most decided contagionist, and it is the force of facts which has made me so; for on the authority of your Indian practitioners I formerly believed the cholera not to be contagious. The appearance of the disease in Berlin and the manner in which it has spread is also very remarkable, and affords supplementary evidence in favour of contagion. The conclusion at which I have arrived is, that the *efficient* cause of the Asiatic or malignant cholera is always a virus, the production of *human effluvia*, and which, according to common medical language, undoubtedly deserves the name of a *contagious principle*; but that this virus, in order to produce the disease, requires, first, like the contagion of the small-pox, measles, typhus fever, and even the plague, a disposition of the atmosphere favourable to its development; and secondly, a peculiar disposition of the animal economy in every person who is exposed to it. This disposition appears to be brought on by previous disease, particularly bowel complaints, by excessive fatigue, cold, errors in diet, drunkenness, fear, &c.

“This theory of the cause of cholera appears to me to be the only one which can explain the phenomena in a satisfactory manner. It appears to me non-sensate to assume, that in the year 1831 one man gets the cholera *because* he has eaten cucumbers, and another *because* he has slept on a damp field; for the same causes never have produced the same effects at other times or in other places. Nor is it the marsh miasma, or as the phrase now is, the malaria, which produces the disease, for we now have villages with intermittent fever, and others with cholera, and others with both diseases, which in no manner interfere with one another. The only other possible supposition is that of a peculiar *moving* epidemic influence or miasma, which of itself is the sufficient cause, (not as I maintain, merely a disposition of the atmosphere favourable to the disease);—but the singular manner in which the disease spreads, following no other lines but those of human intercourse, namely, roads, rivers, and canals, is quite unaccountable on such a supposition.

“I hope in a week or two we shall be able to give important results as to the treatment. Our cases go on very favourably upon the whole, the remedies chiefly employed being acid baths, camphor, external heat, and other stimuli, leeches and bleeding. I am happy to say that I am well and active; and although I have frequent intercourse with the sick, I have no fear of taking the disease, as I endeavour to protect myself by regularity in diet and regimen. . . . One young physician has been one of the first victims of the cholera, a decided anti-contagionist; he carelessly exposed himself, died, and as if his case was to be a warning proof of the fallacy of his opinions, his death was immediately followed by that of his landlord and two children, and the illness of the servant maid in the house, the only instances of the disease in that street.”

horrors of the picture, nor to conceal them. The public mind ought to be roused to meet an impending danger with energy. The magnitude of the evil requires not only the vigilance of government, but of every individual. The ignorance, the folly, the cupidity, and the carelessness of mankind, are all arranged against their safety, which perhaps not even the candid exhibition of the whole truth may secure. Should all prove vain, and the difficulties of enforcing quarantine regulations on our coasts be found insurmountable, the evil must be counteracted, not by national despondency or despair, but by prompt and decisive means. The measures which have succeeded elsewhere, when directed by the energy and masculine sense of the British character, will not fail us here.

If the malady should really take root and spread in these islands, it is impossible to calculate the horror even of its probable financial effects alone. To say nothing of the instant and inevitable paralyzation of all internal commerce—we believe there is not one Life Insurance establishment in the empire, that has admitted into its calculations even the possibility of any scourge such as this pestilence making its appearance among us! We have no wish to anticipate evils, which, in our opinion, may be averted; but we confess it is difficult, in these days, to avoid being haunted with the cheerful cadence of the oracle—

Ἡξὶ πολὺς καὶ λόγος αὐτῷ.

The reader will thank us for the following quotation from a work published two years ago; a work which contains more of moral and political wisdom, expressed in language of the purest elegance, than any that has appeared in our time.

"The countenance of Sir Thomas More changed upon this, to an expression of judicial severity which struck me with awe. Exempted from these visitations! he exclaimed. Mortal man! creature of a day, what art thou, that thou shouldst presume upon any such exemption? Is it from a trust in your own deserts, or a reliance upon the forbearance and long-suffering of the Almighty, that this vain confidence arises?"

"I was silent.

"My friend, he resumed, in a milder tone, but with a melancholy manner, your own individual health and happiness are scarcely more precarious than this fancied security. By the mercy of God, twice during the short space of your life, England has been spared from the horrors of invasion, which might with ease have been effected during the American war, when the enemy's fleet swept the channel, and insulted your very ports, and which was more than once seriously intended during the late long contest. The invaders would indeed have found their graves in that soil which they came to subdue: but before they could have been overcome, the atrocious threat of Bonaparte's General might have been in great part realized, that though he could not answer for effecting the conquest of England, he would engage to

destroy its prosperity for a century to come. You have been spared from that chastisement. You have escaped also from the imminent danger of peace with a military tyrant, which would inevitably have led to invasion, when he should have been ready to undertake and accomplish that great object of his ambition, and you must have been least prepared and least able to resist him. But if the seeds of civil war should at this time be quickening among you,—if your soil is every where sown with the dragon's teeth, and the fatal crop be at this hour ready to spring up,—the impending evil will be an hundred-fold more terrible than those which have been averted; and you will have cause to perceive and acknowledge, that the wrath has been suspended only that it may fall the heavier!

"May God avert this also! I exclaimed.

"As for famine, he pursued, that curse will always follow in the train of war: and even now the public tranquillity of England is fearfully dependent upon the seasons. And touching pestilence, you fancy yourselves secure, because the plague has not appeared among you for the last hundred and fifty years; a portion of time, which long as it may seem when compared with the brief term of mortal existence, is as nothing in the physical history of the globe. The importation of that scourge is as possible now as it was in former times; and were it once imported, do you suppose it would rage with less violence among the crowded population of your metropolis, than it did before the fire, or that it would not reach parts of the country which were never infected in any former visitation? On the contrary, its ravages would be more general and more tremendous, for it would inevitably be carried every where.

"Your provincial cities have doubled and trebled in size; and in London itself, great part of the population is as much crowded now as it was then, and the space which is covered with houses is increased at least four-fold. What if the sweating-sickness, emphatically called the English disease, were to show itself again? Can any cause be assigned why it is not as likely to break out in the nineteenth century as in the fifteenth? What if your manufactures, according to the ominous opinion which your greatest physiologist has expressed, were to generate for you new physical plagues, as they have already produced a moral pestilence unknown to all preceding ages? . . . . . Visitations of this kind are in the order of nature and of Providence. Physically considered, the likelihood of their recurrence becomes every year more probable than the last; and looking to the moral government of the world, was there ever a time when the sins of this kingdom called more cryingly for chastisement?"

MONTESSINOS.—Μάστι καὶ ὄψι!

"SIR THOMAS MORE.—I denounce no judgments. But I am reminding you that there is as much cause for the prayer in your Litany against plague, pestilence, and famine, as for that which intreats God to deliver you from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism. . . . . David was permitted to choose between the three severest dispensations of God's displeasure, and he made choice of pestilence as the



least dreadful. Ought a reflecting and religious man to be surprised if some such punishment were dispensed to this country, not less in mercy than in judgment, as the means of averting a more terrible and abiding scourge? An endemic malady, as destructive as the plague, has naturalized itself among your American brethren, and in Spain. You have hitherto escaped it, speaking with reference to secondary causes, merely because it has not been imported. But any season may bring it to your own shores; or at any hour it may appear among you home-bred.

'MONTESINOS.—We should have little reason then to boast of our improvements in the science of medicine; for our practitioners at Gibraltar found themselves as unable to stop its progress, or mitigate its symptoms, as the most ignorant empirics in the peninsula.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.—You were at one time near enough that pestilence to feel as if you were within its reach?

'MONTESINOS.—It was in 1800, the year when it first appeared in Andalusia. That summer I fell in at Cintra with a young German, on the way from his own country to his brothers at Cadiz, where they were established as merchants. Many days had not elapsed after his arrival in that city, when a ship which was consigned to their firm brought with it the infection; and the first news which reached us of our poor acquaintance, was, that the yellow fever had broken out in his brother's house, and that he, they, and the greater part of the household were dead. There was every reason to fear that the pestilence would extend into Portugal, both governments being, as usual, slow in providing any measures of precaution, and those measures being nugatory when taken. I was at Faro in the ensuing spring, at the house of Mr. Lempriere, the British Consul. Inquiring of him upon the subject, the old man lifted up his hands, and replied in a passionate manner, which I shall never forget, 'O Sir, we escaped by the mercy of God,—only by the mercy of God!' The Governor of Algarve, even when the danger was known and acknowledged, would not venture to prohibit the communication with Spain, till he received orders from Lisbon; and then the prohibition was so enforced as to be useless. The crew of a boat from the infected province were seized and marched through the country to Tavira: they were then sent to perform quarantine upon a little insulated ground, and the guards who were set over them, lived with them, and were regularly relieved. When such were the precautionary measures, well indeed might it be said, that Portugal escaped only by the mercy of God! I have often reflected upon the little effect which this imminent danger appeared to produce upon those persons with whom I associated. The young, with that hilarity which belongs to thoughtless youth, used to converse about the places whither they should retire, and the course of life and expedients to which they should be driven, in case it were necessary for them to fly from Lisbon. A few elder and more considerate persons said little upon the subject, but that little denoted a deep sense of the danger, and more anxiety than they thought proper to express. The great majority seemed to

be altogether unconcerned; neither their business, nor their amusements were interrupted; they feasted, they danced, they met at the card-table as usual; and the plague (for so it was called at that time, before its nature was clearly understood) was as regular a topic of conversation, as the news brought by the last packet.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.—And what was your own state of mind?

'MONTESINOS.—Very much what it has long been with regard to the moral pestilence of this unhappy age, and the condition of this country more especially. I saw the danger in its whole extent, and relied on the mercy of God.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.—In all cases that is the surest reliance: but when human means are available, it becomes a Mahomedan rather than a Christian to rely upon Providence or Fate alone, and make no effort for his own preservation.—*Southey's Colloquies*, vol. i. p. 50.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE PREMIER AND HIS WIFE.

A Story of the Great World.

CHARLES MONTFORT's history, from fifteen to five-and-twenty, might be comprised in three words, Eton, St. James's, the Guards. The first had sent him forth a tolerable scholar and an intolerable coxcomb; the second had made him a king's page, and taught him the glory of a pair of epaulets, and the wisdom of seeing much, and saying as little about it as possible; and the third had initiated him into the worst mess and the best company in London, into the art of walking St. James's Street six hours a-day, and balancing the loss by the productive employment of as many of the night at the Clubs, concluding with a mission to the Peninsula, which returned him with a new step in the Gazette, a French ball through his arm, and a determination to die a generalissimo.

But what are the determinations of men, even of guardsmen? His first intelligence, on rejoining his fellow promenaders on the *Campagna felice* of St. James's Street, was, that fate had decided against his laurels. The venerable earl, his uncle, was on that bed, from which the staunchest devotion to the bottle, and the minister for the time being, could not save him. A fit of apoplexy had wound up the arrears of the physicians. Expeditious as art might be, nature outran her; and before the most rapid and royal practitioner in town could prescribe a second specific for the earl, the world had lost one of its "best of men," and steadiest *bons vivants*—the treasury one of its most vigorous voters, the opera one of its most persevering patrons, and Charles Montfort his only chance of rivalling Napoleon or Wellington.

Charles's father was still alive, and a brother stood between himself and the title. But

an earldom in prospect, or possibility, made him a more important object than he had been twenty-four hours before. It was decided, in a grand council of the family, that the son of so ancient a house was fit for better things than the thrust of a French bayonet. A hint from the treasury, which was solicitous of keeping up an interest in the family, pointed out diplomacy as the most natural career for the cadet of the noble house; and Charles, with such sighs as a king's page nurtured into the guardsman can heave for any thing under the moon, wore his epaulets for the last time, when at Court he kissed the king's hand, on his appointment to the Secretaryship of the Tuscan mission.

Nelson said, in his sailor-like way, "That he never met an Italian who was not a fiddler or a scoundrel."—But to the honourable Charles Montfort, Tuscany was a bed of roses. Whatever the Court may have become during the last ten years, it was then the consummate scene of *la belle folie*. The men were all *preux* of the first distinction, high-bred, happy, and heroic—the women, the perfection of grace, constancy, and quadrilling. All was accomplishment. Dukes led their own orchestras, Marchionesses presided at the piano, Sovereign Princes made chansons, and premier Barons played the trombone. The whole atmosphere was music. The influence spread from the ear to the heart, and the *lingua Toscana* required no *bocca Romana* to transmute into the very "honey dew" of the tender passion.

It is true, that there was not much severity of labour going on in this land of Cythera. The envoys were not often compelled to forego the toilet for the desk, nor the *beaux secrétaires* to give up their lessons on the guitar for the drudgery of copying despatches. A "protocol" would have scared the gentle state from its propriety; and the arrival of the Morning Post, once a week from London, with the account of routs in which they had *not* shared, and the anticipation of dinners and *déjûnés* which they were never to enjoy, was the only pain which diplomacy suffered to raise a ripple on the tranquil surface of its soul.

The Tuscan ladies are proverbially the most frightful among the females of Italy, a country to which nothing but patriotic blindness, or poetic rapture, ever attributed the perfection of womanhood. But all the world goes to Tuscany—of all the Italian principalities, the one which offers least to the lover of the arts, past or present, but which has the softest name. Romance is the charm of the sex; and all the fairest of the fair, of every land, tend to Florence, like shooting stars darting from every quarter of the heavens to the zenith. And fairest of the fair was the Lady Matilda Mowbray. The description of female beauty is like the description of pictures and churches, out of taste; and, like

the architect of old, who desired to rest his claims, not on his words, but on his performances, Lady Matilda's charms are best told by what they effected. In the first hour after her display at court, the honourable Charles Montfort quarrelled, *pro tempore*, with the Countess Carissima Caricoletta. In a week, he confined himself to a single opera box, and that the Lady Matilda's—and in a month, he had constituted himself her declared attendant, abandoned the Casino and five guinea points, drawn upon himself the open envy of the cavalieri, and earned the irreconcilable hostility of as many duchesses and countesses as would have made a female legion of honour.

The Lady Matilda had not much in her favour—she was only young, animated, and beautiful. Her rivals were pre-eminent in rouge and romance. The cavalieri wondered round all the circles, ice in hand, how a man of the secretary's tact could contrast the brown skins, fire darting eyes, and solid shapes of the enchantresses of Florence, with the *niaiseries* of the English physiognomy, with dove-like eyes, cheeks of rose, and the proportions of a sylph. But the secretary had been but six months in Tuscany, and that must account for it. His education was incomplete; he was still but a diplomatic *barbare*; and he would still require six months to mature his taste, make him see the beauties of a half negro skin, and worship a female cento of rappee, macaroni, and airs from the last opera.

But the Lady Matilda had her admirers even among the cavalieri. She possessed one charm, to which the foreign heart has been sensitive in every age from Clovis, and in every corner of the continent, from the White Sea to the Black. She was the mistress of five thousand pounds sterling a-year; a sum which, when converted into any shape cognizable by the foreign eye, rixdollar, franc, or milrea, seemed infinite. She had at once a Polish prince at her feet, a German sovereign, with a territory of a dozen square miles and an army of half a regiment, honouring her each night with his supplication for her hand, in the first valise—and an Ex-French count, who had been distinguished in the runaway from Moscow, the runaway from Leipsic, and the runaway from Waterloo, until he had become so expert in fugitation, that he had run away from his creditors and his king alike, in Paris, and was free to exhibit his showy figure, and a dozen stars, at every ridotto, ball, and billiard-table in Christendom. The Lady Matilda was not born a coquette; but

"Who can hold fire within his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"

In this blaze of cordons, and perpetual glow of homage, what female heart, not absolutely stone, could resist a little nitrification? Besides, the *dolce far niente*, which an Englishman devotes to the infernal gods every hour

he remains under his own foggy sky, molested by the sight of the myriads round him, all busily making their way through life, is the very principle of existence under the bluest of heavens, and in an atmosphere which burns out the activity of man at the summer heat of 150 of Reaumur. Those who must shut their casements at ten in the morning, or be roasted alive, find the necessity of consuming the next six hours in sleep, and the next in paying or receiving the attentions due to the sex in every quarter of the globe. The Chevalier melts down the twelve desperate hours of his day in regulating his mustaches, counting his fortunes at Faro, or preparing those exquisite civilities of the moment, those *impromptus faits a loisir*, which establish a lord among wits, and a wit among lords; the brilliant *fanfaron* of a brilliant circle; and among women, the happy title of the "most dangerous of men." With the fairer portion of the earth, the natural resource is a French novel, or a poodle, inveterate scandal, or a cabinet council with Madame Vaurien, the most celebrated *marchande* that ever added loveliness to the lovely on the sunny side of the Apennines.

In this world of rapture and yawning, this central paradise of passion indescribable, and tediousness beyond a name, the Lady Matilda was gradually assimilating to the clime. She had already discovered that English reserve was a remnant of the original Pict, which could not be abolished too soon by an aspirant after the graces. The Polish prince was found to be essential to her toilet; the German potentate was the best carrier of an opera-glass within the limits of civilization, and the *ex-aide-de-camp* of the ex-emperor was the soul of quadrilles, polonoises, and *pas a la Turque*. The fair Matilda was on the point of becoming a *figurante* of the most ardent quality—when Montfort stepped in between her and this height of foreign fame. He was handsome, manly, and sincere. The heart of the lady recovered its right tone, like an instrument struck by the master's hand. The foreign plaiting was found light beside the solid material of his honourable heart and matured understanding. The mustached adorers grew tiresome. Foreign love-making is an art, and when the secret is found out, the whole affair is too easily copied to be worth caring for. But Montfort had not been long enough in the school to have acquired the style. He was in love, seriously, gravely, with his whole sober soul. Let the world, whether of St. James's, or St. Petersburg, say what it will, this is the true victor after all. "L'homme qui rit," says Voltaire, "n'est pas dangereux." The adage is true in more than politics. And when Montfort "pulled his hat upon his brows," forgot, like Hamlet, his custom of exercise, and saw this gentle heaven and earth but a pestilent congregation of vapours, when he was seen at Court only

Museum.—Vol. XX.

to be pronounced dull, and sat in the operabox of the brilliant *Condesa di Cuor ardente*, like one of the carved Cupids on the back of her gilded chair, the English heart of the fair Matilda pronounced him instinctively the most animated of all companions, the most intellectual of all envoys, and the most promising of all lords and masters to be. Obsolete as the phrase is, and suspicious as it makes the history, they were both prodigiously in love.

But the denouement lingered; for of all passions the true one has the least power of the tongue. That member which acquires such sudden faculties in general after a month of matrimony, is as generally paralysed a month before. Montfort, by nature eloquent, and by habit conversant in the happiest turns of levee language, found his art of speech unable to express what his footman could have told in three words. The Lady Matilda, the mistress of three languages, could not find one to say for her what lay before her glance in the first page of every novel on her dressing-table. But there is a time for all things, and the time for the recovery of their organs was at hand.

Montfort and his fair one had met at a *bal masqué*—danced together, supped together, put on, and taken off their masks together. Still the mysterious word which each pined to utter, was unpronounced, when the lady chaperon came to declare that it was the hour of retiring. The command was like the law of the Medes and Persians, and Montfort saw with a sigh the withdrawing vision of that beauty which carried away all his aspirations. As he was leaning, in the true lover-like wistfulness, on the rose-wreathed balustrades of the concert-room, his ear was caught by a whisper from one of the attendants. The fellow was hurrying one of the fiddlers to get rid of his task, to change his silk draperies for a surtout, his instrument for a case of pistols, and be on the watch at the corner of the Casa Doralice. The name startled Montfort. The Lady Matilda tenanted the two-and-twenty marble salons of the Casa. He sprang from his position to seize his informant; but as the crowd were gathering at that moment round a Signora with an irresistible voice, and a *panache* presented by her to the Autocrat of all the Russias, he might as well have charged a division of cuirassiers. The valet escaped, and Montfort's sole resource was to fly on the wings of the wind to the Casa Doralice.

But when did "the course of true love run smooth?" The night without was the most formidable contrast to the night within. Tempest in all its shapes was doing its wild will, from the Zenith to the Nadir. Thunder, lightning, and rain had met, as if by general consent, to celebrate their orgies over the capital of Tuscany. Cavalry, cabriolets, and chasseurs, all had disappeared, and the lover,

No. 117.—2 E

raging with impatience, fear, and passion, felt how empty a thing it is to be but an ambassador, or even that more potential thing, the secretary to an ambassador.

However, the lady's danger prohibited delay, and throwing his cloak round him, he rushed into the deserted streets, through ways that might have repulsed Hannibal or Napoleon at the head of their *braves*, and under a deluge from skies and roofs, which left little to be filled up by the imagination on this side of Niagara.

The streets of Florence at the best of times share but little of the illumination of the nineteenth century. The little Virgins in the niches had all put out their lamps—the last ray of sanctity or safety had expired on the first blast, through a circuit of five miles of streets, that even in daylight make one of the most difficult tours of Europe. An Englishman in a foreign city, is proverbially of all animals the most easily perplexed. He loses his way by nature. Montfort was no more gifted with the "organ of direction" than the rest of his countrymen, and at the first turning from the palace, and while the flash of its hundred windows was still gleaming in his eyes, he was as much astray as if he had bivouacked in an American prairie.

But Cupid never deserts his true votaries. The storm which had drenched him, and the darkness which had forced him to feel his way from portico to portico, brought him full upon an overturned coach. A group of muffled figures were round it, and the twinkle of a lantern in one of their hands, showed him the fair Matilda fainting on the shoulder of a tall ruffian, with a mask on his face, and a huge Inspruck cut-and-thrust flourishing in his hand.

This was an adventure in the established style. A more considerate lover would have paused to ascertain whether the design was upon the lady's person or her purse; whether she was not carried off with her own consent, and whether an intruder might not get the Inspruck cut-and-thrust through his præcordia. But Montfort was in love a *l'Anglaise*, which accounts for all kinds of frenzies. He rushed upon the group,—they gathered round the leading chevalier,—some of the straggling police came up,—a regular *mêlée* ensued. Pistol-shots were fired, sabre cuts were exchanged; and after a skirmish of a few moments, in which the Italians thought that they were assailed by the majesty of the fiends in person, the paroxysm finished by Montfort's finding the bandits fled, the street empty, the chaperon clinging to his knees, the fair Matilda breathless in his arms, and the whole drenched from top to toe in sheets of immitigable rain.

The morning rose in poetic glory. Homer's Aurora never scattered her roses more profusely than on the skirts of the retiring storm. The story of Montfort's heroism, and

the lady's escape, had run through every bon-doir before its fair tenants had drawn out the first papillot. A rescue is, by all the laws of romance, an irresistible claim. In the course of that memorable day, Montfort found his lost faculty of speech, the Lady Matilda had acknowledged his *right* to the hand which he had so gallantly preserved, and at her *soirée*, the whole circle of the Tuscan *comme il faut* presented themselves with renewed homage; the German prince and M. le Comte alone sending their excuses, as "suffering under sudden and severe colds." Their indisposition was severe, for the Court Chronicle rapidly let out the secret. The Count's cold had taken the form of a pistol-shot in his knee, which disqualified him for Mazurkas for life, and the German Landgrave had, by the same unaccountable accident, received a sword-cut across his cheek, which laid it open, and swept away one half of his mustaches for the rest of his days. The nature of the night's adventure was now disclosed, but the agents were gone. The German had made up his mind to carry off the heiress. The Count had nothing to do with his time, but a great deal to do with his last half rouleau of Napoleons. The German offered to make it a whole one. The Count's heroism was at his service to the last extremity. The affair was common-place, and before a week it was numbered with the things that were.

The close of that week brought a despatch from England. A long, dry letter from a female cousin informed him, "by the Earl's desire," that he was now Lord Castleton, the last hope of the family; his elder brother having died of the combined effects of a steeple chase and a county election; fatigue and the due quantity of popular oratory finished the work of Oxford port, and the Champagne of the Clarendon. The stamina of the young lord were not sufficiently iron for this discipline, and the British empire suddenly lost a legislator. The new lord was now summoned peremptorily to England.

Montfort was distracted at the news. Of his brother he had seen but little, and known less. But the decencies of sorrow once done, how was he to leave his *bel tesoro* behind? The lady herself settled the question at once. She would marry him,—when and where he pleased. "In Florence then," exclaimed the lover, "happiness cannot come too soon."—"In England," sighed the lady, "for I am determined in all things, in mind and in marriage, to be English." The sentiment raised her higher than ever in the Englishman's heart; "In England be it then." The carriages were ordered, the passports sealed, the farewells made, the couriers on horseback, and in twelve hours, the chaperon, the lady, the lover, and a whole caravan of whiskered valets, and chaperoned *femmes de chambre*, were whirling on the noble road to Genoa, the Comice, Nice,—and that city where all



the roads of the world meet, the city of cities, —London.

The marriage was happy, under all its circumstances. The weather was summer, the season was the *déte* of a London winter, the ceremony was performed by an archbishop, the equipages were built by the royal coach-maker, the *Morning Post* exceeded its usual eloquence in the panegyric on the bride, the dresses, the breakfast, and the liveries; a royal duke handed the lady to her carriage, and the happy pair drove off amid the loudest acclamations of the most numerous crowd that had attended, within memory, at the Jermyn Street side of St. James's.

A month of rapture passed; a second month, singular as the tale may be, and the young lord was on the point of commencing his third *lune de miel*, inconceivable as the idea is, when he received a double despatch from the Earl and the Ministry, to come up to town. Rinaldo in the bower of Armida was never more startled by the recollection that he had still something to do in the world. The Earl's letter announced to him that he had been elected for one of the family boroughs; and the Minister's expressed, in the blandest terms of office, how signally his presence on the first night of the Session would be considered as a favour. Castleton flung the letters from him, and vowed retirement for life. But his Matilda forbade the resolution like a heroine, and offered to accompany him instantly into the very focus of ambitious politics, Downing Street, if such should be the necessities of a lord and a legislator. Resistance to reason and smiles together was useless, and the bowers and fields were left behind with many a regret, but with Roman firmness; a long adieu was bade to streams and groves, and before the time so anxiously appointed by the Minister, the travelling-carriage-and-four of the married lovers was delving its way through the solid atmosphere of London.

Castleton's qualities were known to the leaders of office, and seldom as the emergencies of Tuscan diplomacy called on energies of a higher kind than the transmission of the *Diario*, or the folding of a letter, yet a man of talent will even fold his letter in a way different from a dunce. His communications on his arrival, relative to Italian affairs, had given a striking impression of his intelligence, and the result was a note from the Premier, requesting him to propose the address.

This request it was next to impossible to decline. He showed the note to the partner of all his secrets, and she confirmed him in his acquiescence. He spoke the address, was complimented by both sides of the House on its manliness and eloquence. The leader of Opposition "regretted that such abilities should have embarked in a cause so fatal to all the principles of the Constitution." The Premier silently shook him by the hand. The subordinates of the Ministry crowded round

him with their congratulations, and as he passed through the lobby, his ear fed on a buzz which passed into his heart of hearts. From that day forth, Castleton was a politician.

Time flies, and neither men nor Ministries can escape its rules, as it passes by. The Session turbulent, the debates anxious, the Opposition stronger than ever. Castleton spoke often, and well. But while he was buckling on his armour for the national cause, retorting logic by logic, and earning *hear him* innumerable from the Treasury bench, where was the Lady Matilda?—sitting alone, blinding her bright eyes with the last dreary novel, and longing to see the first grey light through the windows, which announced the hour of the division.

Castleton came duly home, but it was after a night of feverish excitement, with a pallid cheek and faltering tongue, to hurry, after a few words of kindness, to his chamber, and there linger on the day unseeing and unseen, but by his wife, or perhaps his physician.

The lady remonstrated in vain.—His constant reply was, that he owed a duty to his country which it would be unmanly not to fulfil. The Session would be over in a week, and then for the country, Matilda, and happiness again.

The week passed, but the Session had only grown more perplexed. The debates were now perpetual, and Castleton's assistance was felt to be of so much value, that even his day was broken in upon by frequent summonses to Downing Street. On his return one morning after a debate of peculiar agitation, he found Matilda with her head resting on the table, beside which she had passed the night. She was asleep, and as he stepped softly towards her—the morning light fell on her features with a gleam so pallid, that he thought she was actually dead or dying. He raised her in terror, and saw then for the first time the full effect that this watching and anxiety had produced on her young beauty.

"We must go to the country at once, Matilda," said he, pressing her pale cheek to his bosom; "this life does not suit either of us. Before to-morrow morning we must be many a mile from this spot of perpetual fever." Matilda was all delight at the thought.

At dinner, a note marked "most private and confidential," was handed to him. It was from the Minister, requesting his "immediate presence." He found the great man in a state of serious agitation. "Lord Castleton," said he, "I have no reserves with you; a man of your honour is made to be trusted. That pitiful fellow," and he named one of the most bustling members of his cabinet, "is endeavouring to outwit us. I have certain knowledge that he is at this moment making terms with the enemy, and that if we suffer him to remain among us another night, wherever the

disgrace may lie, the fall will be ours." Castleton "fully agreed with the view which his lordship had taken—he had long seen that a game was going on, and he had only wanted the Minister's permission to expose it."

The Premier half embraced him. "You have now my full permission," was the answer; "and that you may execute this act no less of justice than of public good with the more weight, my colleagues have come to a determination to request your acceptance of his office."

Castleton recoiled. The recollection of his promise flashed across him; he declined the appointment, "high as it was, and gratifying to all his feelings."

But the Minister had too strong an interest in the question, to be repulsed by what he considered as mere political coquetry. The discussion lasted for a considerable time, during which Castleton was beaten from point to point, until, nothing loath, he yielded, and walked home that night to communicate to Matilda that she was the wife of a Secretary of State.

The appointment justified the Minister's sagacity. Castleton, assisted by the impression of his new official rank, produced a powerful effect in the House. The intriguer was the first to feel the change; and the indignant lashing which he received on the first attempt to defend and recriminate, put him out of the pale at once. Real talent is inevitably developed by the occasion, and the Secretary, in a short time, equally surprised his friends and enemies by his skill, activity, and force in debate. The tide now rapidly turned, and he had the honour of steering the lucky vessel of the Ministry into harbour. Opposition relaxed, and the Session closed with a triumphant majority for Ministers.

But what had become of the Secretary's lady meanwhile? A change had been wrought upon her still more signal than upon her ambitious lord. Her public rank had now placed her in the front of fashion. As the wife of one of the most prominent members of the Cabinet, she too had her "public duties to perform," her levees, patronages, her receptions. The court, the opera, and the *petit souper*, the most select of the select, an admission to which constituted of itself a title to the first society, and was the object of as much canvassing, and the source of as much jealousy, as the most distinguished honours of the state; and a perpetual round of amusements half official, and politics half pleasure, occupied every hour of the fair Matilda; still the watcher of the dawn, but no longer the pale, the pensive, or the solitary; but the high-rouged, the high-toned, and the highly-surrounded leader of those by whom every thing else is led, the beaux and beauties of the land.

The current of public affairs ran on prosperously, and Castleton was now openly

named as the inevitable successor to the premiership on the first vacancy. He sat at the full banquet of power. He was ambitious, and every object that could awake or reward the ambition of man was within his grasp. But there were times when he felt that the spirit longs for simpler, yet not less substantial luxuries; and in the very proudest hours of office, with ambassadors crowding round him, and the fate of kingdoms all but depending on his will, he has found himself thinking of the fields and streams, the quiet meals, and the pleasant evenings, which he had forfeited for this fiery whirl of heart and brain.

The image of his wife, too, as he had seen her in their retirement, young, lovely, and fond, rose up to add at once beauty and melancholy to the picture. But where was she at that moment?—in the centre of the most heartless, nay, the most hazardous, life. The latter idea was rejected at once. Yet, if the thought was accidental, it reverted with new power. Some rumours at the Clubs, too, recurred painfully to his mind. He was inflexibly secure that the heart of the woman whom he had so thoroughly known, and so sincerely loved, could not suffer even a thought injurious to his feelings. Yet the thought would recur. To drive all suspicion from his mind, he plunged into business with more avidity than ever.

One night as he was returning from a debate, protracted to an unusually late hour, a shower drove him into one of the Clubs in Pall-Mall, where he had been an absentee until his face was forgotten. Throwing himself into a corner beside the fire, he took up a newspaper, and was roving over the Ukraine, and following the fates of a Tartar incursion, when he heard his lady's name pronounced, and in something of a peculiar tone. The voice proceeded from a party lingering over their concluding bottle at the further end of the room.

The observation, be it what it might, found an answer in one of the guests, who exclaimed theatrically,

"Be thou as pure as snow, as chaste as ice, Thou can'st not escape calumny!"

"Calumny, none whatever!" was the reply. "But let the thing be true as it may, what else can you expect from the nature of the case? Here is a pretty woman, a very pretty woman, with as much money as she can spend, with rank, and every thing that rank can give, to make a pretty woman play the deuce."

"While my lord plays 'the Careless Husband,'" interrupted another.

The point was considered worth a laugh, and the laugh was fully given.

"Yet not so much 'the Careless Husband,'" said another, "as 'the Fool of Quality.'" Here is now what is called a man of talents, and I fairly allow him the possession.

He is, in fact, a fellow of great public powers; and yet, while he is haranguing away by the hour, convincing, explaining, and certainly giving Opposition as much to do as they can manage, he leaves his house open to every lordling, guardsman, or foreign puppy, that takes the trouble to pay his devoirs."

"But can he help it?" observed some one.

"Not without making himself ridiculous. Jealousy of any kind is out of fashion, but jealousy in a Secretary of State would set the world a-laughing. No, the man must submit to his fate. If he must be pinned to the desk all day, and to Parliament all night—if he must have separate meals, separate equipages, separate friends, and separate beds—the consequence is as plain as the sun at mid-noon, which either of the parties so seldom has an opportunity of seeing."

"Come, you are too hard upon the world," said a would-be moralist. "The lady has exhibited no decided *penchant*, and, in that case, the more adores the safer."

"Yes, as in a multitude of counsellors there is safety," said another, laughing—"A proverb which has as little of the practical in it, as any in the whole round of human wisdom. Why, I could name half a dozen, horse, foot, and dragoons, who carry on a regular fire of sentimentality with her ladyship, are as essential to her as her waiting-maid, who swear that they could carry her off to Scotland or Kamschatka, in a twist of their mustaches."

Castleton sprang on his feet; and was about to rush upon the throat of the speaker. But a moment's recollection checked him. He stood in an agony, that need not have been envied by the criminal on the gibbet. His head grew dizzy, his eyes grew dim. He hastily swallowed a glass of water that stood beside him, or he must have fainted. When he had recovered, the party, disturbed by his movement, had separated, and gone down stairs.

He reached home. It was a night of gala. Lady Castleton had given a masquerade, to which the whole beau monde had pressed in a *l'écée en masse*. All London had been raving of it for the last month. The choice of costumes, the hopes of getting tickets, the terror of not getting them, the showy anticipations of a fancy ball, given by the most showy leader of the exclusive world, had kept the pillows of the fair and noble restless; or, as Johnson says, on a scarcely more anxious occasion, the amnesty at the Restoration, "awoke the flutter of innumerable bosoms." The night came; the ball was given; and the master of the mansion entered his house with no more knowledge of the proceedings under its roof than if he had dropped from the moon.

No man at least could have been less in the temper to enjoy the festivity. The glare and glitter, the multitude, every thing round him overpowered his eye and feelings alike, and, after an attempt to exchange civilities with a few of the persons who had been fortu-

nate enough to establish a position on the landing-place, he retired to his chamber and threw himself on the sofa—which he had not pressed for a fortnight of oratory and diplomacy—to get rid of the world and its revellers, and fall asleep, for once, without caring for "the Division."

But to sleep was impossible. The conversation at the club-room came with fresh keenness upon his mind. A domino, one of the dozen changes, which the spirit of his fair wife was to undergo during the night, had, by some accident made its way into his apartment; he flung it over him, and hurried down, and figured among the bacchanals and bashaws, shepherdesses of the Alps, and suitors wrapped up to the chin in their silks and furs of Doria and Dandolo. For the moment Castleton determined to enjoy the scene. But he found himself unconsciously looking for the lady of the *fête*, and at length asked a superb Spanish cavalier, lounging in stately idleness over his sherbet, whether Lady Castleton had yet made her appearance among the masquers. "I presume, not till supper," was the Don's easy answer, "her ladyship is too '*supreme bon ton*' to appear in the *mêlée*, that she sets dancing and yawning here. Besides, after all, it depends on the reigning chevalier whether she appears at all."

Castleton gave an involuntary start. The Don, pleased with having something to say, and some one to listen to it, disburthened his soul. "Her ladyship is a beauty and a belle; but where are the advantages of either, unless they are enjoyed? She loves admiration, as every fine woman does. It is paid to her as every fine woman receives it, by right divine; and if, within a month or a minute, she shall take a trip to the continent, under the protection of her Polish Count, or retire to the soft solitudes of the lakes, under the guidance of her Colonel of the Blues, the whole matter will be, as you know, *selon les règles*."

Castleton's inmost feelings were wrung by this unconscious tormentor. That the man to whom so many knees bowed, that the Noble, that the leader of the leading interests of the State, should thus degenerate into the subject of a sneer among the triflers of society, was a sting to his proud heart. But that the sneer should be fastened on him in that relation, where every man feels most sensitively, and where he had once fixed all his hopes of personal happiness, was an agony. Still he paused. To find out his wife instantly, to declare his indignation at the career which she was running, to expel with the most marked ignominy, on the spot, the whole train of parasites or lovers, or under whatever title they brought his wife's fair fame into the public mouth, was his first impulse. But then his knowledge of human nature told him how little insight he should gain, into the real state of the case, by this public explosion; how irretrievable he would

make the offence; nay, how possible it was that the whole was the mere thoughtless complaisance of a gay and lovely woman, with the supposed necessities of her position at the head of fashionable life. His purpose softened, her beauty rose before him, the homefelt enjoyment of those hours, when party had not checked the current of domestic life, to pour the whole force of his head and heart among the rocks and precipices of public life, recurred with a self-accusing sensation to his memory.

The air of the splendid saloon, vast as it was, suddenly felt hot, intolerably hot, to this sufferer under the fever of the mind. The glare of the innumerable lights vexed and smote his eye; he threw himself into one of those recesses, that, covered with shrubs and flowers, make the little temporary retreats of the guests for coolness and air.

A picture of Lady Castleton, hung in the alcove, caught his glance. It had been painted in her Tuscan excursion; and the costume, the loveliness, and the look of innocent animation, instantly brought back the whole scene. "Why," he almost audibly exclaimed, "are we not now as we were then? Or why am I now the husband of a gaudy, glittering thing, with a heart for none, or for all; turning my house into a caravansary, and giving my name to be scoffed at by every coxcomb who will condescend to waste an hour or two upon her extravagant entertainments? And yet, is it not the nature of woman to be fond and faithful, until she is cast off from her natural protection? Have I done the duty which I owed to her weakness? Have I not given up to office the time and the thoughts, that in common gratitude, if not in common justice, I ought to have given to a being who trusted herself, her fortune, and her hopes of happy and honourable life to me, in preference to all mankind?" The meditation was broken off by the sound of voices on the other side of the little screen of shrubs; the voices rose gradually from a whisper, and Castleton heard their words before he could distinguish the tones of the speakers. The topic was the very one which had just occupied himself. One of the party was evidently urging the other to some hazardous step, by arguments drawn from the remissness of a husband. The reply was half-serious, half gay, but the badinage of the lady seemed only to encourage the gentleman to presume further, until he ended with a direct proposition to fly from the roof of a husband who palpably neglected her, or probably was anxious only to urge her, by this open insult, to break their mutual chain. The proposal was received in silence, which seemed the silence of consent; but it was soon evident that it was the silence of indignation. The lady reproached the tempter with the folly which had made him construe the common acquiescences of fashionable life into crime; and de-

claring that she would instantly denounce the offender to her husband, attempted to withdraw.

"Your husband!" was the answer, "and where will you look for him? If truth must be told, is it not notorious, that you are as much separated from each other, as if you were already divorced; that he pursues one mistress, Ambition, or perhaps twenty other mistresses, more nameless, and leaves you to solitude and neglect? How often in the last month have you seen the face of the husband to whom you profess yourself so much attached? Bound you may be, but attached, pardon me, is totally impossible."

No reply followed; the indignation had given way to tears. "Come," said the tempter, "let those tears be the last that you shall ever shed under this roof. All is ready to convey you from the house of a cold-blooded and careless tyrant, who, before all the world, treats you with a contempt not to be endured by youth, birth, and beauty, and convey you where you will be received with honour, and treated with the homage due to loveliness and Lady Castleton."

"Villain! let loose my hands!" were the only words that Castleton could hear, before he had burst through the screen, and stood before the astonished pair. The gentleman was the identical French Ex-Count, who two years before, in the streets of Florence, had received Castleton's pistol shot, and who, with the double object of gratifying his revenge, and of carrying off the handsome settlement of the handsome heiress, had availed himself of the first moment of his recovery, to ask passports for England, and present himself at her ladyship's levee. The Count was a dancer no more, for the pistol ball had spoiled his talent in that direction, but he made charades, sung canzonettes, played the guitar, and was a *Frenchman*! qualifications which are found irresistible with the sex, and which naturally authorized him to think himself indispensable to the brilliant lady of the Minister, and as they have done to a host of brilliant ladies, who having spent six months beyond the Channel, are thenceforth entitled to feel the exquisite superiority of the foreign graces. But in the present instance the Count had calculated too rapidly; and the lady, who had indulged him with her smiles, was perfectly surprised at the accomplished stranger's expecting more than smiles. She had flung him from her, with a sincerity, that perfectly surprised the Frenchman in turn. He was a ruffian, and would probably have dragged her reluctant ladyship to the chaise and pair, which he had waiting for the result of his argument, but Castleton's sudden presence put an end to this portion of the plan; and the Count had scarcely begun to make a speech, "accounting for appearances in the most satisfactory manner," when the indignant husband's grasp was on his throat. The



struggle was brief, but it was effective. Castleton was strong, but if he had possessed but the nerves of an infant, his towering indignation would have given him vigour. To drag the offender through the saloon would have been tedious, and have attracted attention. The alternative was the window, and through the window was flung the Count. It was, fortunately for his limbs, not high, and it opened into the garden. He alighted in great astonishment, and, in a whirlwind of *sacres*, made solitary use of that post-chaise which was to have carried along with him the matchless "mistress of his soul," and restorer of his fallen finances, and took the Dover road, inventing epigrams on the country, fierce enough to make England wish herself at the bottom of the sea.

Castleton turned to his lady. He, too, had his share of astonishment; he had expected a contrite speech, clasped hands, and a flood of tears. He saw none of the three. But the lady laughed; as far as *bienveillance* will suffer so rude a thing as laughter to derange the etiquette of a high-born physiognomy. She extended to him one of the fairest possible hands. "You seem to be horribly angry with the Count, my dear lord," said she, "but he is excusable from the manners of his country. I hope you have broken none of my poor admirer's limbs. He must live by his talents, and if you disfigure him, he will be excluded from giving lessons on the guitar to any woman of fashion."

Her husband listened in undissembled wrath. "Madam," he at length exclaimed, "am I to believe my senses? Can this tone be serious? It would better become you to fall on your knees, and thank Heaven for having saved you from the miseries of a life, the most contemptible, the most wretched, and the most hateful that can fall to the lot of a human being?" He turned to leave her—he gave a last glance. She still smiled. "I beg but one thing, my dear lord," said she, once more holding out the lovely hand; "if those can be your real sentiments, that you will keep them as private as possible. They are totally *tramontane* in this part of the world, however they may exist in Westminster. Attentions from all men are considered a natural tribute on their part, to women of a certain rank; and to refuse them, would be an absolute breach of decorum on ours. At least, these are the lessons which I understand to be essential to the leaders of society; and as your lordship has been too much occupied by higher pursuits, to care what I learned, or who were my teachers, I have only availed myself of such instructions as make the law of fashion."

"And this is your ladyship's determination," said Castleton, sternly.

"Certainly, until your lordship shall condescend to teach me better," said the lady, sportively. Her husband, without look or

word more, quitted the apartment. The lady rejoined her guests, was more animated, more brilliant, and more admired than ever—was the soul of every thing gay and graceful, till the morning sun, breaking in through curtains and casements, began to make those discoveries in exhausted complexions and dilapidated ringlets, which drive beauty to her couch, saw the last fairy foot glide over the last semblance of the chalked lilies and roses on her floors, heard the last clang of the last steeds over the pavé of her court-yard, and then retired to her chamber, to take a miniature of her husband from its case, and weep over it, and sleep with it hid in her bosom.

The season flourished still, and Lady Castleton was now more incontestably than ever, the sovereign of the season. Her fêtes were decorated by more counts, ambassadors, and lords of principalities, from Siberia to the Seine, than any within memory. In the midst of this glory, she herself was the guiding star, the most glittering where all was bright: but the rouge covered a cheek which was growing paler and paler, and the jewels covered a bosom filled with pangs, that the envied possessor of all this opulence felt preying on her existence.

Castleton had turned to his old career with still more activity and success. His mind, once at rest upon the subject of Lady Castleton's fame, and feeling that he might confide in her honour, if he had lost her heart, he determined to forget domestic cares in the whirl of public life. Distinctions now flowed in upon him irrepressibly, as they do upon the favourites of Fortune. A new step in the peerage only ushered in his Majesty's most gracious commands, "that he should lay the basis of a new administration." In another week he was Premier. He had now attained the height for which he had panted; but he had now attained all that once brightened the future, and he feelingly discovered the truth, that hope is essential even to the vigour of ambition. In the loftiness of his public rank, he experienced the common sensation of all men who have nothing more to gain, and whose anxieties now turn on what they have to lose. In the full blaze of prosperity, he felt chilliness of heart growing upon him. To his own wonder, the generous, the daring, the ardent aspirant, was gradually withering into the suspicious, the anxious, and the stern possessor of power. The discovery pained him still more than it surprised him. He had now been for some months habitually estranged from home; and the newspapers, in their notices of routes and concerts, alone gave him the intimation that his establishment was splendid as ever, his mansion still the temple of the great and the fair, and his lady the presiding priestess of the temple. An involuntary sigh broke from him, as the memory of gentler days came across his mind. He would have thrown off the chains of office, of

which he now felt nothing but the weight; the gilding had long lost all its temptation to the eye. But "national emergencies, the will of a sovereign, the necessity of keeping Administration together," the cloud of reasons that gather over the understanding when we are yet irresolute in the right, bewildered even the strong mind of the Minister.

He was roused from one of those meditations, by his valet's announcing that he would be too late for the "drawing room." It was the last of the season, and he *must* attend. With a heavy and an irritated heart, he obeyed the tyranny of etiquette, and drove to St. James's. Nothing could be more gracious than his reception; but while he was in the very sunshine of royal conversation, a face passed him that obliterated even the presence of royalty. It was pale and thin, through all the artifices of dress. No magnificence could disguise the fact, that some secret grief was feeding on the roses there. The face was still beautiful and beaming, but the lustre of the eye was dim. It was Lady Castleton. Both bowed, and a hurried word was exchanged, they passed out of the circle together, and returned to their home together. The phenomenon excited more astonishment than a treaty between the Knights of Malta and the Algerines. It was the universal topic of the evening. The next day, the fact transpired that Lord and Lady Castleton had sent their apologies to the noble mansions at which they were respectively to have dined, and were surmised to have even dined *tête-à-tête*. Expectation was now fully afloat, and the news followed that a succession of equipages had started from his lordship's mansion at an early hour on the day after the drawing-room. But one wonder more was to be completed, and the wonder came—the announcement to the Peers and Commons that a new Ministry was about to be formed, "the Lord Castleton having, from ill health, resigned." The reason was, like the friar's beard in Rabelais, partly the work of nature, and partly of convenience. The Premier's frame had been sinking under the anxieties of his mind, and if he had delayed his retirement from office a year longer, it must have closed with a retirement into his grave.

Castleton and his lovely lady were forgotten in an eternity of three months; and as his Lordship was no Meltonian, nor her ladyship the president of a mission for teaching the peasantry to preach in the unknown tongue, they thus threw away the natural means of keeping their names alive.

They remained in their exile for the intermediate period of five years, under the unimaginable penalties of a noble mansion, a lovely landscape round them, a grateful tenantry, and a life full of the diversified occupations of intelligent minds, determined to do what good they can in their day. At the end of the five years they returned to London, on

their way to a summer tour among the glories of the Swiss Alps. Time had made formidable inroads among their circle. The beauties had become blues, and the blues had become card-players, critics, and gorgons. Ninetenths of the lady's acquaintances had become terrible beyond all power of the toilet.

His lordship's friends had felt the common fate, in the shape of loss of office, or loss of money; claret had extinguished some—gout had made an example of others—and a new Parliament had so unfortunately exempted others from the duty of tending the public interests, that they had summarily crossed the British channel, to study ways and means of their own.

Castleton was in the prime of life and health, and was rustic enough to think the dulness of the country more wholesome, and even more interesting, than any number of nights spent between the House and the Clubs. His lady was now the mother of four children, wild and lovely as the wild flowers of their native meadows. She had recovered her beauty; no fictitious colour was now required to give the rose or lily to one of the finest countenances of woman. She had the health of the mind. Her spirit was not now wasted in flashing at midnight over a crowd of sumptuous and weary revelries;—hers was the lamp that threw its sacred light over the sacredness of home. She honoured her husband for his talents, his acquirements, and his fame, but she loved him for his heart. He had made a high sacrifice for her; and she was proud of him and the sacrifice. Neither count nor prince was now found essential to her existence. Her husband's praise was worth the incense of a kneeling circle of sovereigns. Castleton was an English husband to her; she was an English wife to him, and the name includes all the names of love, honour, and happiness.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE FOUR EVENINGS. BY DELTA.

MARCH.

EARTH seems to glow with renovated life—  
The ether with a softness is imbued,  
Which melts the hardened spirit to that mood,  
In which, to feel ourselves apart from strife,  
Is ecstasy—with the green blading grass,  
The singing birds and the translucent sky,  
On which the clouds in western glory lie,  
We own a bond of union, which, alas!  
Though latter years have weakened, comes at times  
To claim dominion o'er us, as in youth;  
And, as the downcast spirit it sublines,  
We turn from noisy reveries uncouth,  
And from the world's vain follies and its crimes,  
To ponder on the past and sigh for Truth!

## JUNE.

There breathes a balmy freshness in the air  
Of this June evening; on the lake are given  
The hues of Earth, which seems the shade of  
Heaven;

And to the zenith all the skies are bare.  
Save the lark singing, so serenely still  
Reposes the green landscape far and near,  
That 'mid its blossomed water-flags, you hear  
The tiniest tinkling of the tiny rill.  
The life-diffusing sun, as 'twere God's eye,  
Shuts in the West—yet leaves us not despair—  
For lo! a symbol of his blithe return  
With glory to empurple Morning's air,  
The Evening Star, within the southern sky,  
O'er yon fair mountains bids his watch-tower  
burn.

## SEPTEMBER.

How bright and beautiful the sun goes down  
O'er the autumnal forests! The wide sky,  
Cloudless, is flush'd with that purple dye  
Which gave the Tyrian loom such old renown.  
The radiance, falling on the distant town,  
Bathes all in mellowing light; and, softened,  
come

Through the lull'd air, the song of birds, the  
hum

Of bees, and twitter of the martins brown;  
All things call back the bosom to the beat  
Of childhood, and to youth's enchanted maze;  
And hark the rail, amid the golden wheat,  
With its craik—craik! Oh, sad it is, yet sweet,  
To look through Memory's mirror on the days  
Which shone like gold, yet melted down like  
haze!

## NOVEMBER.

For ever shuts the great eye of the world?  
So it seems—for a grim and pallid hue  
Pervades the cheerless universe, a blue  
And death-like tint; ascend the vapours curl'd  
From the low freezing mere; the sea-mew  
shrieks

Down to the shore; and, 'mid the forests bare,  
The lonely raven, through the dusky air,  
Her bleak unwarning habitation seeks.  
Blow on, ye winds! and lower, ye shades of  
Night,

Around my path. As whirl the eddying leaves  
Redly beside me, and the flaky snow  
Melts in the turbid stream, with stern delight  
The thwarted spirit hears the wild winds blow,  
And feels a pensive pleasure, while it grieves!

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

## VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF DEATH.\*

MY DEAR SIR,

THE following is an extract from my journal of a tour through the Islands of Java and Mandara last year:—

"*Balor, 3d July, 1830.*—This evening, while walking round the village with the patteh (native chief), he told me that there is a valley only three miles from Balor, that no person could approach without forfeiting their lives,

\* Visit to the Valley of Death, in the Island of Java. By A. Loudon, Esq. In a letter to Professor Jameson.

and that the skeletons of human beings, and all sorts of beasts and birds covered the bottom of the valley. I mentioned this to the Commandant, Mr. Van Spreewenberg, and proposed our going to see it; Mr. Daendels, the assistant resident agreed to go with us. At this time I did not credit all that the Javanese chief told me. I knew that there was a lake close to this, that it was dangerous to approach too near, but I had never heard of the Valley of Death.

"*Balor, 4th July.*—Early this morning we made an excursion to the extraordinary valley, called by the natives *Gueco Upas*, or *Poisoned Valley*; it is three miles from Balor, on the road to the Djiang. Mr. Daendels had ordered a footpath to be made from the main road to the valley. We took with us two dogs and some fowls, to try experiments in this poisonous hollow. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, we dismounted and scrambled up the side, about a quarter of a mile, holding on by the branches of trees, and we were a good deal fatigued before we got up the path, being very steep and slippery, from the fall of rain during the night. When within a few yards of the valley we experienced a strong nauseous suffocating smell, but, on coming close to the edge, this disagreeable smell left us. We were now all lost in astonishment at the awful scene before us. The valley appeared to be about half a mile in circumference, oval, and the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet, the bottom quite flat,—no vegetation,—some very large in appearance, river-stones, and the whole covered with the skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. We could not perceive any vapour or any opening in the ground, which last appeared to be of a hard sandy substance. The sides of the valley from the top to the bottom are covered with trees, shrubs, &c. It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley; but at the spot where we were, this was difficult, at least for me, as one false step would have brought us to eternity, as no assistance could be given. We lighted our cigars, and with the assistance of a bamboo, we went down within eighteen feet of the bottom. Here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but an offensive nauseous smell annoyed us. We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo, 18 feet long, and sent him in; we had our watches in our hands, and in 14 seconds he fell on his back, did not move his limbs, or look around, but continued to breathe 18 minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose from the bamboo, but walked in to where the other dog was lying: he then stood quite still, and in 10 seconds he fell on his face, and never moved his limbs afterwards: he continued to breathe for 7 minutes. We now tried a fowl, which died in one and a half minute. We threw in another, which died before touching the ground. During these experiments we experienced a heavy shower of rain; but we were so interested by the awful scene before us, that we did not care for getting wet. On the opposite side, near a large stone, was the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back, with the right arm under the head, from being exposed to the weather, the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to procure this skeleton, but any at-

tempt to get at it would have been madness. After remaining two hours in this Valley of Death, we returned, but found some difficulty in getting out. From the heavy shower, the sides of the valley were very slippery, and had it not been for two Javanese behind us, we might have found it no easy matter to escape from this pestilential spot. On reaching our rendezvous we had some brandy and water, and left this most extraordinary valley, came down the slippery footpath, sometimes on our hams and hands to the main road, mounted our horses, and returned to Balor, quite pleased with our trip. The human skeletons are supposed to have been rebels, who had been pursued from the main road, and taken refuge in the different valleys, as the wanderer cannot know his danger till he is in the valley, and when once there, one has not the power or presence of mind to return.

"There is a great difference between this valley and the *Grotto del Cano*, near Naples, where the air is confined to a small aperture; while here the circumference is fully half a mile, and not the least smell of sulphur, nor any appearance of an eruption ever having taken place near it, although I am aware that the whole chain of mountains is volcanic, as there are two craters at no great distance from the side of the road at the foot of the Djenz, and they constantly emit smoke."—Fahr. 52 degrees.

In the 8th volume of the proceedings of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Horsfield of the East India House, gives a description of the mineral constitution of the different mountains of Java. He examined several parts of the chain of hills, and states that he heard of this valley, but that he could not prevail on the natives to show him where it was. I have sent the doctor a copy of the above extract.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

### THE OHIO.

BY J. J. AUDUBON, ESQ.

WHEN my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and myself, were returning from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, we found it expedient, the waters being unusually low, to provide ourselves with a skiff, to enable us to proceed to our abode at Henderson. I purchased a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomination. We procured a mattress, and our friends furnished us with ready prepared viands. We had two stout Negro rowers, and in this trim we left the village of Shippingport, in expectation of reaching the place of our destination in a very few days. It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green

leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue, which at that season produces the singular phenomenon, called there the "Indian Summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a splash of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking, that, alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills, and a rolling surface, while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places, where the idea of being on a river of great length, changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw, with great concern, the alterations that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moment. The tinkling of bells told us, that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings, as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatsman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight re-



turned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of a stream by a deer, foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed; some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you reader, I ween, unless, indeed, you have felt the like, and in such company.

The margins of the shores and of the rivers were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild-turkey, a grouse, or a blue winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for, whenever we pleased, we landed, struck up a fire, and, provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when, one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio from the state of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased,—we imagined we heard cries of "murder;" and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp-meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. Without meeting with any other interruption, we reached Henderson, distant from Shipping-port by water about two hundred miles.

When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forests that every where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly-purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making themselves great roads to the several salt springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of

hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses;—when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

Whether these changes are for the better or for the worse, I shall not pretend to say; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret, that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country, from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our Irvings and our Coopers have proved themselves fully competent for the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity as almost to rival the movements of the pen. However, it is not too late yet; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions, which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire, under the influence of increasing population. Yes; I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts from those delightful writers of the progress of civilization in our western country. They will speak of the Clarks, the Croghans, the Boons, and many other men of great daring and enterprise. They will analyze, as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture, as it ought to be, immortal.

From the Westminster Review.

#### ADVENTURES ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.\*

MR. ROSS COX'S book is a history of the Furrier wars—campaigns little celebrated in history, and possibly utterly unknown to many of our readers. The spoils are, however, before our eyes: they are suspended in Bond-street and Regent-street: the beaver and the bear-skin which adorn the winter robes of our

\* *Adventures on the Columbia River, including the Narrative of a Residence of Six Years on the Western Side of the Rocky Mountains, among various Tribes of Indians hitherto unknown, together with a Journey across the American Continent.* By ROSS COX. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

ladies of fashion, have caused more blood to be shed than that of the poor animal itself. The body-snatchers of the polar regions not only maintain a fierce war against the lives of the creatures whose skins they covet, but great is the feud among the traders, and dangerous the contest with the copper-coloured guardians of the hunting grounds. The solitary furrier-chief, far removed from the habitations of civilized man, holds his ground partly by force and partly by barter: he surrounds himself and his race of Canadian trappers, half-breeds, and tame savages, with fortifications, and fights with the Indians who quarrel with him, and trades with those who covet rum and tobacco. But he has still more formidable enemies than even the wily and ferocious American savage; a few leagues distant the stern agent of a rival company holds his court, entices the natives to his mart, offers higher prices, and when he cannot beat down his opponent by art or stratagem, sallies forth at the head of his forces, and endeavours to exterminate him. Such are the wars of the Hudson's Bay Company, and that called the North West, between whom a bloody rivalry exists, which in bitterness, activity, and perhaps in bravery, may be compared with the animosity, now non-existent and never to be renewed, the rivalry of England and France. Thus the spirit of gain, in the extremity of North America, has not only had to contend with native obstacles which would have overwhelmed almost every other less fierce passion, but it has made to itself a deadly impediment. The fur-trader of these wild, and generally inhospitable regions, has not merely to contend with climate, famine, solitude and privation, but he must carry on his traffic with an armed rival in front, and a treacherous Indian in his rear. This strange mixture of commerce and war, necessarily produces its effect upon the character of the parties concerned. The agents of these companies are, for many years together, placed in the midst of pathless solitudes, with but few companions, their only neighbours savages, and moving about from station to station, or from winter to summer quarters, across huge tracts of desert or hostile countries, or along rapid and intercepted rivers, or across mountains, where obstacles, either in the country, or the nation, or the troop, are constantly arising, which call into play all the more striking and useful qualities of a military commander and a civil chieftain.

The adventures of such men are the subject of Mr. Ross Cox's book, whether with the Indian or the rival trader. He was an agent himself, first of the Pacific Fur Company, so called, not because it was less ready to fight than the others, but because its head quarters were on the shores of the Pacific ocean; and then, after the breaking out of the last short American war, which put an end to the prospects of that association (which was

an American speculation) he transferred his services to the North West Company. His station was on the west of the continent on the banks of the great river Columbia and its tributaries, and it was only after some time, on crossing the continent on his return, that we hear much of the contests with the people of the Hudson's Bay. The first and chief objects of interest are his adventures with the natives on the west of the Rocky Mountains, and his own history during six years of this wild kind of life. In his second volume, we are introduced to warfare on a greater scale.

No more entertaining traveller than Ross Cox has appeared for many years; for very few have been wandering among lands or people which differ more from our daily experience, few have engaged more frequently or more readily in adventure, and not many have had a higher relish for the characteristic, or a pleasanter mode of developing its traits. The work has been a great treat; and the traveller by the fire-side, during the evenings of the winter, may not hope more surely to forget either cholera or revolution, than in wandering over the pleasant pages of our friend of the beaver-skin.

In giving an account of Mr. Cox's proceedings, and those of his companions, we shall take him up after his safe establishment at the fort, on the mouth of the Columbia. The voyage round the world, and the visit to the Sandwich Islands, though fifty years ago they would have made the fortune of a book, are now every-day occurrences. The country, where the Columbia disembogues itself into the Pacific, is inhabited by Chinooks, a filthy and disgusting though friendly race, chiefly distinguished for the artificial flatness of their heads, which are pressed completely out of the natural form; the skull from the crown to the eyes, descending in a regular pent-roof as flat as a board. Mr. Cox, in leaving them for the interior, made some visits to their cemeteries, for the purpose of abstracting some of their skulls. He secured two, which would have been valuable presents to the followers of Gall, had he not been compelled, in the subsequent difficulties of his journey, to leave them behind.

The fort at the entrance of the river was named Astoria, in honour of the wealthy merchant Mr. Astor of New York, the principal founder of the Pacific Company; in the change that afterwards took place, it was re-christened Fort George. This was the chief quarters of the Company; but all the articles of commerce were collected in the interior at different stations which might serve as centres of commerce to the Indians. Soon after landing, an expedition was arranged into the 'bowels of the land.' The party consisted of three proprietors, nine clerks or agents, fifty-five Canadians, twenty Sandwich-islanders, whom they had enlisted as assistants, together with three gentlemen and their attendants, who

were proceeding across the continent with despatches. The *voyage*, for such is the name given to the terraqueous travelling of this country by the Canadians, was made in bateaux and canoes, up the river Columbia and along its banks. The lading consisted of arms and ammunition, and all the articles used in the commerce with savages, from red cloth and calico to beads and hawk-bells, together with provisions. The Columbia is a noble river, uninterrupted by rapids for one hundred and seventy miles; one hundred of which are navigable for vessels of three hundred tons. It is rarely less than a mile broad, and in some places it varies in breadth from one to five miles. The shores are generally bold and thickly wooded. Pine in all its varieties predominates, and is mixed with white oak, ash, beech, poplar, alder, crab, and cotton-wood, with an undergrowth of briar, impervious to the hunters of the expedition. The pines, it appears, grow to a most stupendous magnitude in this country. One tree near the fort, at the height of ten feet from the surface of the earth, measured forty-six feet in circumference. The trunk measured about one hundred and fifty feet free from branches, and the whole height not less than three hundred feet. This tree was worthily dignified by the Canadians, with the title of *le Roi de Pins*. Since the time Mr. Cox made these observations upon the majestic tree here mentioned, another of superior dimensions has been remarked to the southward of Columbia, the circumference of whose trunk is fifty-seven feet, and height to the first branch, two hundred and sixteen feet.

After voyaging about a month, the expedition arrived at the first rapids. The Indians had hitherto been friendly and mercantile; they were now expected to be differently disposed. A 'portage' where the merchandise and the canoes are necessarily carried along the banks, often affording but a very rugged path, presents a favourable opportunity of attack; it is found, therefore, all through the book, that the fights with the Indians generally occur at these passes. The Indian, like other savages and demi-savages, however brave, considers it an essential point, that in firing upon another his own body should be covered. A contest therefore becomes an affair of shamp-shooters, where the only mark presented, is the accidental appearance of a head or an elbow from behind a tree or a rock. Some of the European agents appear to have been admirable shots, and the Indians, whether with arrow or musket, did not fall far behind them. The white men, however, far excelled them in daring; though, again, they were greatly their inferiors in suffering.

The voyageurs were formidably armed, whether for offence or defence; each man had a musket with forty rounds of ball cartridge, and over his clothes he wore leathern armour, a shirt made from the skin of the elk, reaching

*Museum.*—Vol. XX.

from the neck to the knees, which was perfectly arrow proof, and at eighty or ninety yards impenetrable by a musket bullet. Besides the muskets, many had daggers, short swords, and pistols, so that these "budge doctors of the stoic fur," may be considered as armed cap-à-pié, and well prepared to pay for their beaver skins in either lead or gold. The length of this first portage is between three and four miles: the river is here compressed by the bold shore on each side to about two hundred yards in breadth. The channel is crowded with large rocks, over which the water rushes with incredible velocity, and a tremendous noise. The natives appeared, but made no hostile demonstration, and went away satisfied with a few small presents of tobacco. A few miles above the rapids occur the narrows, when the river, for upwards of three miles, is compressed into a narrow channel, not exceeding sixty or seventy yards wide; the whole of which is a succession of boiling whirlpools. These are the lower narrows; and for four or five miles the river is one deep rapid, at the upper end of which are the higher narrows, formed by a large mass of black rock, which stretches across from the north side, and nearly joins a similar mass on the south. Through this strait of not more than fifty yards broad, the immense volume of the waters of the Columbia is one mass of foam, forcing its headlong course with a frightful impetuosity, which cannot at any time be contemplated without producing a painful giddiness in the spectator. Up the steeps, parallel to this part of the river, from the lower to the upper narrows, a distance of nine miles, the party had to drag their canoes, their bales of merchandise, provisions, and other lading. The task occupied two days, and, though the natives hovered about, was not marked by any occurrence except an attempt at theft. The robbers were, however, detected in the act of seizing a bale of goods; as they made off, one of the best marksmen was desired to 'wing' one of them as he fled, by way of warning, "which he did," says the author, "with great skill, by breaking his left arm at upwards of a hundred yards." On proceeding, they were visited, reconnoitred, and watched, by several parties of mounted and well-armed Indians; but, apparently deterred by the formidable array presented by the voyageurs, they judged it expedient to let them pass in peace.

The appearance of the country now began to change; becoming flat, free from timber, and the prospect over dry and sandy plains, being only limited by the extent of vision. Such is the character of the scenery for several hundred miles into the interior, after the land of the pine forest is left behind. With the change in the aspect of the country, occurs a difference in its occupants. Rattlesnakes now occurred in profusion; and horses gallop over the plains in herds of many thou-

No. 117.—2 F

sands, pursued by their old enemy the wolf. The voyageurs began to use them as beasts of burthen, and kill them for provision. The price of a horse in goods amounted to about five shillings. The author speaks with considerable respect of horse-flesh as food, and states, that, after the first prejudice is overcome, a rump-steak from a well-fed horse, between the ages of three and seven, might be mistaken for a cut of prime ox beef. The rattle-snakes are also said to afford a very delicate dish; but the author could not be persuaded to partake of it. In killing the snake for this purpose, great care is taken that it is destroyed by one stroke; for if it be only wounded, the animal in its fury bites itself in various directions, and the flesh thus bitten is supposed to be poisonous. In the country in which the voyageurs had now arrived, these serpents are found under every stone, and the greatest care is necessary in selecting a couch. The anecdote which follows, explains the necessity of this caution, and shows the manner in which travellers deal with this dangerous creature.

"A curious incident occurred, at this spot, to one of our men, named La Course, which was nearly proving fatal. This man had stretched himself on the ground, after the fatigue of the day, with his head resting on a small package of goods, and quietly fell asleep. While in this situation, I passed him, and was almost petrified at seeing a large rattle-snake moving from his side to his left breast. My first impulse was to alarm La Course. But an old Canadian, whom I had beckoned to the spot, requested me to make no noise, alleging it would merely cross the body, and go away. He was mistaken; for, on reaching the man's left shoulder, the serpent deliberately coiled itself, but did not appear to meditate an attack. Having made signs to several others, who joined us, it was determined that two men should advance a little in front, to divert the attention of the snake, while one should approach La Course behind, and, with a long stick, endeavour to remove it from his body. The snake, on observing the men advance in front, instantly raised its head, darted out its forked tongue, and shook its rattles—all indications of anger. Every one was now in a state of feverish agitation as to the fate of poor La Course, who still lay slumbering, unconscious of his danger, when the man behind, who had procured a stick seven feet in length, suddenly placed one end of it under the coiled reptile, and succeeded in pitching it upwards of ten feet from the man's body. A shout of joy was the first intimation La Course received of his wonderful escape, while, in the meantime, the man with the stick pursued the snake, which he killed. It was three feet six inches long, and eleven years old, which, I need not inform my readers, we easily ascertained by the number of rattles. A general search was then commenced about the encampment; and, under several rocks, we found upwards of fifty of them, all of which we destroyed. There is no danger attending their destruction, provided a person has a long

pliant stick, and does not approach them nearer than their length, for they cannot spring beyond it, and they seldom act on the offensive unless closely pursued. They have a strong repugnance to the smell of tobacco, in consequence of which we opened a bale of it, and strewed a quantity of loose leaves about the tents, by which means we avoided their visits, during the night."—vol. i. p. 142.

On ascending the river still higher, at what is called the "Grande Rapide," the party observed immense numbers of these venomous creatures basking in the sun, and under the rocks. Half-a-dozen men fired together, at a batch lying under one rock, and killed and wounded thirty-seven. There was scarcely a stone in the place that was not covered with them, and it was consequently necessary to pick the steps with not a little caution.

When the voyageurs arrived at the Wallah Wallah river, a bold rapid stream, upwards of fifty yards wide, and one of the tributaries of the Columbia, they were struck by the improvement in the character of the natives. Their conduct was marked by much natural politeness, modesty, and honesty. Fourteen miles above the junction of the Wallah Wallah, the Lewis river also flows into the Columbia, at which point also, that river changes its course, and proceeds northerly, having hitherto flowed westerly. Lewis river is rapid, the colour of its waters whitish, and the temperature tepid, forming a contrast to the Columbia, the stream of which is perfectly clear and cool.

At this point a separation took place. One party of the voyageurs proceeded up the Columbia to a trading establishment which had been formed at the confluence of that river and the Oaakingan river; another division ascended Lewis river, to establish a trading post in the country of the Snake Indians.

The Indians at the junction of the Lewis river and the Columbia, are called "*Les Nez Percés*," and are a clean, active race, capital hunters, and excellent horsemen. They wear long leathern robes, with leggings which reach half-way up the thigh. Here the party bought horses, and the division with which Mr. Cox remained proceeded up Lewis river. The path wound along almost perpendicular declivities of high hills on the banks of the river, and was barely wide enough for one horse at a time. Yet along these dangerous roads the Indians galloped with the utmost composure, while one false step would have hurled them down a precipice of three hundred feet into the torrent below. Mr. Cox continued to ride until one day his horse threw him into a cluster of the prickly pear, which, besides being armed with its terrible thorns, was full of rattle-snakes. As soon as he was disentangled from this disagreeable position, he hailed the canoes, and forsook riding as long as a prickly pear was visible. After proceeding seven days along Lewis



river, another detachment was sent off 150 miles from Lewis river by land, whose destination was the Spokane tribe of Indians, where, it was understood, the North West Company had fixed a trading establishment, and where the Pacific Fur Company had determined to set up a rival shop. For this service Mr. Cox and some others were selected, and after procuring a guide and purchasing about fifty horses, they started for the east side of the Rocky Mountains. This party consisted of one proprietor, four clerks, twenty-one Canadians, six Sandwich-islanders, and the Indian guide. Their route lay across a continued plain, of a sandy and rocky bottom, mixed with loose tufts of grass, in traversing which, they suffered severely from drought and exhaustion. As far as the eye could reach, the country was completely denuded of wood; nothing was visible but immense plains, covered with parched brown grass, swarming with rattle-snakes. The dogs died of exhaustion, and the horses and their riders scarcely suffered less. The Indians, however, always ultimately brought them to a stream, on the banks of which generally grew orchards of wild cherries, blackberries, and other similar fruit; and it was lucky for our author that the desert possessed these occasional oases. It was in this wild tract of country that he lost his party, and, for fourteen days, nearly without clothing and totally without any means of providing for himself, he wandered about in a state of destitution, entirely indebted to the wild berries for sustenance. Mr. Cox, seduced by the beauty of one of these orchards of sumach and cherry trees, wandered from his party. He had been riding hard all the morning, and had just made a hearty breakfast. Entering a sweet little arbour, he pulled some branches of fruit, and sat down to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the shade. Alas, a heavy slumber stole upon him, and as he slept in his natural garden, he was left; his party struck tent and moved. When the unhappy Cox awoke, the sun had declined; he was in fact hastening to his western bed. It was five o'clock, and Ross Cox was a lost man. He himself thus explains the manner of the catastrophe:—

"It was a charming spot, and on the opposite bank was a delightful wilderness of crimson haw, honey-suckles, wild roses and currants. Its resemblance to a friend's summer house in which I had spent many happy hours, brought back home with all its endearing recollections; and my scattered thoughts were successively occupied with the past, the present, and the future. In this state I fell into a kind of pleasing soothing reverie, which joined to the morning's fatigue, gradually sealed my eyelids; and, unconscious of my situation, I resigned myself to the influence of the drowsy god. But imagine my feelings when I awoke in the evening, I think it was about five o'clock, from the declining appearance of the sun! All was calm and silent as the grave. I hastened to the spot

where we had breakfasted; it was vacant. I ran to the place where the men had made their fire; all, all were gone—and not a vestige of man or horse appeared in the valley. My senses almost failed me. I called out, in vain, in every direction, until I became hoarse; and I could no longer conceal from myself the dreadful truth, that I was alone in a wild uninhabited country, without horse or arms, and destitute of covering.

"Having now no resource but to ascertain the direction which the party had taken, I set about examining the ground, and at the northeast point of the valley discovered the tracks of horses feet which I followed for some time, and which led to a chain of small hills with a rocky, gravelly bottom, on which the hoofs made no impression. Having thus lost the tracks, I ascended the highest of the hills, from which I had an extended view of many miles around; but saw no sign of the party, or the least indication of human habitations. The evening was now closing fast, and with the approach of night a heavy dew commenced falling. The whole of my clothes consisted merely of aingham shirt, nankeen trousers, and a pair of light leather moccasins, much worn. About an hour before breakfast, in consequence of the heat, I had taken off my coat and placed it on one of the loaded horses, intending to put it on towards the cool of the evening, and one of the men had charge of my fowling-piece. I was even without my hat, for in the agitated state of my mind on awaking, I had left it behind, and had advanced too far to think of returning for it. At some distance on my left, I observed a field of high strong grass to which I proceeded, and after pulling enough to place under and over me, I recommended myself to the Almighty and fell asleep. During the night confused dreams of warm houses, feather beds, poisoned arrows, prickly pears and rattle-snakes, haunted my disturbed imagination."—p. 161.

The next day, as he was pursuing a conjectural course, towards evening he observed two horsemen galloping in an easterly direction. From their dresses he knew them to belong to his party. He ran to a hillock, and called out in a voice to which hunger had imparted an unnatural shrillness, but they galloped on. He took off his shirt and waved it above his head, accompanied by the most frantic cries, in vain, they galloped on; he then ran towards the direction in which they were proceeding, despair adding wings to his flight; rocks, stubble and brushwood, were passed with the speed of an antelope—in vain—he had lost them. He had eaten nothing since the noon of the preceding day; faint with hunger and fatigue, he threw himself on the grass, where he had scarcely lain down, when hearing a rustling noise behind him he turned round—it was a rattle-snake, cooling itself in the evening shade. A large stone was quickly found, and advancing slowly, the man of the wilderness, taking a proper aim, dashed it with all his force on the reptile's head, and

buried it in the ground beneath his stone. And thus ended his second day.

On the third day, Mr. Cox continued his route; his feet were blistered by the sand, for the late race had worn out his moccasins, and his hands were all cut and wounded with pulling the coarse dry grass for his bed: he was desperately hungry, for he had not eaten for forty-eight hours. He came however to water, and refreshed himself with drink; geese and ducks were sporting on the banks of a pretty lake in numbers, but he had no means of getting hold of them. On the banks of this lake he slept the third night.

On the fourth day he saw plenty of wild geese, ducks, cranes, curlews and sparrows, also hawks and crows, and, at a distance, some fifteen or twenty small deer; but what is man without the aid of art—he could seize on nothing edible but wild cherries, and was kept in a perpetual fever by the noise of the rattle-snakes, and that of the grasshoppers which resembled it. In a lake he saw fish, but he had no means of catching any. In the night he was kept awake by the howling of wolves, and the growling of bears. One evening in particular he slept near what he conceived must have been a great nursery of these animals, for between the weak shrill cries of the young, and the louder and dreadful howling of the old, he never expected to leave the place alive. His only weapons were a heap of stones and a stick.

"Ever and anon some more daring than others approached me; I presented the stick at them as if in the act of levelling a gun, upon which they retired, vented a few yells, advanced a little farther, and after surveying me for some time with their sharp, fiery eyes, to which the partial glimpses of the moon had imparted additional ferocity, retreated into the wood. In this state of fearful agitation I passed the night: but as daylight began to break, nature asserted her supremacy, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which, to judge by the sun, I did not awake until between eight and nine o'clock in the morning."—p. 170.

The moccasins being worn out, the wanderer was obliged to supply their place with bandages cut off the legs of his trousers; the successive applications to which, gradually diminished the covering which his limbs had hitherto enjoyed. Some days he got no water; which depressed his spirits and diminished his strength. On others, he fell in with traces of human feet and horse-tracks, which proved that human beings did, at least sometimes, visit that part of the world, and this contributed to cheer his fainting hopes.

One evening about dusk, an immense-sized wolf rushed out of a thick copse, a short distance from the pathway, planted himself directly before him in a threatening position, and appeared determined to dispute his passage. Cox, knowing that the slightest sign of fear would be the signal of destruction, and

being destitute of every means of acting on the defensive except his voice, began to yell and shout, in a manner which startled his antagonist. He, however, was quickly moved to rivalry, and set up a howl himself, which was the more terrible as it sounded like a signal for assembling his brethren. Cox, therefore, found it necessary to pursue a bolder course; he advanced shouting, till he was deprived of utterance, and calling various names, as if he was not alone; for this or some other reason, the wolf, after maintaining his position for fifteen minutes, retreated into the wood.

After this fatiguing exploit, he was about throwing himself down to rest on some rushes he had gathered: when, on the spot he was going to place himself, a rattle-snake coiled "with head erect, and the forked tongue extended in a state of frightful oscillation, caught his eye, immediately under the stone." So that he had another engagement to undertake: when the creature was destroyed, on examining the spot more minutely, a large cluster of them appeared, the whole of which he killed.

The adventure which is most amusing to the reader, though, perhaps, most dangerous to the unhappy subject of it, is his rencontre with a bear. One night Mr. Cox found the hollow trunk of a tree that had been destroyed by lightning; this he hailed as a tolerably secure retreat for the night, and crept into it, covering such parts as were exposed with pieces of bark. He had not been asleep two hours, when he awoke and found a huge bear standing over him. The bear had removed some of the pieces of bark, and was deliberating as to how he should extract the poor half-starved creature that had shrunk into the hollow of the tree. Mr. Cox started out, and uttered a cry which alarmed the bear, and he retreated a few paces: the interval Mr. Cox improved, and clambered up a neighbouring tree; the bear followed him; but having seized a stick, Mr. Cox was able so effectually to annoy him about the muzzle and paws, that bruin descended, and determining to keep watch, entered the hollow tree from which he had dislodged his antagonist, and there kept sentry. Poor Mr. Cox was obliged to sleep in the tree, and to remain there till the bear growing hungry, was compelled to retreat in search of food. As soon as he was out of sight the prisoner descended and made off in another direction.

After fourteen days of these wretched wanderings, he luckily was led by the neighing of a horse upon some Indian cottages, the inhabitants of which dwelt near the encampment at which his comrades had arrived, and who had been informed of his being lost; they took the greatest care of him, and after regaling him with roast salmon, of which he ate so heartily as nearly to kill him, the digestion being nearly destroyed by his long fast, they

took him to his party, who had given up all hope of ever seeing him again.

"About an hour after recommencing our journey, we arrived in a clear wood, in which, with joy unutterable, I observed our Canadians at work hewing timber. I rode between the two Indians (they had supplied him with a dress). One of our men, named François Gardissie, who had been on a trading excursion, joined us on horseback. My deer-skin robe and sunburnt features completely set his powers of recognition at defiance, and he addressed me as an Indian. I replied in French, by asking him how all our people were. Poor François appeared electrified; exclaimed 'Sainte Vierge,' and galloped into the wood, vociferating—'O mes amis! mes amis! il est trouvé! Oui, oui, il est trouvé!' 'Qui?—Qui?' asked his comrades. 'Monsieur Cox,' replied François. 'Le voilà! Le voilà!' pointing to me. Away went saws, hatchets, and axes, and each man rushed forward to the tents, where we had by this time arrived. It is needless to say, that astonishment and delight, at my miraculous escape, were mutual. The friendly Indians were liberally rewarded; the men were allowed a holiday, and every countenance bore the smile of happiness and joy."—Vol. i. p. 183.

On arriving at their destination among the Spokan Indians, a fort was built and the post established; after which, two detachments were again spared for two distant posts, one among the Flathead Indians, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of two hundred and forty miles in a north-easterly direction, and another about two hundred miles due west among the Cootonais. Mr. Cox and another gentleman were appointed to the Flatheads. Here he and his detachment proceeded through forests of pine, the soil covered with snow, and arrived among the Flatheads, after many days of weary travel. The natives received them in the most friendly manner, and the author was quite charmed by their cleanliness and good behaviour. The principal part of the people were absent in the mountains hunting, and when they eventually arrived, it appeared they had been unsuccessful, and had been attacked by their old enemies, the Black Feet Indians, whose lands lie on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and had lost several of their warriors.

After seeing his companions safely established here, Mr. Cox and six attendants took a canoe, and descended a river to the place where he had left the principal part of his friends among the Spokan Indians, where he spent the winter in a log house, living upon horse-flesh, carp, and trout.

The agents of the two companies at this post, entered into a compact, which it is pity had not been made a general rule among the whites, which was, that neither should offer spirituous liquor for sale. The consequences of drinking among the natives were always of the most dreadful description. The great object of every Indian was to obtain a gun.

Now a good gun could not be had under twenty bear-skins; and some idea of the profit may be formed, when it is stated that the wholesale price of a gun is about 11. 7s., while the average value of twenty bear-skins is twenty-five pounds. In the spring, the detachments rejoined the principal posts, laden with spoils; the only event of consequence having been a duel between an agent of the Pacific, and another of the North West Company, who, though placed thousands of miles from any civilized spot, and hundreds from a countryman, could not be satisfied without fighting a duel.

"They fought with pocket-pistols at six paces; both hit; one in the collar of the coat, and the other in the leg of the trousers. Two of their men acted as seconds, and the tailor speedily healed their wounds."

The whole expedition that left Astoria now reassembled, and retraced their route to the sea, carrying along with them the results of their campaign. On their return, the chief of a party apprehended, tried, and hanged an Indian for theft; apparently, the tribe to which he belonged countenanced the punishment: it proved an offence that was not speedily forgotten, and was not easily revenged—it was the cause of much subsequent molestation. On their return to the sea, it appeared that war had broken out between Great Britain and America, and the Pacific Fur Company being an American speculation, it became necessary to discontinue trade. The North West Company bought up the stock; and the author with others passed into the service of that powerful and well-managed establishment.

For six years Mr. Cox remained in this species of service, sometimes resident at distant stations, trading in a friendly manner with the Indians, or attempting to wile away the dreary hours of winter; at others, travelling along the rivers, or across the deserts from post to post; encountering, as well as he was able, the hostile attacks of less amicable natives. We have followed the author in his first expedition, in order to set the scheme of life, pursued by these men, more fully before the reader; it is, however, impossible to continue to give an account of a book so copious, on so extensive a scale; and, though many of his subsequent journeys are, perhaps, more replete with incident, we can only recommend them to the perusal of the reader, while we turn to consider a few traits of Indian character, as they strike us in connexion with the residence of a considerable number of civilized Europeans, in various parts of their vast territory.

The arrival of an agent at an established post, with a fresh supply of merchandise, is an event of great importance to the Indians, and, if they happen to be a tribe of amiable character, his reception is a very joyful affair. The natives are dependent on the trader for ammunition, on a supply of which must

greatly depend their success in war, and for tobacco, which has become one of the first necessities of life, besides numerous other articles whether for use or ornament, which, having once known the convenience of, they find it a privation to dispense with. If, therefore, the trader does not establish his post in the centre of some nation, it is not unusual for a tribe, or branch of one, to remove their habitations into the neighbourhood of a company's fort. These forts, though presenting no very formidable appearance to a European eye, are still sufficient to keep off a considerable Indian force. They consist of a log-house, divided into various apartments for the principals, and a store for the peltry, besides another house for the men, the whole surrounded with a strong paling, and guarded with a few four-pounders or bastions, and let in with loop-holes, for the employment of musquetry. Residing in these places during whole winters, the agents necessarily become the advisers and friends of their copper-coloured neighbours, and have it in their power to contribute greatly to their civilization and improvement. The individuals, however, who are likely to select a profession of this hardy and hazardous description, are not the persons who are most likely to propagate the blessings of civilization. In order to maintain their influence with the Indians, they are bound to excel in those accomplishments which they themselves chiefly honour, such as bodily activity, endurance of fatigue, hunger and thirst, cunning, and above all, excellence of aim. Thus we find the men most remarkable for their influence with the natives, are men who, at home, would themselves be thought little less than savages. For instance, there is a description of an agent named M'Donald, a Hercules in stature and strength, a perfect marksman, and possessed of a courage and power of endurance which laughed privation and danger to scorn. Many, and wonderful, are the exploits of this red-headed hero, and great was the authority of the big-chief of the golden locks; but, assuredly, he was the last man that Europeans would have chosen as a missionary of civilization. Indeed, his conduct proved the truth of the remark of an Indian sage, who when he heard that M'Donald had challenged an Indian to fight a duel, observed that "there are fools of all colours." M'Donald, affronted by some native, proposed that they should go out and fire at one another, at a certain number of paces; the Indian had no objection to settle the quarrel by fighting it out, but it appeared to him the very extreme of folly to fight in such a manner as would probably cause the destruction of both, and by a contest in the course of which neither took any advantage of his ground. He consented to fight, but on condition that each should stand behind a tree. When this quarrel came to the ears of a neighbouring chief, a person of a very remarkable character, who lived apart from all

his subjects, and whose sole amusements seemed to be reflection and philosophy of an Indian kind, he sent for some of our people, and inquired whether the whites, whose skill and courage he had been accustomed to admire, and who themselves pretended to a monopoly of wisdom, really practised a custom, so thoroughly absurd as duelling. He was answered in the affirmative, and appeared mightily amused with our notions of civilization. Sometimes the agents take advantage of the credulity and ignorance of the natives, and, after the manner of Columbus, by means of superior cunning, frighten them into obedience or flight. The Indians were once visited by the small pox, with such virulence, that it swept away whole tribes, and produced such a panic among them, that when it was understood to have seized any individual, he would hang himself in despair: hundreds have been seen hanging together in this manner in the woods. The recollection of this visitation is still fresh in their minds. On one occasion, the Indians had assembled round one of the forts of the North West Company, and were threatening, and were likely to carry into effect, some very disagreeable measures, when the chief of the fort requested a *palaver*. When all were assembled, he came forth with a black bottle in his hand. "This bottle," said he, "contains the small pox, and unless you immediately listen to reason, I will draw the cork, and permit it to spread over the land." He had no occasion to say more; they fell to beseeching that he would not open the bottle, and promised obedience to the last extent. This gentleman was ever afterwards called by them, "The Great Small Pox Chief." On the whole, however, judging from Mr. Cox's report, and also from Captain Franklin's narrative, whose experience was in the higher latitude, we see no reason to be ashamed of the characters of the men who carry on this trade in these wild regions; but, at the same time, there is little hope that their residence is likely to be beneficial in ameliorating the condition of the native people. Mr. Cox and his friends are deserving of very high praise, in having interfered to save some Black Feet prisoners from the tortures of the Flatheads, and for having persuaded a chieftain, smarting under the loss of his wife, who had been lately captured and killed, to send back all his prisoners unharmed. This was a great triumph to those who know the sentiments of an Indian. It was hoped that the interference of another agent, on the other side of the mountains, would induce the Black Feet to repay this generosity by a similar act, but we do not hear the result. Mr. Cox had been present at some of the tortures, and, after reading his description of what he saw, as well as remembering many others in all authors who have written of the Red Indians, we are not surprised at his interference: but we can



never cease to wonder at the pitch of endurance which these people are educated to attain. Mr. Cox saw one warrior bound to a tree, and who, with the knives and pincers of his torturers, was slaughtered inch by inch, nail by nail, eye by eye, tooth by tooth, layer of muscle removed from layer, and every nerve hacked, and severed, and cut, and who never ceased to taunt his enemies, and to triumph over his tortures, until he received the long delayed *coup de grace*. Death to an Indian is nothing, if it be inevitable; pain as little on the same condition; he will, nevertheless, avoid both as long as he can.

We have no space to continue our analysis of Mr. Cox's work; what we have already abridged, or remarked upon, will probably induce our readers to seek the book itself. They will find the pleasure of perusal very little if at all diminished, by the few inroads we have been able to make into his copious narrative of semi-savage experience.

From the Metropolitan.

#### MR. CANNING AND THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

Is the Foreign Quarterly Review for October last, there is an article so little in unison with the generally fair and enlightened spirit of that valuable work, that curiosity has been awakened as to the authorship, and also as to the circumstances under which it contrived to make its way, with so sinister an aspect, into good society. It professes to exhibit a sketch of the foreign policy of England, in connexion with estimates of the merits of Mr. Canning; and the duplicate title is found accordingly at the head of about forty very dull pages. While an outward show is preserved, not merely of candour, but of vague eulogy, towards the departed statesman, its real purpose, easily detected, is to deny his merit as to those points on which his fame has been heretofore supposed to rest with the greatest security. An effort is made throughout to exalt the late marquis of Londonderry, and to represent Mr. Canning as without the slightest claim to originality of views or energy of purpose, but merely as following with servility in the footsteps of the man of congresses—a sort of executor of his political last will and testament!

But however idle it may be to expect attention here to an elaborate review of all the errors of this article, there is one part of the subject which may be discussed within a reasonable compass, and which bears, perhaps, more directly than any other on the popular reputation of Mr. Canning. Every one has heard of his memorable boast about having called a *New World* into existence to redress the balance of the *Old*. By many this is regarded as an idle gasconade, for which there is no colour of truth, and of which, therefore, the

country ought to be heartily ashamed. It is precisely on this point, which required such discreet management and such a careful examination of facts, that the fame of Mr. Canning has been most unjustly dealt with.

The exposition which is contemplated may, perhaps, best commence with the following passage of the Foreign Quarterly Review, (p. 413,) relative to an overture by Mr. Canning to the ambassador of the United States, on the subject of the South American Republics:—

"Mr. Stapleton gives us, for the first time, a communication from Mr. Canning, in August, 1823, to the American minister, Mr. Rush, proposing concerted measures for the eventual recognition. This overture fell to the ground for want of powers in the American."

Here is not only gross ignorance of facts, but a perversion of the very page which the critic is supposed to have before his eye. That Mr. Canning proposed to the United States to join in an "eventual" recognition is impossible, because that Republic had long before, in the most open and solemn manner, recognised the independence of South America. This will be seen on referring to the messages of the President to Congress, which are found regularly transferred to the Annual Register. In the year 1822, Mr. Monroe says, (see Annual Register for that year, p. 597.) "A strong hope was entertained that peace would, ere this, have been concluded between Spain and the independent governments south of the United States in this hemisphere. Long experience having evinced the competency of those governments to maintain the independence which they had declared, it was presumed that the considerations which induced their recognition by the United States would have had equal weight with the other powers," &c. Nay, so early as the year 1819, there is found in the message of the same President, (Annual Register for 1820, part II. p. 676,) the following expressions: "Buenos Ayres still maintains unshaken the independence which it declared in 1816, and has enjoyed since 1810; like success has also lately attended Chili, and the provinces north of the La Plata bordering on it, and likewise Venezuela;" and again "the steadiness, consistency, and success, with which they have pursued their object, as evinced more particularly by the undisturbed sovereignty which Buenos Ayres has so long enjoyed, evidently give them a strong claim to the favourable consideration of nations. These sentiments on the part of the United States have not been withheld from other powers, with whom it is desirable to act in concert." To suppose therefore that Mr. Canning, in 1823, suggested to the United States an "eventual recognition," implies a total ignorance of the history of the South American Republics.

What, then, did he propose? This brings us at once, and directly, to the true point of Mr. Canning's merit, which, with a singular

fatality, has been overlooked alike by his friends and his enemies.

The proposition was one to which a character of the utmost boldness cannot be denied. It went to no less than the union of England and America to resist, in certain contingencies, the Holy Alliance by arms. The invasion of Spain by France, to put down the constitution, caused Mr. Canning to take this stand. He saw that the next step would probably be to bring to bear the consolidated power of despotism, to restore to Spain her transatlantic possessions, by annihilating the obnoxious republics. His immediate apprehension seems to have been of the overshadowing influence of France. He suspected that the colonies would be transferred to her as the price of her intervention, and it filled him with alarm that "Spain, with the Indies" should become, in fact, the mere adjunct of the restless and ambitious rival of England. His uneasiness was not lessened by reflecting on the cordial understanding between France and the continental powers, who had little sympathy with the institutions or people of England, and who had more than once united in resisting the doctrines which she enforced on the ocean. Mr. Canning had a bitter memory on this last point; and in his justification of the Copenhagen affair, it may be remembered to what an ungenerous extent he pushed an argument derived from the alleged bias of Denmark to heterodox doctrines on the subject of neutral rights. Uncompromising on all points connected with England's maritime ascendancy, it is not improbable that one of his principal motives for disliking congresses was, the dread of protests and definitions on this subject. But to return to 1823:—"We have it from his own lips that his great object was to render Spain a dowerless bride to France. "I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies; I called the *New World* into existence to redress the balance of the *Old*." Let us turn now to the proposition to Mr. Rush:—it was, (Stapleton, vol. ii. p. 23.) that England and America should, openly and in concert, protest against any attempt of Spain to make a transfer of her South American possessions, and against any effort of a third party to aid her in the recovery of those possessions: "a proceeding of such a nature," said Mr. Canning to Mr. Rush, "would be at once the most effectual and the least offensive mode of intimating the joint disapprobation of Great Britain and the United States of any projects which might be cherished, by any European power, of a forcible enterprise for deducing the colonies to subjugation on the behalf, or in the name of Spain,—on the acquisition of any part of them to itself by cession or by conquest." "This," says Mr. Stapleton, "was the substance of the confidential communication made by Mr. Canning to Mr. Rush. As that gentleman's answer is written in the same spirit of confidence, it will

not be right to state," &c. The phraseology of Mr. Canning, in one part may be noted on account of its subsequent adoption by the President of the United States. It was proposed to say in the name of the two powers, with a happy and diplomatic evasion of harsh language, that they could not "see with indifference (Stapleton, vol. ii. p. 24.) certain doings." We shall presently encounter these terms again.

The answer of Mr. Rush was doubtless such as might have been anticipated, and such indeed as an English ambassador must have given under similar circumstances. The nature of his functions gave him no pretence of authority, in the absence of instructions, to enter into so momentous a compact. But so far was the negotiation from having "fallen to the ground," (as the Foreign Quarterly asserts in unceremoniously dismissing the subject,) we have the best possible evidence of the important results; and it is indeed only by following this clue that we can attain any thing like a satisfactory view of a very curious and interesting portion of English history.

When the proposition of Mr. Canning reached the United States with the explanatory letters, it engaged the immediate and deepest attention of the American Cabinet. Some idea of the interest excited may be drawn from the fact, that Mr. Monroe, the President, not content with taking counsel of his official advisers, caused the whole to be submitted to Mr. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and late President, then living quite apart from politics, but who was deemed the Nestor of the republic. It is to this circumstance we are indebted for testimony so clear and decisive as to leave nothing further to be desired.

The *Memoirs and Correspondence of Jefferson*, published in 1829, contain the long and interesting reply which he addressed to the President, and the sentiments of which passed into the act of the Government, and were subsequently followed up by sending a representation to the Congress of American Republics at Panama. The letter will be found in the 4th vol. p. 390, and bears date 24th October, 1823. He says:

"The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation, this sets our compass, and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. And never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is labouring to become the domicile of

despotism, our endeavour should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom. One nation most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one, or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause. Not that I would purchase even her amity at the price of taking part in her wars. But the war in which the present proposition might engage us, should that be its consequence, is not her war but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system, of keeping out of our land all foreign powers, of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations. It is to maintain our own principle, and not to depart from it: and if to facilitate this we can effect a division in the body of the European powers, and draw over to our side its most powerful member, surely we should do it. But I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion that it will prevent instead of provoking war." (This shows how anxiously and minutely he had gone into the subject, and in what various lights he had presented it.) "With Great Britain withdrawn from their scale, and shifted into that of our two continents, all Europe combined would not undertake such a war. For how would they propose to get at either enemy without superior fleets? Nor is the occasion to be slighted, which this proposition offers, of declaring our protest against the atrocious violations of the rights of nations by the interference of any one in the internal affairs of another, so flagitiously begun by Bonaparte, and now continued by the equally lawless Alliance calling itself Holy." In the same letter he adds:

"I could honestly, therefore, join in the declaration proposed, that we aim not at the acquisition of any of those possessions, that we will not stand in the way of any amicable arrangement between them and the mother country; but that we will oppose, with all our means, the forcible interposition of any other power, as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext; and most especially, their transfer to any power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way. I should think it therefore advisable, that the executive should encourage the British Government to a continuance in the dispositions expressed in these letters, by an assurance of his concurrence with them as far as his authority goes; and that as it may lead to war, the declaration of which requires an act of Congress, the case shall be laid before them for consideration at their first meeting, and under the reasonable aspect in which it is seen by himself."

It now remains to connect with this the passage in the Message of the President to

Congress, dated 2d December, 1823, (see Annual Register for that year, p. 193\*), in which he echoes the very sentiments into which Mr. Jefferson had been warmed by the Letters of Canning:

"The late events in Spain and Portugal show that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact, no stronger proof can be adduced than that the allied powers should have thought it proper, on any principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interpositions may be carried on the same principle, is a question in which all independent powers, whose governments differ from theirs, are interested, even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early age of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same; which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto*, as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting, in all instances, the just claims of every power—submitting to injuries from none. But, in regard to those continents, circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent, without endangering our peace and happiness: nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference."

This declaration made its eager way to Europe, and attracted universal attention. We find M. Brougham, in a Letter to Dr. Parr, dated 30th December, 1823, (Parr's Works, by Johnson, vol. vii. p. 229,) thus speaking of it:—"Among other subjects of congratulation, let me mention the admirable Speech of the American President as the very first. It is a death-blow to despotism in the New World, and a good shake to it in the Old." And again, a few weeks afterwards, (ib.) "I heartily congratulate you on the admirable conduct of the American Government. This is a real cordial to the spirits of all friends of liberty, and a wormwood dose to its enemies. Whether the Holy Allies will be mad enough to persist, in spite of it, remains to be seen. I believe, however, that they are in a dilemma; for should they remain passive spectators of the complete establishment of democracy all over the New World, the despotic thrones of the Old will be held by a somewhat frail tenure."

Mr. Stapleton, (vol. ii. p. 38,) speaking of Canning's contemporaneous exertions on his side of the Atlantic, tells us, "Fortunately, just at the moment when these discussions were being carried on, the Message of the President of the United States to their Con-

gress arrived in Europe, in which document it was stated," &c. The effect, according to him, was decisive. "When coupled with the refusal of Great Britain to take part in a Congress, it effectually put an end to the project of assembling one similar to those which had met at Vienna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Laybach, and Verona."

It is impossible, without wilfully closing the eyes, not to see that from the mind of George Canning proceeded directly the great impulse that set the machinery in motion. The very phraseology of the President at the critical point of the Message is, as has been remarked, taken from Mr. Canning's communication to the American ambassador.

That the danger against which Mr. Canning sought to provide was imminent, we may well believe; for no good reason can be assigned why the agency of France, as the guardian of Spain, should have stopped where it did. We can, of course, have no overt act to adduce, and the decisive language of England prevented even a full disclosure of the wishes of the Holy Alliance. Yet the expressions of Polignac, as found in a memorandum of Mr. Canning, (Stapleton, vol. ii. p. 32,) may serve to show how artfully he sought to win over the concurrence, or neutrality at least, of England.

"That in the interest of humanity, and especially in that of the Spanish colonies, it would be worthy of the European governments to concert together the means of calming, in those distant and scarcely civilized regions, passions blinded by party spirit; and to endeavour to bring back to a principle of union in government, whether monarchical or aristocratical, people among whom absurd and dangerous theories were now keeping up agitation and disunion."

The critic, in the *Foreign Quarterly*, says, (p. 417,) "All that we deny is, that this recognition of South America, or any of its consequences, placed England in any different position, in respect of the rest of Europe, from that in which she stood while the Holy Alliance was recent and in full force." Here is only, once more, the strange misconception as to the real crisis of Mr. Canning's agency in this matter. The "recognition," as it is called, did not take place until 1825, after the Holy Alliance had fallen to pieces. There was nothing offensive in that act, nor was any principle of policy involved in it. The rule is familiar, and well settled, that the government *de facto*, when firmly established, is the only one which foreign nations can know. England carried on an extensive commerce in these regions: and it was not to be endured that the responsible civil authorities should have to be sought on a different side of the Atlantic, where was kept up the pageant of a claim utterly powerless to vindicate itself, much less to compel atonement to others for outrages on the theatre of its pretended sove-

reignty. England merely acted on the fact which the United States had assumed so long before; and this must have been equally the case under the Administration of Lord Castlereagh. No; it was to the principles acted on in 1823, that Mr. Canning himself went back, and to which his friends must look in seeking to justify his lofty pretensions. "I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies; I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." And does the critic of the *Foreign Quarterly* mean to deny that his conduct on that occasion "placed England in any different position in respect of the rest of Europe" from that which she occupied when enacting a busy part at congresses?—What! no difference when she travels across the Atlantic to rear up a counter-alliance against those very powers by whose side she recently sat! It were idle to combat a proposition so ridiculous.

But the most vexatious part of the whole matter remains to be stated. The recent work of Mr. Stapleton, who is understood to have been the confidential secretary of Mr. Canning, is put forth with the most imposing claims to attention; "to the representative," he says, "of this lamented statesman, the author is indebted for the means which have enabled him to compile the following pages. Without the freest reference to Mr. Canning's papers—a reference which his representative alone had power to accord,—the task which the author has now performed, he never could have undertaken." Yet this gentleman is found (vol. ii. p. 39,) thus speaking of the passage in the President's Message:

"Although this language was not the consequence of any understanding with, or of any suggestion of, this country, it is impossible not to believe," &c.

It is obvious that this is not only untrue, but surrenders at once Mr. Canning's celebrated vaunt to unmitigated ridicule. The United States had long before, as has been stated, recognised the independence of all the South American Republics, and to her present interposition Mr. Stapleton attributes a decisive effect at this momentous crisis. Supposing then the latter to have been a spontaneous act uninfluenced by England, how shameless a braggart must Mr. Canning appear! What renders yet more inexcusable an ignorance of the conclusive testimony as to his pervading influence, is the fact that Mr. Huskisson, in the debate of the 20th of May, 1830, invited attention to this very letter of Mr. Jefferson, and read an extract from it to the House of Commons. (Barrow's *Mirror of Parliament*, p. 1839.)

This is not the place for a full and satisfactory consideration of the merits of Mr. Canning's political career, or even of the views which the future historian may take of



his conduct on this particular occasion. It is sufficient for the present to have exhibited, in their proper juxta-position, facts which have long been the sport of misconception, and the theme of endless, because confused, controversy. B.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

# LORD BROUGHAM. THE MAN OF THE TIME.

THERE are few tasks much more difficult than the one we are assuming. The real worth of the politician must be determined not by actions, but the consequences of actions, of which posterity can be the only adequate judge: we may guess their probable result; but being able to do nothing more than guess, the conclusion of each of us is disputed by the supposition of another. In a party journal then, for such ours must seem to those who divide the supporters of improvement and the adherents to abuses into two opposite factions;—in a party journal it is almost impossible, however fairly, in our own estimation, we may speak of the present Lord Chancellor—however much we may turn in distaste from the system of unmitigated panegyric—it is almost impossible but that some will be displeased at any praise, proceeding from principles or feelings in direct opposition to their own. For this there is no remedy. On the other hand, political connexion begets personal prejudices and affections, which every writer who pretends to candour, must despair of contesting. “The Author of Nature,” it is said by a great English writer, “has thought fit to mingle from time to time among the societies of men, a few, and but a few, of those on whom he is graciously pleased to bestow a larger portion of the ethereal spirit than is given in the ordinary course to the sons of men. These are they, who are born to instruct, to guide, and to preserve—who are designed to be the tutors and the guardians of mankind; when they prove such, they exhibit to us examples of the highest virtue and the truest piety, and they deserve to have their festivals kept instead of that pack of anchorites and enthusiasts with whose name the Calendar is crowded and disgraced. When these men apply their talents to other purposes, when they strive to be great and despise being good, they commit a most sacrilegious breach of trust—they prevent the means—they defeat, as far as lies in them, the designs of Providence, and dispute in some sort the system of infinite Wisdom.” Such is the ordinary cant, not always so eloquently expressed, by which it is frequently insinuated that men of extraordinary talent are either so generous as only to labour for the public weal, or so selfish as merely to consider their individual advantage. We believe either of these cases to be of rare occurrence.

Those who think solely of themselves, are less capable of doing much than is generally imagined. They are never carried beyond themselves into those fits of vigour and enthusiasm, in which man acquires a mastery over the minds of other men. The talent which enters coldly and abstractedly into the things on which it concerns itself—which does not warm at each fact it discovers—and feel, involuntarily feel, having once engaged in the investigation of any truth, an earnest and signal desire for its perfect development—the talent which embraces all subjects without ever being transported beyond one consideration, is of so stunted and mean a nature, that as no good can be expected from its labours, so little evil is to be feared from its ambition. In men of this class, purely egotistic, no circumstances, however striking and stirring in their nature, create that heat and excitement which produce marvellous things. They are the figures of ordinary clay round the statue of Memnon, which the rays of the sun could never render musical.

On the other hand, the amiable persons who, unoccupied with any selfish object, perpetually revolve plans for universal improvement, are, generally speaking, so vague and dreamy in their speculations, and this, perhaps, from the very circumstance that their thoughts are never narrowed and concentrated in themselves, as to be as useless and impracticable in all matters of action and business, as the philosophical projectors of Lagado.

It is useless to expect in men of action and men of the world those qualities which, if they possessed, would assign them to a different class; with such men taking an active and useful part in public affairs, the love for the great, the beautiful, and the true, is found to infuse a noble colour into their ambition, while from that ambition springs the manly and practical tone which they give to the mere theories of legislative genius.

What is so common, if a man of ability accepts office, as the sneering ejaculation of the paltry eavesdropper—“Ha! I always saw what these fine phrases meant. You see he only wanted place like the rest of them!” Wretched indeed, as Mr. Fox said, must be the condition of the country in which that which should be the reward of men of honour is considered as a disgrace.

We make no charge against Lord Brougham, when we allow, which we do frankly, the bitterest accusation of his detractors—that so far from being insensible to power, he has shown, not in a mean and injudicious manner, but in a tone and temper suited to his ability—a strong and earnest desire to stand in a prominent situation before the people; although we regret to think that he has condescended at times to stoop beneath his genius, and to practise those little arts and devices of popularity, which, after all, rarely succeed in attaining their object.

Yet are there few,—searching history where you will—yet are there few examples of a statesman having passed to office by a broader and more straightforward road—of an individual having more closely connected the public interests with his own, than the present Lord Chancellor of England, whom the people still call by the affectionate and familiar name of “Harry Brougham.”

Lord Brougham, as is well known, # of an ancient and respectable family in Westmoreland. He was educated at the High School in Edinburgh; and even as a boy gave those remarkable indications of talent which his life has fortunately afforded him the opportunity of developing.

A contemporary journal (“The American Review,”) supposes, from some favourite theory we presume of the writer, that Lord Brougham was not thought a quick and clever, but a slow and hard-reading boy; on which supposition follows a long tirade against what is called in America “genius.” We think that this reviewer is at perfect issue with the truth in the general proposition he puts forth; we are perfectly sure that he argues without foundation in the present instance. Lord Brougham, as a boy, was remarkable for the almost intuitive perception of what was placed before him. He was wild, fond of pleasure, taking to study again by starts, and always reading with more effect than others, when he did read, because it was for some specified object, the knowledge of which was to be acquired in the shortest possible time.

Even in his early years it happened to him, as it has happened to many who have risen to after eminence in that art, to acquire the rudiments of eloquence in that fluency and facility of expression which proceed from the habits of public speaking. Young Brougham, in “The Speculative Club,” exercised almost the same superiority over his youthful competitors, though some were then and afterwards remarkable for their ability, which the present Chancellor holds over his noble rivals in the House of Lords. The late Mr. Horner, the late Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Murray, Mr. Southey, the present Lord Advocate, were the most distinguished members of this society.

But these pursuits, active and engrossing as they more generally are, did not prevent this singular young man from indulging in those fits of abstract meditation with which they are usually considered and found incompatible. From the noisy clamour of a spouting club, it was not unfrequent with him to retire to the study of the more abstruse branches of mathematics; one of the fruits of which was the well-known letter to the Royal Society, which an early friend assures us that he saw when Lord Brougham was only eighteen; a Latin correspondence, which had been for some time carried on with the most distin-

guished savans in Europe, who had in all probability, as little idea that the grave professor of science they were addressing with the most lavish superlatives, was a mere schoolboy, as they could have had that he would one day be the Lord Chancellor of England.

We would ourselves willingly stop here to inquire what might then have been the wildest visions of the young philosopher and politician?—with what thoughts he welcomed the dawn of a scientific truth, or sate down with continued “hear-hims” ringing in his ears?—what were the ordinary habits of his life? We might picture him with the sentimentalists, in the deep stillness of night, bending in sickly meditation over the exhausted lamp, if we did not know that he was frequently occupied at that hour in loud and gay carousals. His was not that order of wisdom in youth which proceeds from a cold predisposition to the habits of age.

On quitting Edinburgh, Mr. Brougham, in company with the present Lord Stuart de Rothsay, made a tour through the northern parts of Europe.

The manner in which he announced himself to the world on his return from the Continent, was as an author.

It is the peculiar characteristic of the eminent man of whom we are speaking, that his talents are so various, that his energies have been so unwearied, that such things as would have distinguished the ability, and been landmarks in the career, of other men, are transitory and incidental, confounded with a thousand other qualifications—confused with a thousand other actions in his life—so that we are obliged to pass rapidly over each, in order to produce a proper impression from them all. It is with this feeling that we glance at the two volumes before us, “The Colonial Policy of the European Powers.” To attempt a critical review of them in the space here allowed us, would be impossible. We cannot, however, lay them altogether aside; were it only for their merits of composition, we should assign their writer a very high place among literary men. They contain political assumptions, rather hastily made, from some of which Mr. Brougham shrunk in after years. We do not subscribe to all their doctrines. In some, respecting the West Indian colonies, time has shown their author to have been much mistaken. But we do say it is impossible to read through this, we will venture to call it, remarkable work, without being struck by the bold, philosophical, and independent tone of inquiry and discussion with which it proceeds, the vast stores of information which it embodies, the deep resources of thought which it develops, and, what is more striking than all in a man of speculative mind, nor yet intimately acquainted with public affairs, while grappling with so vast and complicated a subject,—the keen and practical glance with which different theories are looked

through, and some of their most delusive fallacies detected.

In 1802, the Edinburgh Review was commenced;—(Mr. Sidney Smith, we once heard in conversation, but cannot assert the fact, wrote the greater part of the first number.) To this publication Mr. Brougham was an early and powerful, and has continued almost up to the present time a frequent contributor. His articles, remarked at the time of their appearance, have, notwithstanding sunk into that fatal oblivion from which so few periodical writings ever can escape; and we acknowledge that in reading through the earlier numbers of that (then) remarkable publication, we find it difficult to discover, amidst the general exhibition of ability, any peculiar characteristics by which we might fix upon the productions of Lord Brougham's pen.

Among the various pamphlets, many of which he has been (more often than not erroneously,) supposed the author, "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People" is the most important in its matter, and for its subject. Many of his speeches have been separately published, and indeed it is in them, rather than in the papers, quickly written, and variously dispersed, that, since entering into public life, his literary talents have been most usefully and laboriously displayed.

In 1810, Lord Brougham came into Parliament, introduced there, it was then said, to "spite the Prince." If this *on dit* be true, it was pretty early that the seeds of that bitter animosity were sown, which the late King was afterwards known to feel towards the advocate of his wife. Mr. Brougham had spoken in 1808, before the House with considerable effect, previous to becoming one of its members. His fame for talent at the bar, considerably heightened by his writings and the great conversational powers he possessed, excited much expectation. His first effort, nevertheless, added to the innumerable instances of what are called "failures," in men of ability, who for some time mistake the taste of their audience, or at all events do not skilfully contrive to manage that difficult and fastidious assembly—"a House of Commons."

We are not quite certain whether the triumph of a first speech is not, in most instances, a sign of mediocrity. The ordinary error which a man of superior mind commits is that of at first assuming the station, and speaking with the tone of those who, though no more than his equals in mind, hold a different position from himself in an assembly where they have grown into respect.

A first speech in the florid style of Mr. Canning, or in the droll and peculiar manner of Sir Charles Wetherell, though the person speaking it might have more than the quickness and eloquence of the first, more than the humour and sesquipedalian rhetoric of the last—would be received with coldness,—very probably with disgust. Yet who is there pos-

Museum.—Vol. XX.

sessing qualities to a superior degree, which qualities he sees admired in others, but might be tempted into their untimely and unfortunate display?

The man of less presumptuous faculties assumes at once as the tone of his ordinary abilities, the tone of his peculiar situation. The House admires as the force of taste and of art that which is in reality a feebleness of nature. Nor are we singular in observing that the speakers who at first knew so well how to conciliate attention, frequently go through a long life without being subsequently able to command it.

However this may be, we find Mr. Brougham very shortly afterwards taking an important part in the debates.

In 1812, he spoke against the appointment of Colonel M'Mahon as secretary to the Prince Regent, and was answered by—Mr. Croker. On the death of Mr. Perceval he was the first to call the attention of the House to the formation of an efficient and vigorous administration, in which it was intended that his political friends should take a very important share. One speech made during this year was worthy of his after-reputation: it was in support of a motion for the repeal of those foolish and fruitless acts in council, against which he had been heard in 1808, at the bar of the House.

This speech was shortly succeeded by others of extraordinary power. But it was in 1818, on the orders of the day being read for the House to go into a committee on "the Education of the Poor bill" that Mr. Brougham, whose labours on this subject we shall hereafter notice, extracted praise from Lord Castlereagh, carried the House entirely with him, and made an impression upon the country which his subsequent eloquence has not effaced. From this time his position (for which he had been struggling for some years) was fixed; his powers of expression, his indefatigability of research, as well as that stern and daring tone of mind which procures enemies at first, but which, sooner or later, gives a public man the ascendancy over those with whom he is placed in contact, were acknowledged and felt.

We pass by the trial of Queen Caroline in 1820; neither is it our intention to follow Lord Brougham step by step through his parliamentary career. In its result we have to consider him as the emendator of the laws,—the promoter of education,—the orator,—the politician. If we were to enter fairly into the discussions of Lord Brougham's merits as a law reformer, the subject would extend itself far beyond the limits of this article, and please but few who are likely to peruse the pages it occupies.

His famous proposition was considered too vast by one set of men, and too narrow by another; we confess we more than incline to the latter opinion. But, indeed, the position

No. 117.—2 G

which, in this branch of his labours, Lord Brougham has ever assumed, has been that one most likely to be unpopular. Daring and decisive as far as he goes, having a defined and no very distant term where he intends to stop, the language which he employs, the intention which he announces, are precisely such as are calculated to acquire (for the moment at least) the smallest number of friends,—to collect the greatest number of opponents. In this, as in other reforms, the "*medio tutissimus*" does not hold good for the popularity of the reformer. Few have been more violently denounced as the patron of abuses, by one set of persons, than the very man who has been so passionately accused as the instigator to revolution by another. Those who make the author of the *Principia*, a man certainly not idly given to Utopian schemes, a barrier to all political reformation, have woefully misread the meaning of their master. And that learned and thoughtful man who called time "the great innovator," never meant that changes ought not to be made in government and law, suitable to, or rather corresponding with, those changes, which, as the necessary consequence of pre-existing laws and government, time will introduce into national habits and thoughts: He was opposed not to all innovations, but to those innovations which might be most properly so called,—as new and strange, and contrary to the general spirit,—a term implying the feelings which have grown out of the climate, the religion, the ancient laws and customs of a people, from an attention to which Montesquieu heads one of his chapters, by saying, "*Qu'il ne faut pas tout changer.*" To this spirit,—to these feelings, we cannot but think, allowing them otherwise the greatest merit, that a peculiar body of reformers are too indifferent;—they are too apt to consider men as mere arithmetical figures,—the same in all countries and in all situations, who may be divided, subtracted, and multiplied, with the certainty of producing every where the same result.

For our own part we believe that the system of government should much resemble the order and symmetry of the world,—of which a solid body is composed of transitory parts, of which the whole, at one time, is never old, nor middle-aged, nor young,—but, in a condition of "changeable constancy," moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. Such, we imagine, are the opinions of the most sober and rational reformers of all ages and countries, who would prefer proceeding gradually and temperately, if they were always allowed to proceed, and are only driven into violent measures of alteration, where their necessity has

*grown out of a long and bigoted resistance to salutary change!*

There is a mode, however, by which it is easy to distinguish between those who submit to insignificant corrections, in order to prevent effectual reform, and those who advocate and adopt moderate amelioration, as the safest and surest means of approaching the most sweeping improvement. The wise, the practical, the sober-thinking, are for laying the only solid and firm foundation for good government in the education of the governed.

If the people wish to know who are their real and most valuable friends,—if they wish to distinguish those who seek to oppress them on the one hand, or to profit by and cajole them on the other, from such as are judiciously and honestly anxious for their advantage,—they have only to draw a line between the advocates for, and the enemies to, their instruction. It is as one of the most earnest and zealous of the former, it is for all that he has done to promote education,—to diffuse knowledge,—that the present Lord Chancellor will take a higher place in history than even as the great statesman and orator of his country. "*Nec enim is solus reipublice prodest qui candidatos extrahit et tuetur reos et de pace belloque censeat—sed qui juventutem exhortatur—qui in tantâ bonorum præceptorum inopiâ virtute instruit animos.*"

Lord Brougham's first great parliamentary effort on the subject of education, made the 21st of May, 1816, was for a select committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the state of the education of the lower orders of the people in London, Westminster, and Southwark. In the evidence of this committee was produced much information on the state of the different charity schools in the metropolis; and the day after its sittings were concluded, a brief report was presented to the House, recommending that Parliament should take proper measures for extending the blessings of education to the lower class of the community, as well as for inquiring into the management of charitable donations made for their instruction. As the best method of effecting this object a parliamentary commission was recommended.

The general result of this committee, which had different stages in its proceedings, was,—we quote from a contemporary opponent,—to bring the following distinct and most grave matters under public consideration:—"1. The present condition of the lower orders of the metropolis. 2. Plans for promoting education amongst them, as well as for bettering, by other methods, their moral and their general state. 3. The propriety or impropriety of connecting the national religion with national education. 4. The nature and state of all charitable institutions whatsoever. 5. The circumstances and administration of the great public schools, and of the two universities in



England; and lastly, sundry charges of malversation and robbery of the poor, adduced against some persons of exalted character in the country." We care not what might be the result of such discussion. To have induced subjects like these to have been fully considered and discussed; to have laid before the opened eyes and awakened attention of the people large volumes of evidence bearing upon matters to them of the most vital importance, would, were it the only act of a public man, entitle him to the thanks and the esteem of his country.

The charges brought against the committee, and the commission afterwards proposed; the manner in which the powers of that commission were restricted in the House of Lords, and the name of Mr. Brougham, to whom it owed its existence, omitted among the nominations of the Crown; formed the subject of many controversial pamphlets, (one written by Mr. Brougham himself, under the title of a Letter to Sir S. Romilly) to which we refer our readers, not having sufficient space to enter more than cursorily into those transactions. That the head masters of public schools should dislike being summarily summoned up to London, and examined with little more ceremony than they used to their own scholars; that ill-regulated institutions should object to the examination of their charters; that the Quarterly (we must do it the justice to say, in a very able article,) should declare the Crown and Church to be threatened with danger, denounce Mr. Brougham as a Scotchman and a dissenter, and appeal to the romantic attachment of the nobility and gentry of England for the scenes of their early instruction, are all matters of course; but we think there were some parts in Mr. Brougham's plan, which a reasonable man might fairly object to; the reception of, or rather invitation to, anonymous and malicious accusations, however justified for the sake of supplying a clue to inquiry. The principle set forth in the declaration, that there should exist a propensity to suspect abuses, is one—which, for its immediate, but more particularly for its remote evils, in the manner in which it might affect the national character and habits of our people—from which we entirely dissent. But to the general aim and scope of the bill that was introduced, to a fair and thorough investigation of all charitable and public institutions whatsoever; nay more, to the perpetual supervision of their management and accounts, we confess we see no reason for opposition, (to use the words of the writer of the Letter to Sir S. Romilly,) "save in a determined resolution to screen delinquents, to perpetuate negligence, and respect malversation."

In 1820, a year memorable to him in many respects, Mr. Brougham brought forward his celebrated plan of education; and here, though the object in view was so desirable, such were the difficulties in the way of its accomplish-

ment, that almost every class of men was opposed to the only practical means of carrying it into effect. While a certain body, generally keen in discovering its own interests, felt at once that there was danger to itself in any plan of education whatsoever; others were dissatisfied with the means employed, and declared that they would much rather see the people remain in ignorance, than intrust to any particular, and especially to any religious class of persons, the sole power over the method of their instruction. This was the cry of the dissenters, and as the same opinion is still very widely prevalent, we cannot too strongly enter our protest against so pernicious and illiberal a doctrine. What! is it possible by any means that human ingenuity can devise, to forge out of the elements of knowledge a will to be misgoverned and misruled? that will comes from ignorance, not information. Is it probable, is it possible, if you give men the means of acquiring a knowledge of their own interests, that they will not in the end derive from such means consequences to their own advantage!

Set the people fairly in the road for discovering truth; we don't care who starts them upon it; as they travel on, they will acquire confidence in their own judgment and discretion. Their views will enlarge; the means will open to them of looking fairly on the different modes of government in church and state. They will not adopt violent, (moderation is the distinctive mark of knowledge,) but they will, we believe, adopt honest and correct opinions of both. With bigotry and despotism on the one hand, and liberty and toleration on the other, they will judge, like ourselves, as to which they should eschew, which embrace; but even were it otherwise, friends to freedom as we are, in the forms of government which it has usually adopted, we have no hesitation in saying that more of freedom properly understood—a greater security of property—a wiser system of laws—ay, a fairer field for the expression of opinion—will be found in an enlightened nation, the ruling authority of which is vested in one man, than among an ignorant people, who enjoy the satisfaction of misgoverning themselves. Nay, more; the grandest justification for establishing the Government of a country on a broad and popular basis, is, that the circle of its intelligence is proportionably extensive; the number of persons entrusted with power, and the share assigned to the greater multitude must depend, or ought to depend, on their capability to exercise it; we recognise no right that people have to do themselves wrong; they cannot do wrong to themselves without injuring others: but we wish that they should be put in such a situation as that they can safely be entrusted with the management of their own affairs.

As the corner stone, then, of the temple of Freedom—as the only foundation on which it can rest—we are for knowledge—knowledge acquired by all means—obtained at all hands:

nor are we likely to conclude that that blessing can be made a prop to the slavery of superstition, without which, not even the liberty of conscience can exist.

According to the details brought forward in Lord Brougham's speech, it would appear that before the Lancasterian schools, in 1803, only one-twentieth of the population was educated, while in 1820, not above one-fourteenth received education. The metropolis in this respect, was in a much worse condition than the country at large.

The following is a brief sketch of the outlines of Lord Brougham's plan:—

The grand jury at the quarter sessions, the actual incumbent of the parish, any two justices, or any five resident householders, (or if two parishes or chapelries joined in the application, four householders of each,) were empowered to present to the quarter sessions, a complaint that there was no school in the parish or chapelry, or that there were not two schools, and in very extensive and populous districts, three schools where such a number was necessary. Due notice of the complaint was to be given a month before the first day of the quarter sessions, and at the request of five householders, the parish officers were obliged to resist the proceedings. An estimate of the expense of the school-house and garden was then to be furnished, and the decision of the quarter sessions was to be final.

The master was required to have a certificate of his qualification signed by the clergyman and three householders of the parish in which he had previously resided for twelve months, or by the clergyman and two householders of two parishes. He was to be a member of the Established Church. Furthermore, though the election of the master was in the inhabitant householders, paying the school rates, the parson, after examination, might refuse him. The school might be visited, at any time, by the Bishop of the diocese, and the master removed at his suggestion. No book of any kind was to be used in the school without the clergyman's permission, nor was any form of worship to be allowed in it but the Lord's prayer and passages of the scripture. As an appendix to this plan, was one for making existing endowments more useful to the education of the poor.\*

Receiving no encouragement from the government, and being unsupported by any party in the country, the scheme fell to the ground, and was altogether abandoned.

We pass by Lord Brougham's claim to the honour of founding the London University, which is disputed with great apparent justice by Mr. Campbell: neither is it necessary, after all we have said, to insist upon the share which he has taken in the publications for the diffusion of useful knowledge, (in which the

design is greatly better than the selection of the subjects,) as well as in the establishment and promotion of those institutions which derive their origin from the experiment of Dr. Birkbeck.

It is now in a new character we are about to consider Lord Brougham. "Brougham is rather a heavy, laborious speaker! To me there appears something somewhat grotesque in his attempts at impassioned oratory, wherein he occasionally displays his zeal and warmth in contortions of face and figure nearly approaching to the ludicrous. He has an iron face, an iron figure, both equally divested of grace and majesty, nor does his action or expression make amends for these deficiencies of face and person; his eloquence is little more than special pleading. As the leader of a party in the House of Commons, he is at most, however, but second-rate. I have heard him occasionally on subjects of foreign policy, wherein the talents of a statesman are put to the test, and was surprised at his crudeness, as well as want of extent of idea and accuracy of information. I have certainly heard a member from our woods talk more sensibly, and display more statesman-like views."

We have quoted this passage, containing the opinion of an American contemporary, so that succeeding him as critics, our eulogies may produce greater effect, our censures require less excuse.

Whatever Lord Brougham may be, as compared with the great men who are no more; whatever posterity may decide respecting him, when he has ceased to exist in the eye of the present generation, to us who now hear him—by the side of those, and some not unworthy rivals near whom he stands, he is confessedly, and unequivocally the Man of the Time, the superior spirit whose word animates, awes, soothes, electrifies; to whom no one is ashamed to confess himself unequal in that art which Cicero places just after that of arms; and which, perhaps, holds a still higher rank than military science in a commonwealth, peaceable and well-governed. To this, many circumstances, besides those which rise out of the intrinsic talent of the individual, have much contributed.

There was not in all probability that gigantic difference between Mr. Brougham in 1810, and Lord Brougham in 1831, which can justify the different reputation of the same individual at the two different periods; neither, perhaps, is there now that difference between Lord Brougham and Mr. Macaulay, which public opinion recognises. The rise from disputed fame to undisputed prececdency, is, generally speaking, of a slow and gradual progress. Public talent is very much, and very rightly measured by its public utility; as long as there are men whose opinion, from the experience which the country has had of their capacity—whose knowledge, from their long acquaintance with the practical details of office

\* The plan is open, at a glance, to great objection.—Ed.

—is, and ought to be, of superior weight on matters of state policy, to that of others less known and less experienced;—so long, they will be more eagerly demanded—more willingly listened to—more cheerfully admired.

It generally happens then, that the old actors pass from the political stage, before the young are allowed to play the principal parts there. As one disappears, others come forward, and it is only when these have outlived the great persons of the age which preceded them, that they have a full scope for the display of their own abilities. Nor is this all: there is a certain current of common sense in this country, which sets strongly against the exhibitions of wit, where the real demand is for information. All those, or most of those powers of the higher order, by which an orator enchants and transports his hearers, with which he adorns and renders graceful the long and wearisome road to knowledge, are forbidden to him who has not given the most frequent and convincing proofs that it is really knowledge to which he is leading. The facts brought forward in one session, procure attention to the figures by which they are illustrated in the next. Certain of your powers to instruct, your audience is not offended by your pretension to amuse them. It was the memory of Lord Brougham's speeches on commerce, education, and law—it was the thorough conviction that he could have treated the question of reform after the gravest fashion of Legislative science, that procured him the liberty of running away with it into all the odd and extravagant corners into which wit, humour, and imagination could thrust their head. He is now, then, in a position in which he may give full scope to his genius, in which he may excite and encourage all the faculties which nature has given him and study perfected. He is now in a position, moreover, in which his energies may assume the nervous, masculine, and well-directed and regulated energies of power; in which he must feel, instead of that chilling conviction which damps the force of a leader of opposition—the chilling conviction that all his efforts are to be overpowered,—the full, the thrilling, almost godlike sensation that every word which falls from his lips—the enunciation of thoughts long conned and brooded over, will have an influence on the destinies of the world. It is in this position that we saw and heard him on the 7th of October, an event that we shall ever consider memorable in our lives. It was after a discussion of almost unexampled length and certainly of unexampled power, that the Chancellor rose to express his opinion on a subject which, for many months, had excited all the talent, exhausted, as it was to be supposed, all the eloquence of the sternest and subtlest minds; a subject on which had been collected and concentrated the clearest expressions of reason, the most vivid conceptions of fancy; a subject

which art and genius, every energy quickened by interest, every pulse throbbing for power, had taken as the arena of political contention. In such a struggle, it was necessary that Lord Brougham should surpass all others. His triumph was to be as imposing, or his failure was to be as signal, as the tone which he assumed, and the position in which he placed himself, were lofty and conspicuous.

That he succeeded under these circumstances, places him beyond dispute, among the greatest of those men in modern times who are his rivals in the same art. And we might almost be tempted to exclaim, "*Nolumus enim putare quenquam pleniorum et uberiorum ad dicendum fuisse*," if in the midst of our eulogies we could not but feel the readiness with which the present is ever apt to glorify itself. We cannot but remember that Bolingbroke, Chatham, Pitt, his rival Fox,—and Mr. Canning in our own time, were all cheered on with the same cry, that each was the first man—the greatest orator that *ever* existed. We must not too easily accord that Lord Brougham is this. He is an orator of the first order, he has all the qualifications for being so—copiousness of language—fulness and sweetness of voice—an eloquent appearance;—and even in the management of his robes, "*et motu aque ipso amictu*," there is something of that dignity, which though it would count for little in our estimation of the man, is in nowise to be considered unimportant in our judgment of the orator. But with all these qualifications—with all the qualifications which, if stated singly, would seem to comprehend every thing we could desiderate or describe, there does appear to us, we confess, that something wanting, which answers to Lord Bacon's definition of the best part of physical beauty, that something "which neither pen nor pencil can delineate; no, nor our first sight of the life." We say to Lord Brougham's facetious sallies, what exquisite humour! to his splendid perorations, what scholastic composition! the modulations of his voice, the strength and dignity of his action strike us with astonishment and admiration; his irony and sarcasm (there he is most powerful) thrill through us; the mastery he frequently displays, not only of hoarded lore, but of living and worldly knowledge, assures us at once that it is to a great and full mind we are delivering our attention; the various parts of his discourse (we speak of him in his best moments,) strike us as perfect in their way;—and yet when he has finished, we cannot say that nothing is wanting in the whole. We have been alternately amused, terrified, or instructed; but it is very rarely that we feel the effect of any one feeling in a permanent and irresistible degree! We should cry "The fine orator!"—we should not cry, "Let us go and fight Philip."

We will take the last, perhaps the best, of Lord Brougham's speeches, as an illustration

of our criticism. We were convulsed with laughter at Lord Wharnccliffe's solitary promenade on the south side of Berkeley Square. We shrank, with Lord Dudley, into insignificance at the comparison between the maker of Latin verse, and the manufacturer of philosophers for Manchester and Birmingham; the researches into constitutional and legal literature, convinced us of the learning of the Lord Chancellor; his remarks on the genius of the English people, on the necessity, the wholesome necessity, of consolidating and connecting the various parts of society, by adding to the firmness and strength of that link which kept its extremities together; convinced us that that learning had been poured into a mind capable of giving it a practical result: the concluding passage, or peroration, was powerful and impressive, even to preventing the genuflexion with which it closed from appearing ridiculous; yet, notwithstanding all this, we ask any one who enjoyed the felicity of hearing that remarkable speech, whether when Lord Brougham sat down, the listener felt the strong conviction that it must have seduced, convinced, or terrified any set of men into the necessity it contended for; nay, more, whether he felt certain of a deep earnestness in the speaker's own mind, in favour of that opinion which he sought to introduce into the minds of others. There is something in Lord Brougham's oratory which brings the speech and the speaker too much before us; we admire the eloquence of the one, the voice and action of the other; but the subject of this eloquence, the cause which calls forth those deep tones and raises that sinewy arm and long outstretched finger, is somewhat too strongly thrown into the shade by its effects.

Nor is this all, the long and involved sentences out of which a fact starts suddenly into life; the discursive manner in which an opponent is attacked; the magnificent embroidery with which truth is adorned; (though each of these things startles and captivates our minds at the time,) wear us out, at length, of any singleness of attention. We are like a traveller setting out on a voyage of business by a beautiful road, who, lost in admiration of the woods, the waterfalls, the rich parks by which he passes, forgets altogether the object of his journey when he has arrived at the end of it.

The extent of the study or preparation which Lord Brougham gives to his speeches, must be a matter of conjecture, and is therefore frequently one of dispute. We have heard anecdotes in proof of their perfect unpremeditation, while we think we remember a letter from Lord Brougham himself, in which the necessity not only of premeditating, but of verbally composing those parts of a speech which are meant to be most effective, is absolutely insisted upon. There may be exaggeration in either case, nor is even self-testimony to be

perfectly relied upon, since some persons are as fond of exaggerating their labours, as others, more foolishly, are of professing to succeed without effort. There is, however, in the speeches themselves, strong internal evidence in favour of Lord Brougham's own confession, even if it were not a fact that no great orator was ever perfectly extemporaneous. But it by no means follows, that the habit of composition precludes the talent of improvisation; there exist the most splendid proofs to the contrary. The frequent revolving of harmonious periods and splendid images in the mind, render it more likely that such will rush readily to the lips, under feelings of extreme excitement.

For ourselves, we should rather believe as coincident with the ideas we have previously expressed, that Lord Brougham preconceives, and takes much pains with various branches of his intended oration, but that he does not sufficiently meditate upon the manner in which these may be best incorporated into, and united most closely with, the compact body of his discourse. We can never fancy his considering with Phocion in how few words he could express his ideas. It is to this, we imagine, and not to any natural or irremediable cause, that his speeches do not produce that concentrated effect which would make them perfect. In the language he employs, also, there is not sufficient of that purity and simplicity in which sublimity consists. Those antiquated words and inverted phrases, that long Latinity of language, savour too much of the affectation of solemnity to be truly solemn. They are too artificially impressive to produce the deepest, because the most natural impression. If we wished for a figure to express our meaning, we should borrow that beautiful expression which the Greek philosophers inversely applied to Plato:—"If Jupiter spoke our language, he would not speak like Lord Brougham."

The greater part of what we should have to say of Lord Brougham as a political character, has been already said in our enumeration of what he has done for the public. There are those things, however, which affect him more individually—the consistency of his views as a politician—the *utility* and *practicability* of his talents as a man of action: for what Demosthenes said of eloquence is true enough, that, like a weapon, it is of little use to the owner, unless he have the force and the skill to use it.

The subject on which all minds are now exclusively bent, and on which the noblest exhibition of Lord Brougham's talent has been made, is that one on which his consistency is most called in question.

There can be no doubt that the Reform Bill lately introduced by his Majesty's Ministers, went much farther than men had been in the habit of contemplating of late years. We say of late years, because we have only to go



back to the reign of Queen Anne in order to enlist Lord Bolingbroke and Swift, and the whole of the country party at that time, in the ranks of our modern Radicals. It may be doubted, however, whether the opinions those writers broached, were formed wisely and conscientiously. We rather believe them to have been the exaggerated doctrines of a faction, similar to that of Monsieur Chateaubriand's now in France, contending for all violent measures, which by change or convulsion were likely to bring themselves and the exiled family into power.

If there is any opinion universal among practical and thoughtful men, it is one against violent and sudden changes in a state when there is no pre-existing cause for it in the public mind. This we believe we have before said, and cannot, as the result of our settled conviction, too seriously repeat. If a people are happy and contented under their form of government, God forbid that any political empiric should make violent experiments for the sake of producing a greater portion of happiness and contentment. A wise statesman may see improvements to be made—there are improvements to be made in all constitutions, for nothing human can remain stationary—it must be in a state of progress or a state of decay; for these improvements he would prepare opinion, advancing gradually and temperately towards them. But if there be a barrier in his way—if opinion be allowed to acquire a force, to which legislation is insensible—if the consequences of civilization are checked—if the stream which flows from that sacred source is dammed up—year by year its mass of waters collect and swell, gradually, insensibly—even to the eye of the political inquirer, who, if he marks their rise, sees nothing threatening in the smooth, unruffled tranquillity in which they sleep. At last the breeze arises; some violent, unexpected gust, perchance from a foreign shore. The agitation of the wave excites our attention to its depth. We look around us. Lo! the old water-marks are swept out of sight. The stifled torrent is gathering and amassing; a few inches more, and the banks which have hitherto confined it are overspread and passed. What is the safest course? There is but one; the impediment must be cut down at all hazards; the current freely takes its way—not with its regular tide indeed—with an unnatural and accelerated, ay, a perilous force. Who are to be blamed? they who saved the country from inundation? No! There was danger in the course they adopted—who denies it? There was greater danger in the opposite extreme. May not those who resort to the desperate remedy at last be allowed to lament that their earlier advice was not attended to—be allowed to regret that this same stream thus unreasonably checked, thus violently let loose, had not been allowed to flow naturally on?

Where is the inconsistency in this? For ourselves, prejudiced or not, we see none.

It is the remark of one who knew as much of parties and politics as most men, that "it would have been to little purpose that Cicero attacked Cataline in the Senate, if he had not made much more use of political prudence, that is, of the knowledge of mankind, and of the arts of government, which study and experience give, than of all the powers of his eloquence." The same might be said of Demosthenes, Mirabeau, of all great orators, who were also, and must, as we imagine, always be, what, to adopt the modern term, are called "men of action." Here is the difference between the mere rhetorician, who speaks for the sake of speaking, and the real orator, who employs his eloquence as one of the means (the most appropriate means at the time) by which a particular end is to be accomplished. We are very much mistaken if in any thing we have said, we have given reason to suppose that we do not consider Lord Brougham most essentially of that class of men who take words as mere engines to work for things. We think, indeed, when he gets hold of his favourite weapon, that he is rather too much enchanted with it; that he frequently flourishes it somewhat idly, but gracefully about, before he gives, or at the time he is giving, the fatal stroke: we think that he puts himself too artfully in all the attitudes and positions of the fencing-master; but the combat in which he engages is no mock or unreal one. He may, at first sight, give one the idea that he is merely at his exercises; but at the first desperate lunge we see that the button is most assuredly from the foil.

Is any one (as it was once asked of another) better acquainted with our colonies or provinces,—with our allies and our enemies,—with the rights and privileges of the former,—with the dispositions and conditions of the latter,—with the interests of them all, relative to the empire,—with the interests of the empire relatively to them? There is also in his character that which it is impossible to approach without observing, that bold, daring, and assuming tone,—which makes it more difficult for unacknowledged merit to succeed, but which gives to reputed talent an arbitrary sway, a despotic authority over all with whom it comes in contact, which Lord Brougham, more perhaps than any other man since his great predecessor Lord Chatham, holds in public debate over his rivals, in more familiar intercourse over his associates. Hence the curious anecdotes daily in circulation, confused, and, for the most part, false—as they are narrated,—having, however, not unfrequently a foundation in truth; and, even when pure fabrications, being strongly indicative of the character of the man. With this character is closely connected that scalding irony, that fierce facility towards satire, by which a friend is sometimes made a foe, when it might be

better policy that an enemy should be conciliated:—and yet place Lord Brougham in the midst of his family,—let him be surrounded by those who worship his superiority,—and the superiority can hardly be said to exist: Fond and affectionate to those of his blood,—never forgetful of an old friend—gay, gentle, amiable,—the life and soul of every society in which he finds himself at home,—as ready to play the schoolboy and talk like the man of pleasure, as if he had a bag of marbles in his pocket, or was going to get up at five o'clock the next morning for a fox chase,—he possesses in an eminent degree that conjunction of moral energy, with animal spirits, which startled the traveller when Montesquieu leaped over a stile, and which led Machiavel to a wrestling-match.

As the peculiar vein of his eloquence is satire, so the peculiar feature of his genius is its facility of abstraction, its quick power of digestion, its rapid and sudden turns, its extraordinary variety and elasticity, which, even at the moment that another would be supposed sinking under the unwearied discharge of the most laborious and engrossing employments, procures the Chancellor of England the credit of being the author of every popular pamphlet, and of writing every powerful paragraph in the daily newspapers by which the public attention is arrested.

Lord Brougham's marvellous quickness in doing any thing, as well as his singular happiness in being able to do all things at the same time, furnish many anecdotes to his gossiping acquaintance. We have heard (he can read two pages to the *Lord Advocate's* one,) of the perfect knowledge he has acquired of two quarto volumes in sixty minutes, as well as of the copulative facility with which he has conjoined the despatch of three letters, three newspapers, three bottles of wine, and three applicants for livings, in a quarter of an hour!

Of these marvels every Club has its regular reciters. To us, (we must confess,) as we glance back on what we have hastily written, and think of all with which the public is acquainted, there seems no want of private evidence to prove the rare abilities, the various accomplishments, the restless and indefatigable energies of that illustrious individual, who, though inferior to either in particular points, brings to our recollection, in the united qualities of his character, the two most differing and distinguished persons who ever held his high office,—the man of science,—the man of action,—Bacon and Shaftesbury.

Rare are the instances in which the study of the law has not cramped the mind of the philosopher,—in which the doctrines of philosophy have not subtilized the speeches of the orator, and given impracticable theories to the politician. Rarely are moral and physical vigour blended together with so felicitous a harmony, nor ever, we may suppose, without

some deep design. So many extraordinary qualities,—extraordinary in themselves,—extraordinary in their combination,—were not given but for some noble end. By their application to that end,—by their application to the benefit of society,—to the progress of knowledge, their remarkable possessor may eclipse his present by his future renown;—a future renown which, incorporated with the development of the human mind, shall develop with it: with the growth and the spread of civilization it shall enlarge and grow; as those characters we see graven on the tender rind of the young oak, which widen and expand with every year that increases the bulk and advances the maturity of the tree.

From the *Athenæum*.

#### THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY.\*

THE Americans complain bitterly, and with some appearance of justice, that their poets have been undeservedly neglected by the people of England: this they ascribe to envy, to jealousy, to the affected contempt for every thing American, once so fashionable among our literary coxcombs; forgetting that Irving, and Cooper, and Channing furnish indisputable proof of the respect shown to transatlantic talent. Were we disposed to follow the prevalent opinion, we might account for this neglect more plausibly by saying, that poetry of every kind has ceased to be popular in England; that Crabbe has a volume which the patrons of literature fear to print, partly from the patriotic motive of wishing to save their countrymen from the disgrace of manifesting their bad taste in the eyes of the world, and partly from the more personal feeling that this bad taste would leave them with empty pockets. This, we might say,—and we should be believed by every one but ourselves, for we are heretics to the doctrine, that our national taste is so far deteriorated—and are assured, that if the dynasty of "the Row" will find the poets, England will supply the purchasers.—However, we must return to the bards of America.

The greater, and far the better part of American poetry, is of the class usually called occasional and fugitive: the unreadable "*Columbiad*" is almost the only attempt that has been made to produce a standard poem; and to this cause principally must be attributed the ignorance of our countrymen on the subject. Mr. Cheever has performed a commendable task in collecting the scattered gems that were spread over a wide extent of pamphlets and periodicals; but our praise must be bestowed rather on the design than

\* The Common-Place Book of American Poetry; with occasional Notes. By G. B. Cheever. Boston, 1831. Carter & Co.

the execution. Every piece he has inserted well merits a place in the collection: but the total absence of arrangement of any kind, the utter disregard of order, has made his book far less valuable than it might have been. Had the selections been classed according to their subject, their authors, or their several styles, the volume would have been nearly faultless: but now, "it is a mighty maze, absolutely without a plan"—a mass of valuable articles carelessly heaped together—a pile of materials as precious but as disorderly as that prepared for the funeral of Sardanapalus. There are some omissions, also, which we regret. Pierpont's "Ode on the Anniversary of American Independence," Paulding's scenery of the Back Woods, and some of Tappan's hymns, surely merited a place; and the rough unpolished strains of the Pilgrim Fathers would have furnished specimens, valuable as much from their intrinsic merit as from their rarity.

We gladly turn from the duty of censure to the pleasure of commendation. The preface, and the few notes written by the editor, are very valuable, and prove that he has a mind capable of comprehending the highest beauties of poetry, and the still more rare qualification of imaginative taste controlled by critical sagacity. We differ from him in his estimate of Dana, whom, contrary to the general opinion, he is inclined to prefer to Bryant; but, though we assign his favourite only the second place, we grant that he is nearer to the first than the third.

The chief characteristic of Bryant's poetry is the simple beauty with which he delineates nature. The landscapes of others may belong to any country under heaven; but there are numberless exquisite and almost imperceptible touches in his pictures that at once determine their locality. Those who have ever seen the American birch, will recognise the fidelity of the description in the following beautiful lines:

*The Murdered Traveller.*

When Spring to woods and wastes around  
Brought bloom and joy again,  
The murdered traveller's bones were found  
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung  
Her tassels in the sky;  
And many a vernal blossom sprung,  
And nodded carelessly.

The red bird warbled as he wrought  
His hanging nest o'er head,  
And, fearless near the fatal spot,  
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away;  
And gentle eyes for him,  
With watching many an anxious day,  
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,  
The fearful death he met,

When shouting o'er the desert snow,  
Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole  
The northern dawn was red,  
The mountain wolf and wild cat stole  
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,  
They dressed the hasty bier,  
And marked his grave with nameless stones,  
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,  
Within his distant home;  
And dreamed and started as they slept,  
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied  
His welcome step again,  
Nor knew the fearful death he died,  
Far down that narrow glen.

Dana possesses many qualities in common with Wordsworth and Coleridge; he is a bold and powerful delineator of external scenery; he possesses a vigorous fancy, unaffected pathos, and a delightful tenderness of feeling. In all his writings there is a rich vein of Christian philosophy, which softens the heart, while, at the same time, it convinces the understanding. His power of presenting a perfect picture to the imagination is astonishing. Few descriptions can compete with that of the quiet island in his "Buccaneer:"—

The island lies nine leagues away,  
Along its solitary shore,  
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,  
No sound but ocean's roar,  
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,  
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,  
And on the glassy, heaving sea,  
The black duck with her glossy breast  
Sits swinging silently,—  
How beautiful! No ripples break the reach,  
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

The following is of a higher character; it is extracted from his poem on "Immortality:"—

O, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,  
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices  
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,  
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
The song of our great immortality;  
Thick clustering orbs and this our fair domain,  
The tall dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,  
Join in this solemn universal song.

O, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in  
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;  
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories: Night,  
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:  
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,  
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse

As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
By an unseen, living hand, and conscious  
chords

Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth  
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Mr. Longfellow is an especial favourite of ours. His "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," at the consecration of Pulaski's banner,\* is one of the most spirited lyrics in the language; and there are several others in this volume worthy to be its companions. His poems were all written, we understand, during his hours of relaxation, while a student in college; and we regret to learn that the duties of an active profession have compelled him of late to neglect the muse. The following poem, though, to use an American phrase, somewhat lengthy, deserves to be quoted entire, and with it we shall, for the present, conclude our extracts:—

*The Burial of the Minnisink.*

On sunny slope and beechen swell  
The shadowed light of evening fell;  
And when the maple's leaf was brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down  
The glory that the wood receives,  
At sunset in its golden leaves.

Far upward, in the mellow light,  
Rose the blue hills;—a cloud of white,  
Around a far uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone—  
An image of the silver lakes,  
By which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,  
Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
The tall gray forest; and a band  
Of stern in heart and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sung that by his native bowers  
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head;  
But as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds, the weapons made  
For the hard toils of war were laid;  
The cuirass woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief;—

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

\* See Museum, page 83.

They buried the dark chief: they freed  
Beside the grave his battle steed;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart:—one piercing neigh  
Arose—and on the dead man's plain  
The rider grasps his steed again.\*

From the *Athenæum*.

TO HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP *BARHAM*.

*Appointed by the King to convey Sir Walter Scott  
to Naples.*

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

Go forth, thou gallant ship!—a king's command

Has honour'd thee, in peaceful prowess sent,  
To bear along thy subject element  
The Northern Minstrel from his mournful land.  
Speed in proud safety, though tempestuous

gales  
Through severed Continents around thee  
roar,  
Speed, where Health beckons to her Syren

shore,  
And genial airs, that fan the Orange Vales,  
Him, who unlocks the heart, the Passion's

Lord,  
Powerful alike to lead mankind along  
By linked sweetness of melodious song,  
Or the free force of his unfettered word:  
Him, who strikes truth from Fancy's fairy lyre;  
The skilful Moralist, whose latent art  
Charms while it chastens, and exalts the

heart  
By generous feelings and heroic fire.  
A stranger, from his far and frozen clime,  
Goes forth to woo thy breath, Parthenope!  
A Stranger, yet by fame long known to thee.  
The world has rung of the Enchanter's rhyme;  
Thy realm has rung of him. His wide renown  
Gathers fresh glory as the years roll on.  
Who has not heard of dauntless Marmion?  
Of her whose charms illum'd stern Scotia's

crown?  
Of the wild witch's dark sublimity?  
Of one who swerved not from her hard career  
To save a sister? and the burning tear  
That gush'd through flame from Douglas' iron

eye?  
Who has not thrill'd o'er the unbroken flow  
Of purest Poesy, that sweetly wound  
The hunter's horn lone Katrine's lake

around,  
When through the Trossack's burst the an-  
ler'd brow?

Bright Sun of Italy! soft Southern clime!  
Ye gales that breath of health, refresh his  
frame!

Not yet consummated his glorious aim;  
Forms yet unseen, the beauteous, the sublime,  
From his creative spirit, life implore—

Then—gallant Ship!—ere long—exultant  
bear

From soft Parthenope's reviving air,  
The Bard to Caledonia's joyful shore:—  
Not Britain thy return alone shall hail;  
For thee the Nations wait, and watch afar thy  
sail.

\* Alluding to an Indian superstition.



From the Athenæum.

## TO THE SNOW DROP.

PRETTY firstling of the year!  
Herald of the host of flowers!  
Hast thou left thy cavern drear  
In the hope of summer hours?  
Back unto thine earthen bowers!  
Back to thy warm mould below,  
Till the strength of suns and showers  
Quell the now relentless snow.

—Art still here?—Alive? and blythe?  
Though the stormy night hath fled,  
And the Frost hath passed his scythe  
O'er thy small unsheltered head?  
Ah! some lie amidst the dead,  
(Many a stubborn giant tree,—  
Many a plant, its spirit shed,)—  
That were better nursed than thee!

What hath saved thee?—Thou wast not  
'Gainst the arrowy winter furred,—  
Armed in scale,—but all forgot  
When the frozen winds were stirred.  
Nature, who doth clothe the bird,  
Should have hid thee in the earth,  
Till the cuckoo's song was heard,  
And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature,—deep and mystic word!  
Mighty mother, still unknown!  
Thou did'st sure the Snow-drop gird  
With an armour all thine own.  
Thou, who sent'st it forth alone  
To the cold and sullen season,  
(Like a thought at random thrown,)  
Sent it thus for some grave reason!

If 'twere but to pierce the mind  
With a single gentle thought,  
Who shall deem thee harsh or blind?—  
Who that thou hast vainly wrought?  
Hoard the gentle virtue caught  
From the Snow-drop, reader wise;  
Good is good, wherever taught,  
On the ground, or in the skies!

*Importance of Example in the Education of Children.*—All your cares will be in vain, unless you assist them by your example. Children are extremely imitative, attentive to every little word and motion, and turn of countenance; and way of acting open to their observation; and I am apt to think their future character depends more upon the sentiments and habits they imbibe inadvertently, than on what is usually comprehended under the term education; nor would I pronounce it impossible that children might be led into all kinds of useful knowledge by a regular, judicious conduct in all those about them, without other than such instructions as they would apply for of their own accord. However romantic this notion may seem, yet it cannot be denied that a great deal may be done in this way. Example has always been counted more powerful than precept, and by its bad influence may easily overthrow all the good that has been done by the other. You may in some measure lessen this influence from the examples of other persons, by showing their evil tendency, or turning them into ridicule, but you cannot condemn nor ridicule your own actions; you will have neither inclination nor eyes to see your own faults; nor

will it be prudent to lessen yourself in the child's esteem. Juvenal says, the greatest reverence is due to children; by which must be understood, that we cannot be too much on our guard how we behave before them; never to betray any marks of passion, intemperance, greediness, folly, or selfishness, in their presence; if we have a foible we are resolved not to part with, let us at least reserve the indulgence of it for times when they are not by.

But you will say it is unavoidable to do many things before children which we must not permit them to do; and they should be taught to know the difference between themselves and grown persons. True; for you may say to a child, you must not get on horseback though I may, because I am stronger, and know how to manage him; but you cannot tell him you must not swear or get drunk, but I may; for there your prohibition must be general, or it will signify nothing. Therefore, if you invite him by your practice to what you forbid him in words, though you should be able to keep him in order at present by the fear of your authority, it will be a state of irksomeness and bondage to him; he will long for the time when he may take the same liberties you do; or more probably he will take them sooner, as often as he thinks it can be done without danger of discovery; therefore, prudence should withhold you even from some things allowable for yourself, when you cannot make him understand the danger and mischief of them to him.

*Frightful Mistake.*—A man named Jose Torribio was conducted to the scaffold to suffer capital punishment for forging money. In crossing a narrow street, notwithstanding the vigilance of his guards, he found means of escaping, and fled down an alley to an out-house of a hospital for the poor. He took care to close the door after him, and thus left his pursuers in the lurch. Recovered from their surprise, they consulted upon the means of retaking him. The poor-house was not to be entered without a civil officer. They placed, therefore, twenty men at both entrances of the work-house, which were at some distance from one another, and fetched an officer accordingly. Upon entering the hospital, the first person whom they perceived, and who was walking about in a night cap and gown, such as the poor people wore, they immediately recognised as Torribio. The man made no answer to their inquiries; so that the identity appeared certain. They tied his hands, and led him to the gibbet, where he was forthwith hung up, making frightful gestures of opposition, but without uttering a word. The thing was hurried with so much precipitation, that one of the guards, who had been posted at a remote gate of the poor-house, had remained behind, not knowing that his companions had come away. This guard perceived a man scaling the walls of the poor-house, to escape into an adjoining garden; he still wore the dress of a malefactor, and, indeed, every thing showed that he was the real Torribio. The guard accordingly seized him; he was taken to the gallows, and heard to his astonishment that "Torribio was hung." In this dilemma the criminal was taken before a judge; and it was found upon examination, that the poor man who had been executed was a brother of Jose Torribio's, deaf and dumb from his birth, and who had got into the hospital on account of ill-health. The real culprit was commended to the royal clemency; doubtless, as some amends, however bad, to the name and family of the unfortunate deceased.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**British and American Newspapers.**—In America, where newspapers are not taxed, 555,416 advertisements are inserted in eight newspapers in New York, while 400 English and Irish papers contained, in the same space of time, only 1,105,000. The twelve New York daily papers contain more advertisements than all the newspapers of England and Ireland; and the numbers issued annually in America is 10,000,000, while in Great Britain it is less than one-tenth of that number. Advertisements which in England cost seventeen dollars, are inserted in America for about a dollar (fifty cents); and an article which costs annually for advertising in the United States 28 dollars, is liable in England to a charge of 900 dollars.

**Turkey Newspaper.**—The prospectus of a paper, to be published under the auspices of the Sublime Porte, has recently been received in this country. It is a document of great interest, and is pregnant with instruction for the abolitionists of the country. The following are extracts from the prospectus:

"When the daily events of the present age are not publicly notified at the time of their occurrence, and their real causes remain thereby unknown, the people, acting in the spirit of the old proverb, 'that man dislikes whatever is strange to him,' are accustomed to resist every thing the occasion and necessity of which they do not comprehend. Thus has it hitherto happened that the people, viewing the internal and external relations, the official changes, and other affairs of the Sublime Porte, as things altogether enigmatical, have often referred political transactions to intentions very different from the views of the Government. And as it is intended to communicate to the public information on new inventions, the fine arts, the prices of the necessities of life, and, in general, whatever relates to trade and commerce, this, in every respect, useful and salutary undertaking, cannot fail to be regarded as a new and striking testimony of the liberality, justice, and enlightened foresight of our sublime ruler, and of his earnest endeavours to promote general prosperity and happiness. However, as it would be difficult to communicate all the above intelligence in manuscript, it has been thought advisable to establish a regular printing-office, from the presses of which a new gazette, in different languages, will issue. Indeed, our high-minded and sublime monarch, being not only a benevolent and gracious ruler of his own people, but an upright friend to all nations which maintain the relations of peace and amity with the Porte, it is desirable that the publication of this journal should be rendered more useful by separate printing in other languages, and therefore an experienced European, well skilled in foreign languages, has been selected to carry this object into effect."

The second and concluding volume of the interesting "Correspondence of David Garrick" is just ready for publication, containing a variety of Letters from the most eminent Persons of his time in Europe; among others, of Voltaire, Grimm, Le Kain, Madame Riccoboni, the Abbe Mottelet, Previle, Mademoiselle Clairon, &c. &c.

"The Memoires of the celebrated Duchesse de St. Len, Hortense, Ex-Queen of Holland," are nearly ready for publication.

The long-promised "Memoirs of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas," are also said to be in a forward state.

A new work from the pen of that favourite writer, Mr. Horace Smith, to be entitled "Romance of the Early Ages," will shortly make its appearance. The plan is understood to possess many features of novelty.

Mr. Galt has nearly ready a new novel, to be called "Stanley Baxton; or the Schoolfellows." The author, we understand, brings together a knot of schoolfellows in advanced life, who relate the vicissitudes of their early lives.

"The Cottagers of Glenburnie," by Miss Hamilton, will be shortly introduced into that popular series of fiction, "The Standard Novels."

A new work may soon be expected from the caustic pen of the successful Author of "Mothers and Daughters." It is to be entitled "The Opera; a Story of the Beau Monde."

The story of naval life, now on the eve of appearance, to be entitled "The Adventures of a Younger Son," is understood to be the work of one of Lord Byron's most intimate friends, whose life, which this story is partly intended to delineate, was marked by more singular events than even that of the noble poet.

Mr. James's "Memoirs of Celebrated Military Commanders" will appear early in January.

"Recollections of the late Robert William Elliston, Esq." by Pierce Egan, with a likeness of the distinguished actor from Bucci's bust, is about to be published.

The second volume of "A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature," by J. B. B. Clarke, M.A., will be shortly published.

Mr. Macfarlane (the author of "Constantinople in 1828," &c.) is about to publish, by subscription, a work under the attractive title of "The Seven Churches," illustrated by seven etchings from views taken on the spot, and a Map of the most interesting regions of Asia-Minor.

"A History and Character of American Revivals of Religion," by the Rev. Calvin Cotton, of America, is about to appear.

"Saturday Evening," by the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm," in 1 vol. 8vo. is announced.

"A Numismatic Manual, or Guide to the Study of Ancient and Modern Coins," by John Y. Akerman, is in the press.

"The Double Trial, or the Consequences of an Irish Clearing;" a Tale of the Present Day, by the Rev. C. Lucas.

"The Records of a Good Man's Life," by the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M.A., author of "May You Live It," &c.

"The History of the Jews in all Ages, written upon Scriptural Principles," by the author of "History in all Ages."

"Summer Thoughts and Rambles;" a collection of Tales, Facts, and Legends, by H. G. Bell, author of "Summer and Winter Hours," &c.

Sir James Mackintosh is announced to write the brief Memoir of the late Rev. Robert Hall, with a Sketch of his Literary Character, in the sixth volume of his works. It is to be accompanied by a Sketch of Mr. Hall's Character as a Theologian and a Preacher, by Mr. Foster, author of the "Essays on Decision of Character."

"Who can they be? or a Description of a singular Race of Aborigines inhabiting the Summits of the Neighberly Hills, or Blue Mountains of Coimbatour," by Captain H. Harkness.

In the Press, Living Poets and Poetesses: a Biographical and Satirical Poem, in three parts.

In a short time will be published, Vol. II. of A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters to the year of our Lord 1300. By J. B. B. Clarke, M.A.

Preparing for publication, An Introduction to the Knowledge of Purchasing and Selling Estates and Houses, being a Manual for the Man of Property and Capitalist in making Investments or effecting Sales. By William Goodhugh.

The popularity of the writings of Lord Byron,—the interest excited by his Letters and Journals, with Notices of his life, by Mr. Moore,—the diversity of forms in which alone the different works can now be procured, and the superfluous and worthless reprints of portions of them, which from time to time have made their appearance, have induced Mr. Murray to prepare for publication a complete and uniform edition of the whole, elegantly printed and illustrated, in a shape so desirable, a mode of delivery so convenient, and at a price so moderate, as to place within the reach of all classes of readers these delightful productions. With the Poems will be published at the same time, Landscape Illustrations, engraved by William and Edward Finden. Both are expected to appear this month.

The First Part of a New and important Work is announced to appear under the editorship of Drs. Forbes, Tweedie, and Conolly, entitled the Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine; comprising Treatises on the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Medical Jurisprudence, &c.

The Hive, a Collection of the best Modern Poems, chiefly by Living Authors, for the use of Young Persons, is soon to appear.

The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come, will shortly be published in numbers.

Mr. Samouelle's new work, The Entomological Cabinet, is in the press, and the first Number will soon make its appearance.

er  
ill  
by  
of  
le-  
out  
is-  
An-  
the  
ish  
C.  
ev.  
ake  
on  
all  
of  
of  
rief  
his  
It  
eter  
r of  
ace  
try  
H.  
ical  
cise  
one-  
the  
our  
ow-  
eing  
king  
e.  
nte-  
a of  
hich  
apu-  
from  
Mr.  
form  
in a  
nd at  
f all  
the  
llus-  
Both  
an-  
rbes,  
etrical  
tent-  
Medi-  
chiefly  
soon  
ch is  
binet,  
in ap-



Engraved by C. Bartholomew

THE BARRACKS AND TOWN OF HTTTEL.

SC 22 24 25

by C. Bartholomew